THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXVI. — OCTOBER, 1890. — No. CCCXCVI.

SIDNEY.

XXIX.

Alan went; but he took his disposition with him. He was full of the exaltation of sacrifice; yet he watched critically for the first indication of weakening resolution. After a while, with the reality of absence came a depression which was new, and in which, for once, he failed to find his own mood interesting. It became necessary that he should repeatedly assure himself that he had done well to spare Sidney his love, because he spared her also the end which was hurriedly approaching. Perhaps Alan's weakness of soul, as well as body, in those yellow September days, was good for Robert Steele. Usefulness was to be his salvation, he said to himself, and, gradually, his purpose of going into the Catholic Church became not only a flight from despair, but a hope for the future. He and Alan spoke of it often, as they wandered and rested among the hills; Alan admitting, reluctantly, that it was best, yet filled with the friendliest curiosity and wonder. He recognized in Robert the absence of that spiritual passion which, having little to do with sweet reasonableness, often hurries an impressionable man into some expression of religion. In the past, Robert had had scarcely more of a creed than Alan; but he had always felt the need of one, and to feel that is almost a creed in itself. He had been terrified at his own nature, and he had sought to escape from it in the strong, wise arms of that church which nourishes the soul, and leaves the intellect to itself; there, with bitter knowledge of his cowardice, he saw his safety assured.

Alan understood and sympathized with all his sweet and generous heart, but refrained from theological discussion. This for two reasons: he did not know anything about theology, and he cared less. He entered into Robert's plans with the greatest interest, and furthered them by suggesting that, as soon as he himself was a little stronger, they should go together to Rome. Then he fell to thinking how rich his life had grown since he saw Italy last, and the light in his face was as though for a moment the flame of life lifted and glowed behind his smiling eyes. These moments of satisfaction with himself, however, became rarer as his strength declined, and so the date of departure for Europe was postponed, and still postponed.

October came, and yet they lingered among the hills. Alan had begun to say to himself that perhaps he had been a fool; and when a man reaches that point, it is only a step to the determination to renounce his folly. Yet to break one's word to one's self is distinctly unpleasant, although if the responsibility of it can be shared with another person it is a little less so. Alan instinctively sought approval; and who would be so ready to approve of anything he might do as Robert?

One still day, early in November, the

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two young men went very slowly, and resting often, up and across a ferny pasture on the steep side of a mountain, and stopped at last beside a low, shaggy cedar. It was late in the afternoon, but the Indian-summer mildness lingered, even while the gradual amethyst of evening fell around the feet of the mountains opposite, and crept, like a tide of dreams, up and across the great ranges of the hills. From behind the shoulder of a peak misty with this haze of night, which yet is not darkness, the yellow sunset blurred the distance in flooding gold, and fell upon the bosom of this rocky field. Down in the valley, a little tumbling branch of the Youghiogheny grew dark in the shadows, only gleaming with sudden white where the water leaped and broke across the great stones in its path.

Alan had changed in these two months. His eyes yet smiled, but his face was white. He lay flat on his back under the cedar, where the sunshine was warm still upon the frosted ferns; his hands were under his head, his knees crossed, and there was a cigar between his lips. Robert sat beside him, looking down into the darkening valley, thinking. As he watched the twist of blue smoke from Alan's cigar, or, absently, the swing of a stalk of goldenrod under the weight of a brown butterfly, he was pressing his own weakness in upon his memory, as a fanatic will again and again open a healing wound. He would not accept the consolation even of a look into the future, with its hope of a better life, — except, possibly, as he said to himself, that he would never take any positive stand again so long as he lived; he would do only as he might be directed, and then, perhaps, he could get through life without injuring any one.

"Bob," said the doctor, "do you know, I believe I 've been a fool to come up here?"

"Why?" Robert asked, turning with quick anxiety to look into his face. "You are no worse?"

"Oh, I was n't thinking of that. I mean in leaving Mercer."

"Yes?"

"Well," Alan began slowly, "I 'll tell you what I mean;" and then he told him.

It was not a long story, and the main fact his hearer had long ago guessed; but, in the middle, at the point at which he had told Major Lee that he would not see Sidney, Alan stopped, — perhaps to relight his cigar, perhaps to seek some words which might make his change of mind seem to himself reasonable, or at least inevitable. Robert looked at him with a tenderness which might have shone in the eyes of a woman.

"It was a mistake to take such a stand," the doctor proceeded; "and to stick to a blunder, when you recognize it as such, is obstinacy, not consistency. I mean the going away was a blunder; there is no reason why I should not have stayed in Mercer. I need not have — I mean, just to see her sometimes would have done no harm. There is no reason why I should not see her. As for the major, his plan of life is wicked."

"It is against nature," Robert admitted.

"How does it strike you," Alan asked, after a pause, — "the going back to Mercer?"

Robert hesitated. "I am confused," he said at last, "between the right she has to receive, even to claim, sorrow and the right you have to withhold it from her. But that is not your question. Your promise to Major Lee is the first thing. Of course he must release you from that before you can return."

"There was no promise — exactly," Alan explained impatiently.

Robert's face flushed, and he looked away from the doctor. "It would not, however, be — honorable." He dropped his voice, miserably, at that last word.

Alan struck him on the knee with

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friendly roughness. "I don't pretend to be as good as you; no doubt you are right. But I 'm going back. Perhaps I 'll die there, but — not directly! And just to see her, Bob!"

He had only said that he loved Sidney, and she had refused him; the sacred confession of that second refusal he kept in his own heart. But the gladness in his face betrayed the truth.

Not many days later, they returned to Mercer: Robert, with faint protestations that the major should be asked to release Alan, or at least warned of the doctor's intentions; Alan, with the reckless gayety of the man who has no misgivings about his duty, because he lives only in the present moment. They went back to their old rooms in Mercer, for the agent had found no other tenants; and the sunshine dancing on the walls of the library met them with the welcome Alan's heart supplied.

"Ah," he said, "it is good to be in the same town with her. To-morrow I shall see her, — and I 'll see Major Lee, of course; you need n't look at me in that way!"

But that was not to be. To-morrow came, and with it the rising tide of death. Alan was very ill for nearly a week. Robert wondered, as he watched the young man's brave fight for life, whether his friend was glad the fates had spared Sidney. But Alan, smiling with white lips, settled that question.

"Bob, if this is going to be the end," he said, with a pause between his words, "you must bring Sidney, you know." His face lighted as he spoke.

It was not the end. Little by little he came back to life, but it was some time before he spoke of Sidney again. "You have n't seen her, have you?" he asked. He was watching at dusk the dance of the flames on the hearth.

"I?" Robert answered. "No, of course not."

Alan raised his eyebrows. "I cannot imagine why not."

"Because I did n't suppose you wished her to know that you were here before you had seen her father."

Alan looked at him in despair. "As though I remembered that nonsense, with one foot in the grave. And she must have heard it from somebody." He frowned as he spoke; it had been a beautiful solace, in those sharp hours, to fancy that Sidney's thoughts were with him.

"No," Robert returned. "Mrs. Paul is away, as you know, and unless the major has chanced to hear that we are in Mercer, and mentioned it to Miss Lee (which does not seem probable), how could she know it?"

Alan shook his head impatiently. "I want her to know it!" Robert made no reply. "You must go and tell her," Alan declared.

"You will write to Major Lee?" his friend entreated gently.

"Write to nobody!" said Alan sharply. "Unless it is to Sidney, if you refuse to take my message. Do you refuse?"

"Alan," the other evaded, "do reconsider this!" Robert Steele had never been so heroic as when he raised his standard of honor out of the wreck and ruin of his own life. The sick man wearily turned his head away. He could not argue; how foolish it seemed, this straining at a gnat! Yet a little later he was able to say, with friendly cheerfulness, "All right; only you are wrong, old man." At that Robert threw his scruples to the winds. Of course he did not know that Alan had quietly made up his mind to "manage his own affairs," but that would not have made any difference. Without a word of his plans he said he was going out to walk.

Robert had not entered Major Lee's house since that day when he had gone to tell Miss Sally the truth, and, as he crossed the courtyard, memory assailed him like a physical pain. The little paving-stones were wet with November

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mist, and the fallen leaves lay in wind-blown heaps, too heavy with dampness to rustle as he walked through them. Just a year ago Miss Sally had welcomed him here; the major had trusted him; Alan had respected him; and Sidney? The thought of seeing her now was intolerable.

He followed little Susan to the library, but with a shuddering consciousness of the yellow drawing-room, and even that strange sidewise look with which one sees a spot where perhaps a coffin has stood. Behind that closed door Miss Sally had listened to his confession. As he stood waiting, saying to himself, "She is dead, — she is dead," he forgot the terror of meeting Sidney; after all these weeks his humiliation was too absorbing for the consciousness of shame.

Sidney, when she heard who was in the library, turned white, and then a wave of color covered her face. Mr. Steele in Mercer? Then Alan must be, also! Oh, why had he come back? She went downstairs slowly, her hand resting on the banister, her mind in a tumult. Then the thought struck her of the pain it must be to Mr. Steele to come back to this house where death had been, and her own confusion was forgotten. That Sidney could so forget was indicative of that change in her which Robert saw in her face. For an instant it seemed as though this woman, in her black gown, with earnest, pitying eyes, could not be the old Sidney Lee; her wide, indifferent gaze had gone, and with it self-satisfaction and a certain sweet disdain which had charmed and wounded at once. Instead, there was a quiet acceptance of life, lightened, indeed, by that great moment when she had recognized her larger self, but only by its memory, not its repetition. Such memories feed the soul; a man who has once lifted his eyes to the midnight heavens may walk forever afterwards with his face towards the dust, but he cannot forget that he has seen the stars! So Sidney, failing again and yet again, bowed by the shame of self-knowledge, struggling with her own weakness and incompleteness, was sustained by the memory of that Strength which was sufficient for her.

She had suffered, and her soul was born.

Robert and she looked at each other a moment, as she gave him her hand, and then he turned sharply away from her. Sidney did not speak; those meaningless commonplaces, which wash realities out of life, were not easy to either of these two. The tears trembled in her eyes; sympathy, which was a new sense, showed her what to say.

"Mr. Steele, the lilies in the church the day that Katherine was married were so beautiful; I knew you put them there."

"I had no right to do even that!" he answered, in a low voice. His own misery made him forget his purpose in coming, and Sidney was too pitiful to think of herself, and so remind him.

"You are unhappy," she said gently, and with that calm, direct look which made any subject fitting. "You are unhappy because you brought your engagement with my aunt to an end. That is not right, it seems to me. Truly, I think you honored truth in doing it; but you degrade truth in being sorry that you did it."

"It — it is not that!" he cried; and then, almost with a groan, "I am unworthy to speak her name!"

Sidney waited. "I wonder where Alan is," she was saying to herself; but she waited.

"No," he went on, after a pause, "I did right to tell her; but the sin — the sin was in the beginning, — that I did not see that it was not love!"

"Yes," she assented.

"And now," Robert ended, "she is dead."

They neither of them spoke for a few moments.

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"Miss Lee," Robert began, his voice firm again, "will you tell me a little about her illness? I know nothing of it. I felt I had no right to ask Alan."

Sidney started. "It was not very long, you know. Alan was with us almost all the time. He was so good."

"Yes?"

"Oh, where is he?" she cried, turning, and looking straight into his face. "Where is Alan?"

"He is here in Mercer. I came to tell you."

"Here?" she faltered. "We have not seen him."

"We only came ten days ago," he explained. "I want to tell you about him, Miss Lee."

"Yes, tell me!" It would not have occurred to Sidney to disguise her wish to hear of Alan.

"I hope that he may be able to come to see you" —

"Be able?" Sidney interrupted quickly. "Has he been ill?"

"Yes; Alan has been very ill, Miss Lee."

"But not now?" she entreated breathlessly, — "he is better now?"

"For to-day, yes," he answered, "but he will never be well." She did not speak; Robert could not tell whether she understood him. "He has been so much worse, so much weaker, and — we shall not have him with us very long. I thought — I thought you ought to know it?"

"Yes." Her face was so white that Robert was terrified at what he had done. He tried to say something more of what he still dared to hope, but every word of hope was strung upon a thread of fear, and he dared not offer the comfort of a lie. Sidney was not listening; when he ended, she said quietly, "There is my father coming; tell him."

Robert met the major on the doorstep. He had forgotten that this was the first time that he had seen him since Miss Sally's funeral; for once he was so unconscious of his own sins that he did not see the questioning displeasure on Mortimer Lee's face. "Alan Crossan is in Mercer," he said, "but he is very ill. I have just told your daughter." Then, without pausing for an answer, he left him.

Sidney stood in the firelit dusk, waiting. "Father," she said, as he entered, — "father, I have something to tell you."

The major closed the door, and took her in his arms.

XXX.

With the perfect blossoming of a rose its calyx falls away, and is folded back under its shadowy fragrance. So do the small things of life, necessary in their hour, find their relative values in a great crisis. "For this cause came I into the world," the soul declares calmly; and knows no hesitation, and, equally, no determination. Its purpose and itself are one. When the environment is forgotten, the supremest individuality is reached.

Now, staring into the eyes of Death, while Grief beckoned her with extended hand, Sidney Lee's consciousness of fear, and expediency, and obedience to her father, was pushed back by this blossoming of her life. She read her own soul, and saw her love for Alan, not as a thing bursting into existence at this touch of death, but as a tranquil and eternal fact; so much a part of her that not only did it seem that it must always be, but that it always had been. It was not to be accepted or rejected. It was. Her past was but the shell which held the possibility; the calyx of the consummate flowering of life.

She was so calm as she told her father her purpose, so ultimate, that the old man presented no argument and ventured no entreaty. There was nothing to be done or said.

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Sidney kissed him gently when she ended what she had to say, and then left him. He could not touch her; he could not speak to her. "It is as though I were dead," he said to himself. This heart, which had answered his as the water answers the wind, could not be reached by his despair. "This is the pain of the dead," he thought, sitting alone in his library; "they cannot touch us!" The dead! What was he thinking of? No, they had neither this nor any other pain. A trembling comfort crept back into his heart; no one could deprive him of death. In that, at least, was no disappointment. But why had he lived so long? A strange feeling came over him, a realization of his infinite removal from all which had made his life. Surely he had died when Gertrude's lovely eyes closed upon the world? Here, in the shadows, beside his smouldering fire, that delicate and marvelous mechanism of a human mind quivered, under the jar and shock of pain; in a dull confusion he seemed to forget Sidney, and the thought came to him that Gertrude was still his. To rest his head upon her bosom — ah! the hideous desolation of longing! The slow tears of age burned under his weary eyelids. Scarcely aware of what he was doing, he rose, taking the lamp in his unsteady hands, and with a feeble step left the library. He crossed the hall, and stood at the door of the yellow parlor. The house was quite silent; little Susan had put out the lamp on the staircase an hour ago, and gone up to bed; the faint glow from the library fire lay like a bridge across the darkness of the hall. He did not hesitate, but the confusion of his thoughts betrayed itself by the slowness with which he turned the knob and entered the parlor. The door stuck a little, and the jar of pushing it open moved with a muffled echo through the darkness; the room was very cold, and there was the scent of the unused fireplace and the linen covers of the furniture. Mortimer Lee went at once towards its further end. He put the lamp down upon a small table before the portrait, stopping to move aside a little workbag of green silk, vaguely aware that it was Sarah's. Curiously enough, it reminded him of death, for he had been saying to himself that Gertrude and he were together, and that meant life.

Then he turned his dim eyes upon the portrait.

How long he stood there, his hands clasped behind him, or holding the lamp above his head, that its shifting light might fall upon that young face, he never knew. But the silence, ringing in his ears, was clamorous with a new desolation: in the arch sweetness of those eyes there was no comprehension of his pain. Who was she, this beautiful young woman? Not the wife who had lived in his heart all these years, — not Gertrude, whom he knew with the passion of sorrow? Mortimer Lee dropped his head upon his breast, without a sound. What was this new despair? Where was his grief? Suddenly, for one swift instant, the unreality of these twenty years swept over him, — his precious possession of pain was torn out of his heart, — he seemed to stand alone. That sense of the solitude of the soul is not often revealed to a man, and when it is it crushes the mind into the numbness of despair. It is so absolute that, afterwards, the soul doubts its reality, and resumes easily the old habit of communion with whatever, in the past, has been most real.

That night Sidney slept as peacefully as a child. Her life, it seemed to her, had been taken out of her hands, and she knew the calm of the fatalist, which is, perhaps, the highest form of faith.

It was snowing when she looked out into her garden, the next morning; the firs in the evergreen hedge were like cowled and muffled figures stealing

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through the storm; her window-ledge was piled high with feathery white, and the leaded outlines of the fan-lights were traced in twists of down. All the grimy, bustling town faded into misty purity while the snow fell; here and there from a great chimney a burst of flame, like a ruddy banner, flared out into the driving white, and then subsided into a roll of dark smoke, laced by hurrying flakes.

"If only it would n't stop!" Alan Crossan said, sitting at his library window, and looking at the soft depths on the naked branches of the old locust-tree; "but it will melt, and then I can't go out for a week."

"Do you think," Robert asked, "that you will be able to start in a week, Alan?"

"If I want to," the other replied, with gay significance. "Bob, don't worry about not getting to Rome at once. Let me die in peace at Mercer, and I'll be your patron saint. Besides, if you are really worried at the delay, I have a History of the Popes you can study. It is by an eminent Protestant; it will give you lots of information."

Robert laughed, but said he really thought Alan ought to make up his mind to start; a Pennsylvania winter was not the best thing in the world for an invalid.

Alan looked at him with interest. "You don't take the strictly moral view which you did yesterday?" he observed.

"Yes, I do; only I can't see that it makes any difference what view I take."

"Not the slightest," Alan agreed good-naturedly.

"I 'd like to ask you something," Robert began, after a pause. "Do you mean, if you stay, to — to try to make her love you?"

Alan's face grew suddenly grave. "No," he said quietly.

"But if she sees you, may not that come?"

Alan shook his head. "I only want her to know that I am in town."

"She knows that."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor. "When?"

"I told her, yesterday."

"Bob," cried the other joyously, "you 're a trump! What did she say?"

"Nothing," Robert answered, uncertain whether he should tell Alan the confession of Sidney's silence. ("It will only make it harder for him," he thought.)

"Nothing? Did you tell her I had been ill?"

"Yes," Robert admitted, still struggling to see whether he was not really helping Alan to break his word to the major.

"Well?"

"She did n't say anything."

Alan opened his lips, but seemed to find himself at a loss for words. "Did n't say anything?" he repeated blankly. "Did n't she say she was sorry?"

Robert shook his head. He had made up his mind; he had done wrong in telling Sidney, — at least it should end here.

Alan fell into gloomy silence. He was hurt. Not a message, not a word? He would not ask anything further. He began to torment himself with questions which revealed how, underneath his assurance to her and his sacrifice in going away, had lurked the hope that she would love him. "Perhaps she was angry that I did not say good-by? Perhaps my note was curt, and she felt that I had ceased to love her?" Perhaps — perhaps — Is a lover ever done with that word?

The snow whirled and drifted against his window, but to Alan's eyes all the cheerfulness of the storm had gone. Once he asked abruptly, "Did she look well?" And Robert said, "Yes; but older and graver." Alan would not read; he had not strength enough for his violin; he answered Robert's efforts

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at conversation by monosyllables. He looked gloomily at the fire, and said to himself that, after all, life was a grim sort of thing; and he wondered whether the mere satiety of living might not bring the desire for death.

But while he brooded and wondered, turning studiously away from Robert's troubled face, the door opened, and some one stood in the doorway. Neither of the young men looked up, until Alan, realizing with vague annoyance that some one was standing behind him, turned and saw her. The wind had brought the wild-rose color into Sidney's cheeks, and the snow had caught on the rings of shining hair upon her forehead. She looked like a flower swept in out of the storm. Her long gray cloak dropped from her shoulders, as she unfastened its clasp and came quietly to his side.

"Alan, I have come," she said.

Robert Steele started to his feet with one astounded word, but Alan, a sudden content smoothing the trouble and weariness from his face, as the west wind blows the clouds from the serene and open spaces of the sky, lifted his eyes to hers, without speaking. Sidney took his hand and held it against her bosom, stroking it softly.

"Mr. Steele," she said, without a tremor or a blush, and looking directly at him, "I have come to marry Alan." She did not wait to see Robert leave the room; it was nothing to Sidney if the whole world should see her now; she knelt down beside Alan, and laid her head upon his breast. He heard her whisper one word. Weakened and trembling, he could only rest his cheek against her hair, with a sob upon his lips.

XXXI.

It was just a fortnight later that Mrs. Paul returned from her first visit to Katherine and John, — a visit which had been an extraordinary experience to her. She had gone full of plans for her beloved Kate's happiness, but they had been quietly and quite courteously ignored. Katherine, although never unkind, was quite indifferent to her husband's mother. Life was so interesting to young Mrs. Paul that she no longer diverted herself by trying to charm the bitter and selfish old woman. Mrs. Paul was at first incapable of grasping the situation, but it dawned upon her when Katherine civilly acquiesced in her mother-in-law's tentative statement that perhaps she had better go back to Mercer.

"Yes," she said, "perhaps it is best. You would not want to travel in the colder weather."

Mrs. Paul did not understand her own emotions. She still said to herself, mechanically, that Kate was delightful, and she tried to adjust this speech to her ideal. It was inconceivable that Katherine did not love her; this willingness to have her go was really consideration; but she felt sore and baffled, and a forlorn dismay began to creep into her mind.

After all, it was a relief to come back to Mercer. With this new light upon Kate's character, it would be easier to talk about her than to talk to her. She wished that she could have had Sally for half an hour, but Sidney was better than no one. So, just before tea, she bade Scarlett step over to the other house, and say, with Mrs. Paul's love, "Will Miss Lee come in this evening for a little while?"

"She should come without being sent for," she added severely; "but Mortimer Lee is so selfish in keeping her with him. He made her neglect me shamefully in the summer, after Sally died."

She wondered, as she watched the fire shine and flicker, how Mortimer Lee would get along without Sally's stupid goodness. "Of course he will be

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uncomfortable," she said to herself, and smiled.

Thus sitting, thinking, Mrs. Paul saw Scarlett crossing the major's garden, and hurrying through the doorway in the garden wall. A moment later there was a sound of voices in the kitchen. This was so unusual and so little in accordance with Mrs. Paul's theories that she frowned, and bent her head as though to listen; but through the green baize door only a muffled discord reached her.

Scarlett, in the kitchen, with her black shawl falling off one shoulder, her small withered hands gesticulating and trembling, was at last talking. Her words came fast, but Davids, leaning against the dresser, his arms folded and his feet crossed, observed her with complacent silence.

"What has come to you?" demanded the woman. "I've been in the house since noon, and you never let on to me. And you, to hold your tongue five hours!"

"And how do you like my holdin' my tongue?" inquired Davids.

"That's neither here nor there. There's some meaning in your head, or you would n't be so close-mouthed. I know you!"

Scarlett's face was growing pale again, and her voice was steadier. She turned to take off her bonnet, that she might go to her mistress, but Davids quietly stepped in front of the door, and stood, with his hands behind him, rattling the knob, observing her all the while with intense satisfaction.

"Yes," he said, "I did keep my mouth shut, and I'd 'a' kep' it shut an hour longer if it had killed me, if I'd 'a' bust, just for a lesson to you. You an' me's lived in this kitchen pretty near twenty-five years, and from the very first you set out to keep a close mouth, an' you've done it. You've never give a bit of news that you could help. Well, it come my turn. An' I made out I could be as mean as you. I know all, — *all;* but I ain't got a word to say!"

Scarlett looked at him steadily and in silence; then a slow smile came about her lips. She turned away without a protest, to wait, with folded hands, until he chose to open the door. Her composure made Davids furious. Stammering with anger, he moved unconsciously out into the room. As he did so, the small, gray woman slipped past him, and escaped into the hall. In spite of her self-control, however, she was visibly excited when she opened the drawing-room door.

"Mrs. Paul" — she began, in a fluttering breath.

"What was that disgraceful noise in the kitchen?" interrupted her mistress sharply.

"Ma'am," cried Scarlett, "she's married!"

Mrs. Paul put on her glasses, and looked at the woman as though she thought her suddenly insane.

"She's married!" Scarlett declared again. "It's two weeks to-morrow. And — and — that Billy Davids!"

"What are you talking about?" said Mrs. Paul.

Scarlett breathed hard in the effort to compose herself. "Miss Sidney has gone and got married, and us away!" Mrs. Paul stared at her, with parted lips. "Seems he was going to die (he ain't dead yet, though; them doctors never die), and she said she'd have him; and she went to his house with a minister, — 't was n't Mr. Brown, Susan said. Yes, Miss Sidney took the preacher to him. The major was n't there, and nobody except Mr. Steele. La, madam, you're faint?" But Mrs. Paul motioned her to proceed. "She told Susan," said Scarlett, rubbing her hands to express her agitation, — "she told Susan she was going to get married, as — as natural as if it was n't anything more than to go and buy a pair of

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gloves, she was so easy saying it. Did n't seem to be anything to her. Susan says she ain't been home since, and she *says* the major has n't seen her. He 's white mad, Susan says. And — and — that Davids ! " she ended, her voice breaking as she thought of him.

" It is Alan Crossan," said Mrs. Paul, in a low voice, as though she spoke to herself.

" Yes, ma'am, it is," Scarlett assented ; " and he 's dying."

There was silence for a moment, broken only by Scarlett's hurried breathing.

" Bring my writing-table," commanded Mrs. Paul quietly. The woman brought it, and stood waiting, with excited curiosity on every feature. " You may go," said her mistress, looking up over her glasses ; and then, with the pen between her fingers, she leaned back in her chair and thought.

" At last ! " she said, under her breath, — " at last ! A righteous retribution."

" My dear Major Lee," she wrote rapidly, " I hear with pleasure " — No, that was too crude really to wound him. Sympathy would be a more subtile thrust. She tore her letter across, and threw it in the fire. " How he must suffer ! " she thought, and her eyes exulted. " And to think that I was not at home to see it all ! "

She had forgotten Katherine and her own mortification. Such grievances were superficial when placed beside this old reality, which was as enduring as a cruel rock that had been hidden, but not destroyed, by a shining tide. It was as though Katherine had never existed. Again she tried to write, but it was impossible. " I must know first how it happened," she said to herself, striking her hand sharply on the table. " Of course he is not angry with Sidney ; Susan is a fool ; but how much did he know about it ? How does he feel towards Alan ? How " — Endless questions came into her mind, but all bore upon Major Lee's discomfiture ; in her exultation she had forgotten Sidney, save as the means by which her father's wickedness had been baffled, and it was with almost a start of surprise that she remembered that the girl herself could best give the information she desired.

" How stupid ! " she said, frowning. " I should have sent for her at once ! " But, to lose no further time, she wrote a brief note, veiling her triumph with only the faintest pretense of sympathy and congratulation together, and bidding Sidney come at once to see her. " Scarlett will see you home," she added in a postscript, " if, as I suppose, your husband is unable to come with you." It was characteristic that, upon the receipt of Sidney's brief message that she did not wish to leave Alan and would not come, Mrs. Paul had nothing but anger and injured feelings. " I never saw so selfish a girl," she said bitterly.

That evening was intolerably long and empty. A curious feeling of being left out began to intrude upon her anger. She said to herself, " Why has no one told me this ? Why did no one write to me ? The world is mad ! " Her chagrin had in it a sort of terror, which she refused to face, preferring, instead, to dwell upon Mortimer Lee's pain. She scarcely slept that night, and as the gray Sunday morning widened into the reluctant day she was impatient to execute some of the plans which had occurred to her. First, she sent for Robert Steele ; but his response to her peremptory summons was a curt note, begging to be excused. Scarlett stood watching her as she read it, and saw her lift her head with the air of one who refuses to be rebuffed ; but her voice trembled when she spoke. " Order the carriage at twelve," she said. She had made up her mind that she would go directly to Mortimer Lee. Of course he would be at home, and alone. He did not go to see Sidney, he had not a friend in the world, — save herself, —

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and, wicked atheist that he was, there was no hope that he might be in church.

"It is very raw and cold," Scarlett observed.

"I said twelve," Mrs. Paul answered.

"Very well," said Scarlett. She had done her duty by the protest; it was nothing to her if her mistress chose to get sick.

But when twelve o'clock came Mrs. Paul's angry mortification insisted upon words, and, while Scarlett was dressing her, she found fault with a thousand things for the mere relief of speaking.

"Why can't you fasten my cloak without fumbling about so?" she demanded. "You never try to do anything well, Scarlett; you are like all the rest of the world, and have no gratitude in you!" The woman, who had dropped on her knees to fasten Mrs. Paul's fur-lined slippers, made no reply. "There is no such thing as gratitude," continued the other; "there is not a soul I can depend upon."

Scarlett rose, her small, lean hands clasped in front of her, and her passionless eyes fixed upon Mrs. Paul's face. "I am not surprised that you should think so, madam."

"What do you mean?" returned Mrs. Paul contemptuously.

This simple question was Scarlett's opportunity; it was the small and sputtering match which may yet fire a powder magazine. She stepped back a little, swallowed once or twice, and looked steadily at a spot upon the wall, above Mrs. Paul's head. She had always meant to tell her mistress her opinion of her; as well now as any time. So, calmly, rocking slightly back and forth upon her heels, she said monotonously, "Because, madam, you are unkind, even when you do a kindness. You are unjust and you are bad-tempered. Mr. John could n't stand it, and he knew it would n't be for edification to bring his wife here to live. We get our deservings in this life, and you 've got what you 've earned, when you find that nobody cares for you. That is my opinion, madam."

Mrs. Paul lifted her glasses and observed the woman in silence for a moment, during which Scarlett changed color, but did not cease swaying back and forth upon her heels, and regarding the wall with a tranquil stare.

"Is the carriage ready?" said Mrs. Paul.

"Yes, madam;" and without another word they went downstairs.

In nearly sixty years of brilliant selfishness, Mrs. Paul had had no friend who would do for her this simple office of telling her the truth, and it had to come at last from the lips of a servant. When the carriage door closed and she was alone, Mrs. Paul's face was white.

Little Susan caught a glimpse of the heavy carriage just before it left the lane and came rumbling into the courtyard, and, realizing that her master was to have a caller, she was so grateful that she was moved to tears when she opened the door to Mrs. Paul. "Anything," thought Susan, "to get him like folks."

The sight of the old man sitting in his library, his white head sunk upon his breast, his sad eyes watching the vacant moments drag themselves away, had been very distressing to Susan. She wiped her eyes frequently as she looked at him, or as she stood behind his chair in the dining-room; for the major was as careful as ever of the details of life, and went through the form of dining as ceremoniously as though he had his old household about him. He even tried to eat, because he feared that the young woman might be distressed if he did not. With the instinct of a gentle heart he had felt little Susan's unhappiness concerning him. Indeed, the girl had told her mother that she was that sorry for him that she did n't know but what she must go to a more cheerful place.

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Susan went each day to inquire for Miss Sidney's husband, and, unasked, announced his condition to the major at tea. She could not tell, she had confided to Scarlett, whether he listened or not, but she was n't one to be turned from her duty by that. It was natural that she should have said that he was angry. His silence, even during Mr. Steele's daily call (Susan knew that he was silent then, she was so interested herself, she said); the fact that he made no inquiries concerning his daughter, that he never went to her house, that he did not even write to her, that he had not seen her since that morning when she had left him to marry Alan, — what could it mean but anger? To be sure, the expression upon his face was not exactly anger, Susan thought; it puzzled her because she could not classify it; it was so pitiful that sometimes she could not bear to look at him.

Mortimer Lee had grown suddenly and awfully old, in these weeks since Sidney's marriage; the shock of her grief had shaken the very foundations of his life. That strange confusion which had befogged his senses the night he went to look at Gertrude's picture lingered still in his thoughts. His daughter's grief seemed to be his own, not hers. He lived over again the old despair of more than twenty years ago, and then, with a start, realized that Sidney was waiting for pain which had not reached her yet. Robert told him once, hesitatingly, how calm and even glad Sidney was. The old man made no reply. Sorrow had not come yet; a false excitement upheld her, the exhilaration of present joy blinded her; the terror would but be the greater when it came. It was for that he waited; then he would go to her. As for seeing her before that moment when she should need him, it never occurred to him. This rending of the bone and marrow, this parting of two souls, was not for his eyes. Sitting here in his library, alone, night after night, without even the friendly companionship of his books, it seemed as though, with exceeding pity, his very soul wept.

And so the days passed. Alan, his hand held in his wife's, was going out into the Unknown. Sidney went step by step beside him, straining her eyes into the darkness of the future, shuddering lest at any moment her feet should touch the first wave of that dark stream upon which she must let him venture forth alone, and yet walking with a lofty serenity and peace which astounded the dying man. His own mystery of death was not half so great to Alan as was Sidney's mystery of life. He watched her with a sort of awe. Every instant was appreciation, every moment a jewel, which the divine caress of consciousness held in this light and in that, that no gleam of its beauty might be lost. Her lovely joy was set in grief, but there was no terror in it. They had talked much of her assurance, but it seemed to Alan only words.

"God is enough for pain," she had told him. "Love is possible and beautiful, even though its flower is grief, because it grows from the heart of the Purpose of the universe, because it is folded about by God."

"Don't you understand me, Alan?" she said once, wistfully. He put his thin white hand under her chin, and looked down into her tranquil eyes.

"It does not seem probable that I do," he answered, smiling. "I do not very often understand myself — but I am glad."

Perhaps he was too weak to take her wider view; perhaps the exceeding simplicity of dying brought back the older thoughts, his mother's teachings of so long ago, and he rested in them with great content; but he was glad for Sidney. Once he asked her, with a pause here and there between his words, of her hope for the future.

"I cannot grasp your — willingness

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not to know. You do not expect to see me again?"

"If it is best," she answered, her voice quivering into calmness; "but it will be best, either way. There is no death, — never any death! It is all life; we came from it, and we go back into it again. Oh, Alan, we both belong to life; it is in it that we are really and truly *one*."

Afterwards, when he had been lying silently for a long time, he looked up at her, with a smile flickering in his eyes. "But I — shall not be I?" he said, with pitiful gentleness.

"God is," she answered. "Oh, I cannot let go of that one moment."

Their two lives shut out the rest of the world. They saw Robert Steele come and go with the same indifference to a necessity with which they saw light and darkness. Appreciation of moments may turn a day into a year, and these months together held the experiences of a lifetime. Sidney's consciousness of the pervading God took no definite shape, although she felt that she could not have lived without such consciousness. As a star opens its bosom to the sun that it may fill itself with light for the coming darkness, Sidney absorbed the present. It was at this time that she prayed, dumbly, not for Alan's life, not for strength to bear her coming sorrow, but for more, and more, and more God! There were no words in this outcry of her soul to Him who gave words, and needeth not that any should tell Him. Deep was calling unto deep, — existence itself was a prayer.

She told Alan all this, as he could listen to it; and once he said to her, "Yes, yes, I know, and I am glad. Only remember — will you, Sidney? — that I am *sure* of the rest, of the future? I am sure of it. I have come back to the old familiar things, Christ and heaven (that means having you again!); they are easier to think about than this abstraction, and I believe they are just what you have found, by another name. No, I don't reason; I trust. It is your attitude, only I go a step further than you." And then, later, "Sometimes it seems to me, do you know, that for me to go on ahead is just to teach you to take that step. And you won't forget that — *I am sure?*"

Sidney's thought of her father in these beautiful days was only that "he understood." Major Lee knew that she felt this; it would have been profane had either of them insisted upon it by words. Thus they waited: Sidney for a deeper glory, her father for the inevitable night.

That Sunday when Mrs. Paul's carriage came across the creaking snow in the courtyard, the major had been brooding over this strange pause in his life, realizing with pathetic patience that even when it ended, when Alan died and his daughter came back to him again, life could not be as it had been. His dim eyes burned as this cruel thought struck upon his heart; the insolence of time is like a blow in the face from an unseen enemy.

"There is no help for it," he was saying to himself. He was so absorbed that he did not understand Susan's summons to the parlor, or hear the name she gave, so the girl had to speak again, pleadingly: "She 's in the parlor, sir, waitin'. I put a match to the fire, but it 's cold in there."

"She?" said the old man vaguely. "Where?" and then brushed past her in tremulous haste. Sidney had come. But why had she waited; was Alan —

The shock of seeing Mrs. Paul, shivering in her furs, upon the yellow satin sofa was almost a physical pain. He had no words. But Mrs. Paul supplied them; her voice was full of fine anxiety.

"My dear Major Lee, pray what is this about Sidney? I was so shocked, so concerned. Such a tragedy for the poor girl! Pray tell me how you could have permitted such a thing?"

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He did not answer, but seemed to look beyond her, as though he were unconscious of her presence. The change in his face since she had seen him last awed but could not silence her.

"She has grieved you, I know," she began to say, "but her disobedience will bring its own punishment; you can only pity and forgive her. And the selfishness of the young man — but tell me" —

"Not here, — not here," interposed Mortimer Lee, still gazing above her, at the further end of the room.

She turned, following his eyes, to meet those of the portrait, beautiful, disdainful, and, as she thought with sudden fury, triumphant. Standing at the feet of this dead woman, she saw the source of all her bitterness, her selfishness, her cruelty, — saw it with futile rage at her own helplessness in the hand of Fate. She had been robbed by this young creature, and she had tried to hide the desolation of her heart by worldliness and selfishness. Her loss had turned to evil everything which had been good; and then, as though that were not cruel enough, Annette had been taken away. Her own son did not love her; Katherine cared nothing for her; Sidney had forgotten her; her very servant despised her. She looked again at Mortimer Lee, still staring at the picture. "Yes, not here," she repeated, "not here!" (It was strange to see how simple the primal passion of humanity made these two souls.) She motioned him to give her his arm. "I came," she said, — "I came, but I will go away; yes, I will go away!" Her voice broke.

Without a word, the major led her to her carriage. He bowed, and stood, the cold wind blowing his white hair about, watching the carriage circle around the snow-covered lawn, and disappear down the lane. Then he went back, and stood before the portrait.

"It was the only thing I ever kept from you, Gertrude," he said feebly; "but she has come and shown it to you herself. You would not have had me tell you such a thing? But she has told you" —

After the shock of that interview the confusion of Mortimer Lee's thoughts passed away. His profound dismay settled into a certain tranquillity of waiting. He was gathering up his strength to meet Sidney's need of it, when the day should come.

And so the winter failed, and fainted into the hesitating spring. Robert Steele came every evening to tell him of Alan; they never spoke of Sidney. But one day in March he did not come, and a strange excitement grew in Mortimer Lee's face. "It is near," he said to himself. It was; very near. He did not go to the bank the next morning; he must be at home to know when Sidney needed him.

All that morning he sat in his library in tense expectancy. In the early afternoon came a note from Robert Steele. "Not yet, not yet," the old man said; longing for the blow to fall, that his own work of tenderness might begin. The windy March sky lifted and lightened towards sunset, and all along behind the hills the clear and lucent air, yellow as a topaz, faded up into pale violet under the torn fringes of the clouds. Mortimer Lee stood, with his hands behind him, looking out at the peace of the coming night; but he turned at the sound of the opening door, and Sidney came swiftly to his arms.

The room had darkened in the fading light, but he could see the change in her face; not age, but living, had marked it. That ecstasy shone in her eyes which is the realization of the Infinite, and may be called either joy or grief, as both are one in it.

"I have come to tell you," he heard her say, "it is over, my life. But I am glad to have lived. Oh, I am glad!"

"Alan" —

"Yes; yet I am a happy woman.

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Father, I wanted you to know that I was happy! It is joy, father!"

He held her fast in his trembling arms, and his tears fell upon her head. But Sidney's eyes were clear. She raised her face, and it was she who was the comforter. "It is worth while," she said tenderly. His grief moved her as her own had not; a flood of tears, as natural and unrestrained as a child's, shook her from head to foot. "He is dead, but he has lived. He is mine, always. Oh, it is worth while, — it is worth while; the past is ours, and all is — God!"

Then they went back again together to Alan's side.

. . . . . .

Sidney's life afterwards was as though into a dead body had come a living soul.

The old circumstances remained, the old possibilities, but the spirit which animated them was a new spirit. She and her father drew closer and closer together, the old love greater for the new love. Calm, she was, and strangely content; entering deeper into that Refuge which had revealed itself to her, and losing her life daily in the lives of others; yet never limiting her peace by defining it, nor daring to imprison it within a creed.

Mrs. Paul called her an infidel.

Robert Steele, feeling vaguely that Sidney, religious, without a religion, drew her strength from the same source as did he, absorbed in the wonderful ritual of the most detailed religion in the world, yet prayed for her salvation with the anguished fear of the consistent Christian who hears his Lord denied.

The major only waited.

"It cannot last," he said to himself sadly; "it is unreal. And when it breaks down — even I cannot help her! Oh, the cruelty of love!"

And still he waited.

Margaret Deland.

ALTDORF AND THE LANDESGEMEINDE OF URI.

Let me say at once that, although the name of Altdorf is indissolubly linked with that of William Tell, the place aroused an interest in me which did not at all depend upon its associations with the famous but now discarded archer. From the very first it gave me the impression of possessing a distinct personality, of ringing, as it were, to a note I had never heard before, and thus challenging my attention to its peculiarities.

No doubt this effect was heightened by the manner in which my visits were made, since on both occasions, when I spent the month of May in Altdorf, I arrived directly from Italy, and so exchanged abruptly the characteristics of two widely differing countries. It was very striking, this sudden transition from the olive to the pine; from landscapes in which purely Italian colors predominated to hillsides of fresh green, dotted with wooden chalets instead of whitewashed stone houses; to hear the cuckoo in the woods and the inspiring lark rising from the fields instead of the caressing notes of the nightingale; and to find myself once more in the midst of a people who had at all events a reasonable idea of *prix fixe*. But even when these differences were forgotten, Altdorf continued to impress me as a thing apart, singularly interesting and not easily understood.

Besides the annual Landesgemeinde, or open-air legislative assembly, held in the environs, the primary object of my visits, which I shall describe later in this article, there was a great deal in the ordinary village life to stimulate thought, and at times I found myself not a little

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puzzled to account for certain apparent contradictions and inconsistencies which confronted me as I learned to know the place better.

It is often a source of genuine disappointment to the traveler to find the Swiss mountaineers so different from what he had expected. They are hardy and good-natured, but, speaking more especially of German Switzerland, handsome men and pretty women are very rare. The canton of Uri is no exception to this rule. Many of its inhabitants have been crippled by accidents, not a few are deformed from their birth; they speak one of the harshest dialects in Europe, and have not even a cantonal costume to make them picturesque. Perhaps, if Schiller had actually visited Uri, and had not obtained the necessary information for his play at second hand, his version of the origin of the Swiss Confederation would have been less romantic and more in accordance with the facts. The traveler, I suppose, sets up an imaginary type. Every beauty in nature, he reasons, should somehow be reflected by a corresponding good quality in man; but he forgets that if scenery leaves its traces upon character, so do privation, overwork, and bad food. The truth is, the Swiss are the most practical, matter-of-fact, and commonplace people in the world, and are necessarily rendered so by the hardships with which they are surrounded. If they were what the tourist would like them to be, picturesque, romantically inclined, venturesome for the sake of adventure, they would long ago have been absorbed by the great powers upon their borders, and the mission of Switzerland, to provide a neutral territory in the midst of Europe, would never have been fulfilled. Perhaps the national qualities have been best summed up by the Genevese writer, Paul Vaucher, who, in speaking of the early Confederates, calls them "*parfois un peu grossiers, mais toujours intelligents.*"

As you approach Altdorf from Flüelen on the Lake of Lucerne by the long, white road, the first houses you reach are large structures of the conventional village type, plain, but evidently the homes of well-to-do people, and some even adorned with family coats of arms. In fact, this street is dedicated to the aristocracy, and formerly went by the name of the Herrengasse, the lane of the lords. You may well be shocked at the application of the word "aristocracy" to the democratic canton of Uri, in this republic of Switzerland; nevertheless, though these "lords" no longer bear titles, except those they may hold temporarily by virtue of their offices in the commonwealth, they occupy a social position absolutely apart from the common peasants. Their children receive a superior education, the sons being usually sent to foreign countries, or at least to other cantons, to perfect themselves, while the daughters bestow the most fastidious attention upon their toilets, and contract matrimonial alliances with the same care in regard to social standing as the nobility of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. At the same time, I saw no evidence that this aristocratic position was in any sense abused in a political manner; for indeed absolute democracy and the equality of rights are strictly enforced by the constitution of Uri, and one need only attend the Landesgemeinde to appreciate how completely this equality is carried out. There is, furthermore, an historical aspect of the case which will help to explain this modern paradox, an aristocracy within a democracy. When the first settlers moved into the country, — those Alamannian colonists from the surrounding lowlands who doubtless brought with them the germs of the Tell legend, — they were grouped in the various degrees of the feudal state, noblemen, freemen, and serfs, but were also united upon an equal footing in an Association of the Mark, in charge of the common land. They were peers in the adminis-

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tration of this land, but not in social position.

Beyond these fashionable houses is an open square, upon which faces the cozy inn where I stayed, — named, of course, after William Tell; and off on one side the large parish church, built in cheap barocco style, but containing a few objects of interest. One is a Birth of Christ, ascribed to Van Dyck; how justly I could not tell. In support of its authenticity they say that a Count of Beroldingen presented it upon his return from military service in the Netherlands; and in fact the ancestral castle of this family may be seen from Altdorf, if you look in the direction of Seelisberg. It is a white house upon the green pastures at the foot of the mountain Nieder Bauen. A Burial of Christ is attributed to Caracci, probably with little reason; and near one of the side doors is a Madonna and Child in relief by Imhof, a sculptor born near the neighboring village of Bürglen, which is also, it will be remembered, the traditional birthplace of William Tell. In his youth Imhof was a goatherd, who used his knife to carve upon any material he could find, as once the boy Giotto used his pencil. Imhof's Cimabue was a certain Doctor Ebel, who, passing through Altdorf in 1818, heard of the young artist, and sent him first to Stuttgart to study under Dannecker, and then to Rome, where he died in 1869, after having acquired a European reputation, but before he could complete a monument of William Tell for which he was making designs. In Uri every act of the state is accompanied by a church function of some sort. The annual pilgrimage to Tell's famous chapel on the Lake of Lucerne, which always takes place on the Friday following Ascension Day, has a semi-ecclesiastical, semi-political character. In all affairs of the commonwealth the priesthood exercises a tacit but predominating influence. Educational matters are, of course, entirely in the hands of the clergy; nor is the tolerant spirit of this wicked age allowed to work its way into the minds of the people through other channels, for recently, when a company from the neighboring canton of Glarus proposed to use the water-power of the turbulent Schächenbach for factories, the opposition of the clergy made it impossible to obtain the necessary concession. The same thing happened when the St. Gothard railroad offered to build extensive workshops in Altdorf. In both cases the fear was expressed that Protestants thereby might be brought into the country. Perhaps this explains why Uri is at once the poorest and most illiterate of all the Swiss cantons. On looking over the cantonal constitution, however, I discovered a privilege so remarkable that it must always have gone far to reconcile the men of Uri to the authority of the Vatican. Every Gemeinde, or parish, it appears, elects its own priests, and thus controls their actions sufficiently to make unpatriotic intrigues impossible.

There is a good deal of sight-seeing to be done in Altdorf for so small a place. In the town hall are shown the tattered flags carried by the warriors of Uri in the early battles of the Confederation, the mace and sword of state which are borne by the beadles to the Landesgemeinde, and a portrait which the attendant informs you with a grave face is the oldest extant of William Tell. In a somewhat inaccessible corner, a few houses off, the beginnings of a museum have been made. Here is another portrait of interest, that of the giant Püntener, a mercenary whose valor made him the terror of the enemy in the battle of Marignano in 1515; so that when finally he was killed, they avenged themselves, according to a writing beneath the picture, by using his fat to smear their weapons, and his carcass to feed their horses. Just outside the village rises the arsenal, whence, I was told, old armor was taken and turned into shovels, when the St. Gothard railroad was

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building, so poor and ignorant were the people. If you are of the sterner sex, you can also penetrate the Capuchin monastery, and enter the gardens, where the terraces that rise behind the buildings are almost Italian in appearance, festooned with vines and radiant with roses. Not that the fame of this institution rests on such trivial matters, however. The brothers boast of two things: it is the oldest of the order in Switzerland, dating from 1581, and they carry on in it the somewhat unappetizing industry of cultivating snails for the gourmands of foreign countries. Above the Capuchins is the famous Barnewald, mentioned by Schiller, a tract of forest on the mountain slope in which no one is allowed to fell trees, because it protects the village from avalanches and rolling stones.

After all, however, the best part of Altdorf, to make an Irish bull, lies outside of the village. I can give no adequate idea of the impression left upon me by this strange little community without referring to the Almend, or village common. Indeed, as time went on, I learned to regard this Almend as the complete expression and final summing up of all that was best in Altdorf, the reconciliation of all its inconsistencies, and the symbol of its pure democracy.

Day after day, insensibly, almost involuntarily, I would go out to the great pasture beside the river Reuss, a field of short, juicy Alpine grass, in sight of the snow-capped Bristenstock at one end of the valley, and of the waters of Lake Lucerne at the other. In May the full-grown cattle had already departed for the higher summer pastures, leaving only the feeble young behind, who were to follow as soon as they had grown strong enough to bear the fatigues of the journey. At this time, therefore, the Almend became a sort of vision of youth, — of calves, lambs, and foals, guarded by little boys, all gamboling in the exuberance of early life. At noon I often delighted to sit upon the green, and give myself up wholly to the influence of the hour. A spirit of idyllic peace pervaded the scene, emphasized rather than broken by the actions of the young animals. Perhaps a foal would tear across the field in skittish glee, or a calf which had long stood staring into vacancy would suddenly blurt out unmeaning bellowings. Ever and anon a spirit of mischief prompted one of the boys or the attendant puppies, on sport intent, to rush with much show of fierce purpose into the ranks of the sheep, — the poor sheep, that, nibbling feverishly, each trying to get into the shade of the others, desired nothing so much as to be left alone. At such times, as I sat buried in contemplation of this play, a lark would rise from near by, where the peasants were tilling the fields, and, soaring, leave behind it a trail of sound, a succession of inspired notes, like an aerial ladder to the sky, at whose foot I stood spellbound, speechless, and my eyes strained to follow the bird in its flight until it was lost in the heights. Then, when the lark descends; when it drops suddenly from the clouds, carrying a long-drawn crescendo note to earth; when it hovers for an instant with outstretched, quivering wings over its nest in the rushes, gives a few last trills of bliss, and all is silence, — ah, how the heart beats! What a moment of serene joy that is! Alas that we Americans can never hear the skylark in our own country! I used to think, on those occasions, that the song of the lark was a fit emblem of the scene on the Almend, a veritable hymn to youth.

But the Landesgemeinde was the attraction which drew me in the first place to Altdorf, at a season when few travelers are to be seen. The open-air legislative assemblies, which, as has been said, are held annually in the primitive Swiss cantons, are the oldest examples of purely democratic institutions to be found in the world to-day. In their present

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complete form they probably do not antedate the end of the thirteenth century; at all events, we have no documentary evidence of a regular Landesgemeinde prior to 1294; but the germs from which they have been developed can be traced faintly until they disappear in the very dawn of recorded history. Their origin must be sought in the political and social organization of the early Germans; perhaps in the assembly of the Hundred, or in the agricultural Association of the Mark; for Swiss liberty is based upon the ancient Teutonic institutions introduced by the Alamanni, a branch of the great Teutonic race, when they invaded Helvetia, at the beginning of the fifth century, and put an end to the Roman dominion, which had existed in that country since the time of Julius Cæsar. In the German Empire, which rose upon the ruins of the Roman, and of which the early Swiss formed a part, these democratic institutions almost everywhere succumbed to the influence of the feudal system; but in the more secluded regions, especially amid the mountain fastnesses of central Switzerland, they were able to retain a great deal of their ancient Teutonic purity.

It is with good reason, therefore, that Mr. Freeman opens his published lectures on The Growth of the English Constitution by describing two typical Landesgemeinden in Switzerland. "In the institutions of Uri and Appenzell," he says, "and in those others of the Swiss cantons which have never departed from the primeval model, we may see the institutions of our own forefathers, the institutions which were once common to the whole Teutonic race, institutions whose outward form has necessarily passed away from greater states, but which contain the germs out of which every free constitution in the world has grown."

Every year, on the first Sunday in May, the voting population of Uri, all men of twenty and upwards, meet upon a meadow just off the great St. Gothard carriage-road, about two miles south of Altdorf. The spot is known as Bötzlingen an der Gand; behind it rise some formidable rocks which culminate in the Hohe Faulen, and in front stretches the plain of the Reuss, classic with many legends and traditions of the early days of Swiss freedom. Here the affairs of the commonwealth of Uri have been discussed and decided annually probably for some five centuries; the only known break having occurred at the end of the last century, when the privileges and prerogatives of the sovereign states which composed the old Confederation were annulled to make place for the short-lived Helvetic republic set up by the French revolutionists.

Although I attended the Landesgemeinden both of 1888 and 1889, I will confine myself to that of 1888 in the following description, as it proved the more interesting of the two. The 6th of May turned out to be one of those brilliant days which are experienced in Switzerland principally in the spring and autumn, when the tourists have not yet arrived, or have already left; a day full of the exhilaration and intoxication of nature. From end to end the valley of the Reuss lay bathed in a flood of golden light shining through an atmosphere of crystal purity. Daisies, cowslips, and buttercups, the flowers of rural well-being, showed through the rising grass of the fields; along the hedges and crumbling walls of the lanes peeped timid primroses and violets, and in wilder spots the Alpine gentian, intensely blue. High up upon the mountain slopes the verdure had already assumed that indescribable soft velvet green which appeals so strongly to every artist, notably to Ruskin, while higher still, upon the summer pastures, ragged and vanishing patches of snow proclaimed the rapid approach of warmer days.

Early in the morning crowds of wor-

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shipers repaired to the parish church at Altdorf, and after service dispersed in groups about the village, to await the time when the procession should start for the famous meadow. At last, at about eleven o'clock, there was a roll of drums, a burst of music, and a train of persons issued from the little market-place in front of the town hall (Rathaus.)

First marched two men clad in mediæval costumes of orange and black, the cantonal colors, each bearing upon his shoulders the great horn of a bull. These individuals are called Tells, in memory of the traditional hero, and the horns are those which the ancient warriors of Uri carried with them to battle. Then followed drums and music and a detachment of soldiers, over whom waved the ancient banner, in the centre of which was embroidered a bull's head, the cantonal coat of arms, and in one corner a miniature representation of the crucifixion; for church and state, religion and warfare, have always gone hand in hand in the primitive Swiss cantons. Behind this guard of honor came the magistrates and their seven beadles in carriages, the latter made imposing by cocked hats and long cloaks, also of orange and black. In the carriages were the three symbols of state: the mace, a wooden staff studded with brass nails, and surmounted by a ball representing an apple pierced by an arrow (evidently another reference to William Tell); the sword of state, a long, two-edged weapon; and a bag containing the cantonal seals. If I dwell upon these details, it is because the accessories to the Landesgemeinde are undergoing a process of simplification which renders it advisable that they should be noted before they are finally swept away. For example, I see that when Mr. Freeman was present, in 1863 and 1864, the magistrates rode on horseback, and the chief magistrate wore the sword by his side; now these worthies drive in the ordinary tourist carriages of the country, and the sword is entrusted to a beadle. The procession was closed by an irregular following of all the men, women, and children who could manage to leave their homes in various parts of the canton.

Arrived at the meadow, the voters, estimated at two thousand by the weekly paper of Uri, the Urner Wochenblatt, ranged themselves upon a wooden stand, built for the occasion, in the shape of an amphitheatre; the chief magistrate, the Landammann, and the Landesstatthalter took positions at a table in the centre, where the symbols of state were displayed with the horns, drums, and banner, while the seven beadles occupied raised seats at one side of the ring. The women, children, and visitors, on their part, withdrew to the unoccupied portions of the meadow or to an adjacent hillock, from which the proceedings could be more conveniently watched. Amongst the spectators were also some visitors from neighboring cantons, a member or two of the federal legislatures at Berne, the late British minister to Switzerland, Sir F. O. Adams, who has since written a work on The Swiss Confederation,[1] and a few Americans.

It is customary for the Landammann to open the assembly with a speech, in which he rehearses the affairs of the canton, of Switzerland, and even the most important events in foreign countries which have occurred during the past year.

While this was in progress I looked more closely at the men who composed the assembly, and could see how truly democratic a gathering they made. All manner of men were there side by side; all kinds of trades and occupations were represented, — the cowherd, the artisan, and the shopkeeper, the professional man, the parish priest, the monk, and the soldier, all on an equal political footing, deliberating together for the common good. They paid the closest attention to the speech of the Landammann, who,

[1] Reviewed in The Atlantic, January, 1890.

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as he advanced and warmed up to his theme, departed more and more from pure German and lapsed into the familiar dialect, which was used by every subsequent speaker.

As soon as this speech had been brought to a close, a ceremony of the utmost solemnity took place. The whole assembly rose, and stood bareheaded for some moments in silent prayer, — an impressive incident, never to be forgotten: the sudden silence of the multitude, the heads bared to the sky, and the deeply religious aspect of the whole thing. After this the business of the meeting began.

Every one knew that a measure of great importance would be presented to the assembly that day; in fact, nothing less than the adoption of a new constitution. The old one had been found to be both cumbersome and antiquated, and the new one had been framed with a view toward simplification, so that it might correspond more closely to those of the other cantons. As the project had been before the people for some time, ample opportunity had been given them to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with its provisions, and the assembly was therefore prepared to discuss the proposed changes intelligently. A strong minority from the valley of Urseren, where lies the popular summer resort of Andermatt, opposed the new constitution, especially on account of certain clauses referring to the management of roads. These views were represented by five speakers, whereas the majority put forward nine. After an animated debate lasting for two hours and a half, a vote was taken upon the question of adopting a new constitution pure and simple, adoption being carried by the bare majority of three fifths to two fifths of the votes. Another vote was taken, this time upon the adoption of the new constitution as it stood or as amended by the minority, and resulted in the almost unanimous adoption of the constitution as it stood. The voting was done by a show of hands, according to the old Teutonic custom, so familiar to us; but it was accompanied by a curious sound, which I fancied was in imitation of the bellowing of a bull, the inevitable bull of Uri. An appeal in writing against the new constitution was then handed to the Landesstatthalter, based, as I afterwards ascertained, upon the forty-third article of the federal constitution, and the assembly proceeded to the next order of business, the election of officers. First came the seven Regierungsräthe; literally, "councilors of the government," or, as we should say, "the cabinet." In only two cases was there any serious opposition to the candidate nominated; for it seems to be customary in this conservative little democracy to reëlect officers who have done their work satisfactorily, rather than experiment with untried ones. The result of every election was announced by the head beadle, or crier (Landesweibel), who, raising his cocked hat, repeated a set formula, wishing the successful candidate "joy and health" (*Glück und Heil*). At this juncture the assembly was asked to choose the Landammann and the Landesstatthalter from the number of the Regierungsräthe. Immediately the actual Landammann rose, and resigned his office in a speech in which he declared that he had served four years as chief magistrate, and therefore declined reëlection. At the same time he proposed the actual Landesstatthalter as his successor, and with this took his seat amongst the people. The assembly followed his suggestion as to his successor, and afterwards returned the Landammann himself to the office of Landesstatthalter; so that the two highest officers had in the end only exchanged places. After the oath had been administered to them, the necessary representatives of the federal legislature in Berne were elected, and then a number of minor officers of the canton. As a

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last piece of legislation, the rights of citizenship (Bürgerrecht) were granted to a family which had lately immigrated from the canton of Unterwalden.

With this the order of business was complete, and the assembly adjourned. The session had lasted four hours and a half, when the procession marched back to Altdorf in the same order in which it had arrived.

Simple and prosaic as this political act may seem, I turned from contemplating it with the feeling that I had been witnessing a religious rite. Never had I seen the state placed on so high a plane, or the functions of government so nearly endowed with ideal attributes; for I realized that these rude peasants are more truly sovereign than any crowned ruler, and that their assembly, though sprung from a seed planted in the dawn of recorded history, is neither antiquated nor outworn, but filled with the spirit of perennial youth. Could there be a clearer witness to the stability which inheres in genuine democracies? The primitive Swiss cantons are at once the oldest democracies in existence, and the most radical. Statesmen never contrived, philosophers never speculated upon or poets sung of, commonwealths so practical, rational, and withal so ideal as they, in which the voice of every man was more distinctly heard and the execution of the public will more certain of fulfillment. In them the maximum of flexibility has been reconciled to the strongest conservatism, and that without bombastic assertions of equal rights or theoretical definitions of liberty, but naturally and without premeditation.

A modern historian has said that every form of government contains within itself the germ which will eventually destroy it, but the Landesgemeinde is as vigorous to-day as it has ever been, and really seems more in accordance with the spirit of this age of ours, which makes for absolute self-government, than with that of previous ones. In truth, there is a something in this Landesgemeinde which is not merely Swiss, or even Teutonic, but which answers to the aspirations of mankind in general. A book is called a classic because it appeals to qualities in human nature which are permanent, and belong more or less to every age and every clime; in this sense the Landesgemeinde is a classic amongst forms of government, for it is the expression of pure democracy, for which humanity has always striven and will always strive.

But why should this institution thrive in a little obscure corner, rather than in the centres of human thought and endeavor? What is the secret of its success in Switzerland? The candid observer will find an answer to these questions in the surprising equality which reigns amongst the men who compose the assembly. They are equal not only from a political, but also, in a measure, from an economic standpoint. Absolute equality of worldly possessions will never be possible in any state, nor would such a result probably be desirable, but an approximation towards the golden mean has been reached in the primitive Swiss cantons which is certainly very remarkable.

Amongst the causes which have contributed to bring about this happy state of things, some are undoubtedly local, rooted to the soil, and could not be transplanted, but others might well serve as suggestions to the great modern states, in which, whether they call themselves republics, monarchies, or empires, the most crying inequalities are demanding attention. Doubtless the seclusion in which these commonwealths have thrived has imprinted a certain simplicity and uniformity upon the lives of the inhabitants, very favorable to maintenance of economic equality. The dangers to which the people are exposed in their daily occupations have taught every person the double lesson of taking care of himself and of coöperating

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with others in case of necessity. No better training could be devised for the members of a free state. Moreover, it must be added that mountaineers the world over have usually been independent of foreign rule and equal amongst themselves.

But above all other influences (and this it is which statesmen might well study) must be counted the system of the Almend, the system by which a part, at least, of the land in every Gemeinde or commune has not been allowed to fall into the hands of private owners, but has been reserved for public use. We have a reminiscence of this in the common of England and New England, though the resemblance does not go very far; for the Swiss Almend, in its wide sense, consists of forest, pasture, and meadow land, and according to the nature of the ground sometimes also of marshy land for rushes and peat. The use of this domain is governed by rules, which vary in different cantons and often in neighboring Gemeinden: in some it is the common property of all; in others, of a privileged class, generally the lineal descendants of the original settlers. Etymologists are not yet agreed whether the name "Almend" meant originally *common* land or *fodder* land, and historians are debating whether the use of it was intended in the beginning to be communistic or not. These are questions for the specialists to decide, but the result which has been attained is patent to all. There can be no doubt that this system has contributed more than any other factor towards making the great extremes of wealth and poverty impossible in the primitive cantons, and giving every man an interest in the soil.

The reason for this becomes obvious when we consider that great wealth, in its ultimate analysis, almost always springs from the exclusive control of certain natural opportunities; or, more briefly, from the monopolization of land, with all which that term implies. These rustics, by treating at least some of the total supply of land as common property, exclude the possibility of the complete monopolization of land, and the resulting concentration of wealth into the hands of a few. It is true that they have by no means reached a radical solution of the land question. There are landlords in Uri, as elsewhere, and they are no better and no worse than elsewhere, since their conduct is governed by economic laws which are not of their own making; but even this partial treatment of land as common property secures to the people certain solid advantages. Nor must this public property be regarded merely as a provision for the poor, since all alike have a share in it.

Hence it is that when the voters come together in their assembly, they are equal, as I said above, not only from a political, but also, in a measure, from an economic standpoint. This is the secret of the Landesgemeinde; and should this comparative equality ever be disturbed by the working of modern industrial forces, the Landesgemeinde will lose its identity, will become a mere form, and eventually an impossibility.

Historical and political comparisons are apt to be risky and unsatisfactory, since exactly the same conditions can never be repeated in different countries and at different periods. We will, therefore, entertain no illusions on the subject. Our millions of voters cannot meet in an open-air assembly, nor can the affairs of our vast country be managed as simply and expeditiously as are those of that little commonwealth; but nevertheless youth can always profit by the experience of age, and we in America can learn something from Uri, the oldest democracy in existence. It seemed to me, as I watched the ancient assembly, that the Landesgemeinde confirmed a principle of inestimable value. History teaches that all democracies sooner or later end in anarchy or are

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transformed into despotic governments, unless they can guarantee to the people something more than mere political equality, which soon becomes a delusive sham in the presence of great economic inequalities. The venerable democracy of Uri reminds us that where this true equality reigns, or where even a reasonable approximation towards it is reached, there the most stable and abiding of states can be reared, and its maintenance entrusted with perfect confidence to the people themselves, acting without intermediaries.

W. D. McCrackan.

ON THE EVE OF SLEEP.

WHAT is softer than two snowflakes meeting
In a windless fall of snow?
What is lighter than a down-ball sinking
On a still stream's polished flow?
Smoother than the liquid circle spreading
From the swallow's touch-and-go? —
Oh, softer, lighter, smoother, is the first approach of Sleep!
(Yet guard us in that moment, lest thy boon we may not keep!)

What is stiller than two blossoms kissing
Charily with petal-tips?
Sweeter than the dewdrop that their kissing
Doth unsphere — and down it slips?
What is dimmer than the night-moth groping
For the lily's nectared lips? —
Oh, stiller, sweeter, dimmer, is the first approach of Sleep!
(Yet guard us in that moment, lest thy boon we may not keep!)

What is subtler than the clues that tighten
Round the dancing midge's wings?
Shyer than the bird its nest concealing
As aloof it flits and sings?
Closer than the poppy-leaf-lined chamber
Where the lone bee's cradle swings? —
Oh, subtler, shyer, closer, is the first approach of Sleep!
(Yet guard us in that moment ere we reach thy safest deep!)

What is stranger than the moonlight mingling
With the red fire of the west?
Wilder than an Amazonian forest
Where no foot the mould hath pressed?
Dearer than the heart's most secret brooding
On the face it loveth best? —
Oh, stranger, wilder, dearer, is the first approach of Sleep!
(Oh, guard us in that moment, lest we waver back and weep!)

Edith M. Thomas.

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HENRIK IBSEN: HIS LIFE ABROAD AND LATER DRAMAS.

During the last two years of his life in Norway Ibsen felt as though he were standing on the verge of his grave. The atmosphere of Christiania oppressed him like the air of a charnel-house. This city, although the political capital of the realm, is not and never has been a centre of artistic and literary culture. At the beginning of the present century it numbered less than ten thousand inhabitants; now it has a population of considerably over one hundred thousand. But this rapid growth has not improved its intellectual character, nor rendered it a whit less provincial than it was ninety years ago.

It is a significant fact that no Norwegian poet, except Henrik Wergeland, has ever sung the praises of Christiania; and even he only expresses a certain pleasure in its material prosperity. His sister, the well-known authoress, Camilla Collett, in her novel The Bailiff's Daughters (Amtmandens Döttre), denounces in the bitterest terms the mean and petty spirit prevailing there. The city is large enough, she says, to peck slowly to death, with its thousands of malicious beaks, all at whom it takes offense, but not large enough to afford one such unfortunate person a nook in which he can hide himself from calumny.

Whoever takes the trouble to examine the files of the Kristianiapost of 1858, and the Morgenbladet and Aftenbladet of 1863, may see what absurd strictures, mingled with personal abuse, appeared in the columns of those journals under the guise of criticism, and will appreciate fully the feelings of disgust and the immense sense of relief with which Ibsen shook off the dust of Christiania from his feet, and bade what he hoped would be a final farewell to his fatherland.

No man can ever forget his mother country, although he may cease to remember it with pleasure. As Ibsen states in his poem Brændte Skibe, the column of smoke rising from his burnt ships blew northward, and formed a bridge over which a rider swiftly sped every night

> "To the snowy land
> From the sunny strand."

In another poem he compares himself to an eider which

> "Plucks its breast
> To feather its nest"

on a wild Norwegian fiord. Thrice it makes the attempt, but each time the nest is despoiled of its soft down by greedy fishermen, until, in despair, the injured bird spreads its wings, and

> "With bleeding breast to the south it flies,—
> To the south with its brighter and kinder skies."

The manner in which the memory of Norway excites him to literary activity reminds him of the bear which is trained to dance by being made to stand in a large kettle heated by a slow fire; as the tortured beast leaps up and down a merry melody is played. Ever afterwards, when Bruin hears this tune, he associates it with scorched paws, and begins to dance. It was by painful reminiscences that Ibsen's imagination was stimulated to creative productivity during the first few years of his life abroad.

To the Norse poet, emerging from the mist and gloom of his native Niflheim, Italy was a new and marvelous revelation. It seemed to him that he had never before seen the sun. Nature, who had hitherto appeared to him with sombre visage and clad in sober gray, now wore a bright and joyous face, and arrayed herself in gorgeous colors far surpassing the limitations of her melancholy and monotonous Scandinavian wardrobe. This feeling is very clearly reflected in Brand, his first drama

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written on foreign soil and under the influence of foreign impressions. The Norwegian landscape, as described in this play, is rude, inhospitable, and utterly unattractive. Drifting snow, raging storms, inaccessible glaciers, threatening avalanches, and narrow valleys inclosed by rocky walls, and seldom visited by a ray of sunlight, fill the scene. The soft, summery air of the highlands, resplendent with "the lustre of gold and amber," which he celebrated in his earlier poems, finds no mention here.

In Rome, too, the remains of classical antiquity, the ruins of a past civilization, excited in him the same lively interest and admiration that they had before awakened in the minds of Gibbon and Goethe. The emotions of wonder and insatiable curiosity, says Vasenius, with which the northerner at first regards the new and the unknown in this southern land, grew upon him from day to day, and soon developed into sentiments of warm sympathy and love. Unlike the majority of his countrymen and companions, he now thought of the Eternal City as a permanent abode, and there were moments when he spoke with bitterness of his determination never again to see his fatherland. The hot summer months he passed in the Alban Mountains or on the coast of Naples. His hours of work extended from early morning till far into the afternoon; the rest of the day and evening he gave to walks and social recreation. He was a frequent and always welcome guest of the Scandinavian Club in the Via dei Pontefici, whose members, consisting chiefly of artists, were disposed to lionize him. "A lion among ladies," says Bottom, "is a most dreadful thing;" but not more so, perhaps, than among youthful and enthusiastic wielders of the mahl-stick. Indeed, under any circumstances, as the same honest weaver remarks, "there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living." In this case the lion positively refused to roar, and said by modest reserve as plainly as Snug the joiner could have done by words, "If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing. I am a man as other men are." He very rarely referred to any of his published works, and evidently disliked to make them a topic of conversation. Still less could he be induced to discourse about any projected and unfinished play. This sort of author's coyness has increased with the lapse of years, and he never permits even his most intimate friends to take a peep into the laboratory of his brain, where the half-formed creations of his imagination are being gradually turned into shape and endowed with life and individuality.

Three dramatic poems, Brand (1866), Peer Gynt (1867), and Emperor and Galilean (planned probably before leaving Norway, but not completed till 1873), belong to the transition period of Ibsen's intellectual and poetic development chronologically coincident with his sojourn in Rome. The first two of these plays are distinctively dramas with a purpose, and portray two different phases of the Norwegian national character. Indeed, they are, strictly speaking, like Goethe's Faust, not so much dramas as dramatic poems; more suitable to be read than to be represented on the stage.

Brand is what has been called "the tragedy of the categorical imperative." The protagonist of the play is the stern personification of the uncompromising spirit, which demands "all or nought," and refuses to admit half measures of any kind, or to make the slightest concession to the foibles and infirmities of human nature. He leaves his old mother to die alone without spiritual consolation, "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd," because she is unwilling to renounce, before her death, all the earthly possessions which she had accumulated as his inheritance. He sacrifices his wife and

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child to an exalted idea of his mission. Even the sad and tender affection which the mother cherishes for the garments of her dead boy he censures as idolatry, and is not content until she gives these sacred souvenirs of her sorrow to a wandering gypsy. The sublime and sterile mountain peaks and glaciers among which he first appears, and finally disappears, symbolize the unattainable and unfruitful heights of his almost superhuman ideals and aspirations. He is the embodiment of an iron will, hard and inflexible, bruising whatever it comes in contact with, and stands in striking contrast to the weak and wishy-washy Norwegian liberals who had excited Ibsen's contempt, and provoked his satire in the melodrama Norma.

Peer Gynt, on the other hand, represents the opposite element of weakness in the Norwegian character, namely, the injurious influence of an exuberant and undisciplined fantasy upon the normal growth and proper exercise of the moral faculties. The very first line of the play, in which his angry mother exclaims, "Peer, du lyver!" is the sharp and succinct expression of the qualities of this inveterate liar, and assigns the piece a place in literature by the side of Corneille's Menteur, Goldoni's Bugiardo, and La Verdad Sospechosa of Alarcon y Mendoza. In no other work has Ibsen given such free rein to his merciless sarcasm and caustic humor, and exemplified so fully the Horatian maxim concerning the force and fruitfulness of indignation as a source of poetic inspiration.

Peer is well up in *Jägerlatein*, and the descriptions of his hunting exploits and his ride on the reindeer are worthy of the immortal Münchhausen. He is a sturdy youth, and has a strong arm for "drawing a long-bow." He makes himself the hero of every strange adventure he has ever heard of or read about in fairy tales. This kind of illusion, which converts figments of the imagination into realities, is by no means a rare psychological phenomenon; it is a sort of chronic calenture, which, so far from being confined to mariners exposed to the heat of the tropics, finds its victims among seamen and landsmen alike in every zone.

The action in Peer Gynt comprises the whole lifetime of the hero from the beginning of the century to the present day, and the scenes shift with kaleidoscopic facility and variety from the highlands of Norway to the coast of Morocco, the desert of Sahara, the streets of Cairo, the plantations of South Carolina, and back again to the seaports of the Baltic and the German Ocean. These constant changes bring us in contact with all classes and conditions of men, boors, "patches and rude mechanicals," sailors and shippers, wedding guests, old hags and youthful maidens, fairies and trolls, the weird sisters in the guise of herdswomen (*sæterjenter*), Bedouins, fellahin, slave-traders, lunatics, thieves, robbers, wandering minstrels; and numerous allegorical persons, such as the English, French, and German types, Master Cotton, Monsieur Ballon, and Herr von Eberkopf. Huhn from Malabar, who advocates a return to the primitive tongue of the orang-outangs, is a caricature of Norwegian purists and linguistic reformers (*maalstræverne*); and the wretched fellah, who carries on his back the mummified corpse of an old Egyptian monarch, is a satire on the Swedes, who are always praising, but never imitating, the heroic achievements of Charles XII.

In 1867, Ibsen's feelings of resentment towards the Swedes for their passive attitude during the Dano-German war were still fresh, and he presents them to us personified in Herr Trumpeterstraale, who limits his activity to wordy protests, and is ever ready to drain his goblet in a *skaal* to the Swedish sword, which he has not the courage to wield.

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When Monsieur Ballon asks Peer Gynt whether he is a Norseman, he replies, "Yes, by birth, but a cosmopolite in spirit." He then goes on to specify of what elements this cosmopolitanism consists. He made his money in America, and attained the position of a "Crœsus among Charleston's ship-owners" by importing slaves to South Carolina and carrying cargoes of idols to China, with an occasional consignment of missionaries to Asiatic stations; for his well-filled bookshelves he is indebted to "Germany's younger schools;" France provides him with wardrobe and wit; from England he acquired a will to work and a keen sense of his own advantage; from the Jews he learned patience; and Italy taught him the pleasures of idleness and made him an expert in *dolce far niente*.

Peer Gynt, like Dante's Divine Comedy and Goethe's Faust, is a poem which stimulates the commentatorial spirit and opens a field of endless conjecture to expositors, who doubtless discover in it profound philosophical ideas and hidden meanings never dreamed of by the author himself. That its symbolical characters and incidents are often quite obscure, and may sometimes baffle all attempts of the average reader to understand them, even the most enthusiastic admirer of Ibsen must admit. Notwithstanding these serious difficulties and the undeniable technical defects of the play, every page is so pregnant with thought and suggestiveness, every scene turning upon us, as it were, some new facet of the many-faced mirror of modern life, and the whole showing so fully "the very age and the body of the time," that it seems hardly credible that any person of literary taste and ordinary intelligence should find it either dull or wholly unintelligible. Nevertheless, it will probably be a long while before even the most ardent Ibsenite will venture to put this poem into English verse, or a translator will appear possessing the necessary skill and courage for the successful achievement of such a task. Passarge's German version, published in 1881, and now in a second revised edition, although very creditable to that enthusiastic and indefatigable interpreter of the Norse poet, fails to do justice to the marvelous compactness and vigor of the original. Whether Borch, Herrmann, Strodtmann, Lange, Brausewetter, Caroline von Klingenfeld, or any other of the many German translators of Ibsen's dramas would have done the work better is questionable.

It may be proper to state in connection with this that all the German versions of Ibsen's plays are fairly good, and the renderings of the later prose dramas for the most part excellent. The only fault to be found with them is that the translators have taken the liberty of changing the names of many of the *dramatis personæ*, and have thus created unnecessary confusion. There is no reason, for example, why, in The Young Men's League, Lundestad should be transformed into Dransfelt and Lundenburg, or Bratsberg into Malsberg and Steilberg, or Stensgård into Steinhof and Windhof, or Fjeldbo into Felder and Feldmann. There is also nothing gained by calling Torvard Helmer, in A Doll's House, Robert, or Krogstaad, Gunther. In a stage adaptation of The Pillars of Society for a German theatre, Rörlund, the curate, appears as a "school-master," and thus the cloth is saved from a stain in the eyes of the religious public. Years ago, Meyerbeer's Huguenots could be represented in Munich only by transferring the scene of the massacre to Scotland, and making Covenanters the wicked persecutors of Catholics. But one would imagine that the day had gone by when these thin disguises and weak concessions could deceive any one, or serve any other purpose than to render the authors of such pitiable shifts ridiculous. Also in Passarge's translation of Ibsen's miscel-

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laneous poems (Digte) the celebrated Balloon Epistle to a Swedish Lady, written at Dresden in December, 1870, is included; but all the keenest thrusts at Bismarck, Fritz, Blumenthal, Moltke, and Prussia are either carefully omitted, or so completely blunted as not to wound the tenderest susceptibilities of the German people. The poem has all the pith taken out of it, and is thus deprived of whatever literary worth or historical interest it may possess.

Emperor and Galilean is a drama in two parts, entitled Cæsar's Apostasy and Emperor Julian. It is by far the longest of Ibsen's works, and some ten or more years elapsed between its inception and completion. Distinct traces of this gradual and often-interrupted process of composition are perceptible in a certain inequality of artistic execution, and can hardly fail to escape the eye of the critical reader. During his four years' sojourn in Rome the poet had this play constantly in mind, and made many historical studies with direct reference to it, but confesses that his point of view was at that time too strictly Scandinavian to enable him to do justice to such a subject. In 1868, he brought his notes and a few fragmentary sketches of scenes with him to Dresden. Then came the Franco-German war of 1870, and the rapid political development and consolidation of Germany. These sudden and startling events exerted in many respects a transforming influence upon him. Heretofore, as he admits, he had looked at human history and human life from a narrow national standpoint. His horizon was now immensely widened and his historical perspective cleared and deepened. The great changes which took place under his eyes in the latter half of the nineteenth century dispersed the northern mist, that had obscured his view of the struggles which agitated the Roman world during the latter half of the fourth century. Under the intellectual impulse produced by this movement he went to work again on Emperor and Galilean, and finished it in 1873.

The extraordinary character and career of the brilliant but somewhat exalted and eccentric Cæsar, whom the Church has unjustly branded as apostate, has always had a peculiar fascination for dramatic poets, especially for those who are fond of studying complicated and conflicting social conditions and spiritual crises in the history of mankind, and solving the puzzling psychological problems which they involve. It is well known that Schiller took, as he says, a "terrible interest" in this imperial personage, whose Misopogon and Epistles he requested Goethe to procure for him from the Weimar Library; and one of the best tragedies by the Danish poet Carsten Hauch, a Norwegian by birth, is his Julian den Frafaldne, which was published at Copenhagen in 1866. Ibsen's "world-historical play," as he calls it, is written in prose, and contains many scenes of singularly tragic intensity and power, which would be exceedingly effective on the stage; but, as a whole, it is hardly suitable for representation, and, like Brand and Peer Gynt, was not intended for this purpose. Both from an artistic and dramaturgical point of view, it is, nevertheless, decidedly superior to the work of his countryman and older contemporary. This is especially true of the first part, in which the process of Julian's intellectual growth and evolution is unfolded and traced to its origin in the environment of a corrupt Christian court.

The action in Peer Gynt, as we have already seen, embraces the events and experiences of an individual life, and exhibits in succession the follies and vices of an entire generation of men and women. It is an arraignment of modern civilization, in which the poet dumps his general indignation into the vehicle of vigorous dialogue, and thus produces a congeries of vivid scenes and striking

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situations, which, however forcible as satire, lacks the dramatic cohesion and consistency essential to a perfect work of art. Indeed, there is in it something akin to the vastness and vagueness of a musical symphony; and one of the finest of recent compositions is Grieg's suite, Peer Gynt, Op. 46, containing the themes Daybreak, Aase's Death, Anitra's Dance, and In the Halls of the King of the Dovre Mountains.

It is only when properly pruned that the poetic imagination keeps its strength and vitality and bears its finest fruits. "In der Beschränkung," says Goethe, "zeigt sich erst der Meister;" and in no dramatic creations of the present time is this maxim more admirably illustrated and artistic mastery through limitation more completely attained than in Ibsen's later productions.

In a poetic epistle (*et rimbrev*) addressed to a "dear friend," who asked why it is that every one nowadays seems so full of unrest and despondency and dark forebodings, Ibsen replies in parable by describing a richly laden ship setting sail for a distant shore. A fresh breeze bears the stout vessel on her course through the sparkling waves; compass, sextant, and telescope are in perfect order; the freight has been safely stowed by approved stevedores; captain, cook, and steward are each at his post, providing for the security and comfort of the passengers, who have every reason to be cheerful and confident and free from care. But no sooner is the ship at sea than a vague feeling of apprehension begins to prevail; a nameless dread oppresses them all; the slightest incident excites alarm; a flaw of wind, a flapping sail, a wave breaking over the deck, a leaping dolphin, or an albatross suffices to spread consternation. What is the matter? What has happened? Has the ship sprung a leak? Have the provisions failed? Not at all. We are going on as usual, but without hope, or courage, or burst of song: —

"Nej, ingenlunde. Alting går sin gang,
Men uden håb og mod, og uden sang."

The suspicion has arisen among the crew, and has spread from the forecastle to the cabin, that there is a *corpse on board*.

The poet then applies this seaman's superstition to Europe's ship of state, in which every passenger has his ticket and his bunk and his place at table, all duly regulated and registered. The engine is good, the steam is up, the well-oiled piston works without a jar, the tireless screw beats the billowy brine, a nicely adjusted sail keeps the vessel from rolling, a strong-armed steersman holds her in her course, a vigilant captain walks the bridge and sweeps the horizon with his spyglass: what more is needed for a prosperous voyage? But notwithstanding this apparently fair sailing, there is no lightness or joy in any face, and every soul is weighed down by some heavy burden of anxiety: —

"Man synker sammen, ruger, grubler, lytter
i forlugarer og i pragt-kahytter."

One sultry night, as the poet stood on deck alone "with the stars and the stillness," and looked down through the half-open skylight on the passengers below, statesmen, theologians, learned professors, artists, and authors, each the victim of some form of brooding melancholy and dark presentiment, a voice as of a man in a nightmare came from beneath, and broke upon the ear with the despairing cry, "*There's a corpse on board:*" —

"Jeg tror vi sejler med et lig in lasten!"

In this poem Ibsen strikes with a clear and ringing stroke the fundamental tone of the chord which vibrates in various modulations through all his later dramas, each of which is devoted to the analysis of some single morbid feature of our social and domestic life, and unravels some mesh in the vast web of falsities and hypocrisies, out of which is

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woven the conventional vesture of what Paolo Mantegazza calls our "Tartuffian age." From the cradle to the grave, says the Italian professor, we live in an atmosphere of lies, that feed and clothe and flatter us, amuse us when annoyed, soothe us in sorrow, smooth the ruggedness of our pathway through life, and glorify us in funeral orations and necrologies after death.

The first of the remarkable series of realistic plays, upon which Ibsen's reputation chiefly rests, was The Young Men's League (De Unges Forbund), begun in Rome, and finished during the winter of 1868–69 in Dresden. The scene of the action is the chamberlain Bratsberg's foundry, near an industrial town in southern Norway, and the time the 17th of May, the anniversary of the Norwegian Constitution of 1814. One of the principal characters is the lawyer Stensgård, a political adventurer and agitator of the worst sort, a brazen-faced egotist, shameless and sycophantic, and ever ready to sell the services of his glib tongue to any party that seems for the moment best adapted to further his ambition for office. Low fellows of this type played a prominent part in Norwegian public affairs a quarter of a century ago, and Ibsen performed a patriotic duty by putting them in the pillory. The piece was represented for the first time at Christiania, October 18, 1869, and as vigorously clapped by one faction as it was violently hissed by the other. At a second representation, two days after, the friendly and hostile demonstrations became so vehement that the manager was obliged to appear before the curtain and state that unless quiet were restored the performance would be stopped. There was no further interruption till the middle of the fourth act, where Bastian Monsen exclaims to Stensgård, "Don't you know what the nation is? The nation is the people, — the common people; those who have nothing and are nothing; those who are bound in servitude;" and Stensgård replies, "What, the deuce! is that for tomfoolery?" Thereupon the storm of partisan feeling broke out anew, and continued to vent itself in mingled applause and cat-calls until the curtain dropped; and long after the gas was extinguished and the doors of the theatre were closed, the streets echoed with the voices of angry and excited disputants.

Ibsen visited Stockholm in the summer of 1869, and passed a few weeks at Copenhagen in the following year; but while this controversy was waging in the theatre and the press at Christiania, he was on the banks of the Nile, as the honored guest of the Khedive at the opening of the Suez Canal. In some verses entitled At Port Said, he expresses his indignation at the manner in which the poetic mirror he had polished should have been smutched in his native land: —

> "Det digt-spejl, jeg pudsed
> for mandlige tøjter,
> var hjemme smudset
> af stænk fra fløjter."

His play was criticised not as a work of art, but as a political pamphlet, and bandied about in the dusty arena of party strife. In the summer of 1874, however, when he paid a first visit to Norway after a ten years' absence, he not only received the warmest welcome from all classes and factions, but The Young Men's League was also given in his honor, and enthusiastically applauded, without a single dissenting hiss, from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same. It was on this occasion that the students of the University brought him an ovation in the form of a "banner-procession," in response to which he made a short but exceedingly interesting autobiographical speech, setting forth his personal relations to his countrymen, his intellectual relations to his dramas, and his general conception of the functions and mission of the poet. "It was a long time," he said,

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"before my eyes were opened to the fact that poetizing is essentially seeing." The office of the poet is therefore identical with that of the seer, and does not expend itself in mere singing; although simply as a master of rhythm and rhyme, Ibsen has few equals among his contemporaries. His lyrics and early dramas show a marvelous facility in the purely mechanical part of poetical composition; but he never attached much value to this faculty, and, to the regret of some of his admirers, has in late years let it fall into abeyance. "Life," he says elsewhere, "is war with the trolls that haunt the heart and the brain, and poetizing is holding doomsday over one's self." He would agree with Emerson, that the exercise of this sort of seership is

> "No jingling serenader's art,
> No tinkling of piano-strings,"

but demands an earnest and exalted purpose, and

> "Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
> As with hammer or with mace."

"Liberty, equality, and fraternity," says Ibsen, "are no longer what they were in the days of the beatified guillotine. This is something which the politicians fail to comprehend, and therefore I hate them. Men wish only to effect partial external and political revolutions; but this is sheer nonsense. What is needed is a revolution of the spirit of man. . . . I would gladly take part in a revolution to abolish the state, but feel no interest and have no faith in revolutions which aim merely to reform it." In his lines addressed To my Friend the Revolutionary Orator, he comes to the conclusion that it would be better to lay a torpedo under the ark than to attempt to steer the clumsy and leaky craft away from its shoaly moorings into the deep waters of the ocean. Not only is "the state the curse of the individual," as in Prussia, where "the serving-man makes the best soldier," and is therefore the most valuable citizen, but all social and domestic institutions which hamper the free growth and proper development of the personality are evil, and should be set aside.

Hitherto in the world's history women have suffered most from this tyranny of the community and the family, and it is their revolt against it, in some of its manifold and most illusive forms, that is portrayed in Ibsen's plays. In Brand the artist Einar treats Agnes as a pretty little butterfly, which he has caught in a net; and she hovers about him, perfectly happy in this relation, and only anxious lest her dainty wings may be too roughly touched, until she meets a man of heroic spirit in the protagonist of the drama, and perceives by contrast the real contemptibleness of her craven-hearted lover. This conception of woman as a soulless toy and amusing automaton is most drastically expressed by Peer Gynt in the scene in which he makes love after his fashion to the Bedouin maiden Anitra, who is not to have any will or thoughts or purposes of her own, but is to live and move and have her being in him: —

> "Hele du, hver trevl og tomme,
> uden vilje, ja, og nej,
> vil jeg vide fyldt af mig."

Stensgård, in The Young Men's League, regards marriage solely as a means of social advantage and political preferment; and it is otherwise a matter of indifference to him whether he forms a matrimonial alliance with the honorable and aristocratic Bratsberg or with the rich and rascally upstart Monsen, or leads the grocer's widow, Madame Rundholm, to the altar. In the third act of the same play, the episodic outburst of indignation with which Selma, the wife of Erik Bratsberg, astonishes her husband and his family is a sudden thunderclap, prophetic of the storm that is gathering on the horizon, and is destined to beat upon A Doll's House and bring it to its fall. "Oh, how you have maltreated me!" she

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exclaims, — "shamefully maltreated me, all of you together! You have always compelled me to receive, and never permitted me to give. You have never required the least sacrifice of me, nor laid upon me the slightest weight of care. When I asked to share your burdens, you put me off with a flattering jest. How I hate and detest you! You have brought me up to be dandled like a doll, and to be played with as one plays with a child."

It is in this wise that Ibsen, while solving one social or psychological problem, often suggests another, and touches, as it were, in passing, upon some topic which he makes the theme of a subsequent drama. As Selma foreshadows Nora, so, in A Doll's House, the half-jesting allusion of Dr. Rank to his "poor, innocent spine, which has to pay the penalty of the dissipations of his father when he was a gay lieutenant," forebodes the dreadful fate of Oswald Alving, in Ghosts. The little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, reappears, and, overspreading the sky and shutting out the sun, fills the whole scene with darkness and impenetrable gloom.

Helen Alving, following the advice of Pastor Manders, with his narrow, pharisaic sense of duty, does not dare to obey the dictates of her better womanly instincts, and do what a commonplace, conventional standard of morality censures Nora for having done; and the consequences of such an act of treachery and apostasy to her nobler and purer self are traced in this fearful tragedy. Her return to her dissolute husband not only involves a life of hypocrisy and deceit, but also transmits a taint of insanity to her only son, who was the "worm-eaten" fruit of this reunion. Never was the doctrine of the vicarious expiation of sin and the predestination of the guiltless to damnation, through heredity, brought home to the hearts and consciences of men more powerfully than in this play. It is Calvinism, with the implacable law of descent substituted for the arbitrary will of God. The "ghosts" which are here encountered are not the vulgar spooks of superstition nor the visioned spectres of the imagination, but the foul goblins which are bred in the blood, and haunt a man's posterity as inherited tendencies and ineradicable taints, and drive his children's children, generation after generation, to suicide or the madhouse. They are no mere phantoms, but dread realities, as distinctly recognized by science as the microbes of cholera or the bacilli of rabies, but far more insidiously destructive in their devastations, and beyond the reach of any prophylactic.

As the mother detects in her son the first symptoms of his father's vicious propensities, "Ghosts!" she exclaims. Oswald now stands before her the incarnation of the deceased Captain Alving, from whose corrupting companionship she had so carefully shielded him. Subsequently, in her conversation with Pastor Manders, she adds: "I am inclined to think we are all ghosts. It is not only what we have inherited from our fathers and mothers that walks with us: it is all sorts of dead ideas and old beliefs and the like, which have lost all their vitality for us, but which cling to us nevertheless, so that we cannot get rid of them. If I take up a newspaper, I seem to see ghosts gliding between the lines as I read it. There must be ghosts all over the country, as thick as the sands of the sea. And then we are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light." Pastor Manders is horrified at such sentiments, and attributes them to "the detestable, incendiary, freethinking books" she has been reading. "You are mistaken, my dear pastor," she replies. "It was you yourself who set me thinking, and I thank you for it." "I?" cries the astonished clergyman. "Yes," retorts the lady; "when you forced me into the bonds of what you

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called duty and obligation, and praised as right and proper what my whole soul rebelled against and looked upon with loathing. Then it was that I wished to test your teaching on my own seam. I meant to undo only a single stitch, but when I had loosened that the whole thing raveled out, and I saw that it was all mere machine-sewing!"

Thus we clothe ourselves in a web of conventional and traditional opinions, and fondly imagine we are clad in mail; but at the first rip or rent produced by rough contact with the realities of life the shoddy texture goes to pieces, and leaves us with hardly a shred to hide our nakedness.

It is the utterance of such sentiments on the part of Mrs. Alving that has caused Ibsen to be denounced as a nihilist, and has contributed not a little to put Ghosts under the ban of the police in Germany. The poet, in a private letter, emphatically protests against this attempt to hold him responsible for the views expressed by the persons of his dramas, and especially by the characters in this play. The introduction of the author's private opinions into the dialogue, he says, is forbidden by the essential nature and technical structure of such a work, and would defeat his purpose by preventing the reader or spectator from receiving the strong impression of actuality which it is his aim to produce. "My poem," he adds, "does not preach nihilism nor any other ism. Indeed, it does not undertake to preach at all. It indicates that with us, as everywhere, nihilistic ideas are working and worming under the surface. If true to modern life, it could not be otherwise."

The popular conception of a poet as a person on a par with a lunatic, subject to ecstatic fits, and productive only in rare exalted moods, when his

> "Eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"

does not find its realization in Ibsen. There is nothing spasmodic in the manifestations of his genius, and no posing, as one possessed, on the Pythian tripod. Not only are all his habits of life, his outgoings and his incomings, remarkably regular, but also his methods of work are as strict and systematic as those of any man of science. A vigorous and well-preserved natural constitution prevents any loss of time from bodily ailments, and a certain sternness of reserve effectually wards off all intrusions of lionism and vulgar tuft-hunting. His plans, therefore, seldom suffer interruption, and are carried to completion without hasting and without resting. The casual reader would scarcely suspect what an amount of careful study and conscientious use of the critical file the compact structure of his dramas and the admirable simplicity of his dialogue imply. He moves slowly, but with a firm step which never sinks into a slouch.

Each play goes through three stages of elaboration, or rather of evolution, before it is finished. In the first draught, which is rapidly outlined, his characters are chance acquaintances, such as one might fall in with on a railway train. He does not know them well, but the conversation, although only touching the surface of things, interests him, and he jots down any little remarks they may make. Day after day, however, he walks and talks with them and thinks about them, at each interview getting a clearer and deeper insight into their qualities, until they are, to use his own comparison, like persons whom he has associated with for a month or six weeks at a watering-place. Then comes the second draught of the play, in which the traits of the several persons appear more distinctly marked; they are no longer mere shadows of names, but real men and women, each with an individuality of his or her own. He is now on such an intimate footing with them that they

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begin to reveal themselves to him without reserve, and have no longer any surprises for him. He reads them like a book; they are open volumes to him; he looks into the innermost recesses of their hearts and knows their most secret thoughts; they can do nothing which he does not foresee, nor deceive him as to the motives of their actions. At this stage the third and final draught is made. The finished manuscript is a model of neatness and legibility, not a single blot or erasure marring the beauty of the page. His chirography is a fair index of his intellectual character, clean, upright and downright, and a little rigid withal. His process of thinking is as direct and straightforward and free from all obliquity and slovenliness as his penmanship.

Ibsen is biennial in his poetic productivity, but, unlike his botanical prototypes, does not exhaust his fruitfulness in a single bearing. The Pillars of Society (Sanfundets Stötter) appeared in 1877, A Doll's House (Et Dukkehjem [1]) in 1879, Ghosts (Genganere) in 1881, An Enemy of the People (En Folkefiende) in 1882, The Wild Duck (Vildanden) in 1884, Rosmersholm in 1886, and The Lady of the Sea (Fruen fra Havet) in 1888. Another drama is due in 1890, and will appear with the punctuality of a planet just before the Christmas holidays. The only break in this regular chronological sequence is the publication of An Enemy of the People in 1882; but the shorter interval in this case was due to the extreme provocation excited by the manner in which Ghosts had been received.

In this drama Ibsen had shown how our physical and spiritual life may be poisoned at its sources, which are none the less pestilential because they are concealed by a fair hymeneal altar, erected by the state, consecrated by the church, and adorned and adored by society. Woe to the man who dares to lay a sacrilegious hand upon this shrine, or to suggest that a filthy mantled pool of corruption may be hidden beneath it, exhaling noxious vapors, whose virus the odor of burning incense may disguise, but cannot disinfect! Such was the position in which Ibsen was placed by the publication of Ghosts; the dramatic allegory of the pestiferous aqueduct in An Enemy of the People was his self-defense and vindication.

Dr. Stockmann discovers that the springs of the baths of which he is the medical director are badly contaminated, and that this corruption has its origin chiefly in the tanneries of his father-in-law, Morten Kiil. His brother Peter is also burgomaster of the town. Like an honest man, whom no personal, pecuniary, or family considerations can bribe, he at once makes his discovery known, and expects, as a matter of course, that his fellow-citizens will all approve of his conduct, and aid him in removing the evil at any cost. At a public meeting, which he had called for the purpose of making a full statement of the case, he is refused a hearing, and by a formal resolution, unanimously adopted, is branded as "an enemy of the people." His indignation at such unworthy treatment finally breaks forth in fierce denunciations of society in general, of which the filth under the bath-rooms is only a fitting symbol. "I have made a discovery," he declares, "of infinitely greater moment than the trivial fact that our water-works are poisoned, and that our hygienic establishment is built upon a pestiferous soil." It is "the discovery that all the spiritual wellsprings of our life are poisoned, and that our whole civic society rests upon a soil

[1] Et Dukkehjem should be translated A Doll Home, or perhaps a still better rendering would be A Puppet Home. It might even be admissible to use the homely equivalent, A Baby House. For the sake of convenience and to avoid confusion, however, the play is referred to in the present paper by the title of the English version, A Doll's House.

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infected with the pestilence of lies." Furthermore, the channel by which these lies are conveyed and the contagion spread is "the compact majority, this cursed compact liberal majority, — the most dangerous foe of truth and freedom." "The majority has unfortunately the might, but not the right. The minority is always right."

Thus, in the progress of the play, a little watering-place on the southern coast of Norway becomes typical of modern society and civilization. This transition, in the fourth act, from the symbol to the thing signified adds immensely to the psychological scope and moral purpose of the drama, however much it may disturb its artistic unity by the introduction of what appears to be another theme. In An Enemy of the People, we again meet two of the most contemptible characters of The Young Men's League. The unscrupulous demagogue Stensgård has fulfilled Lundestad's prediction and risen to the highest position in the state, and the wretched Aslaksen has become a wealthy and worthy householder, and figures as an enterprising publicist and influential citizen. The success of these rascals is a striking illustration of the truth of Dr. Stockmann's statements, and lends additional force to his denunciations.

Interesting, too, is the manner in which Ibsen often touches upon some topic or settles some theory, incidentally, in a single paragraph. Thus the remark of Petra's younger brother, that she must have many sins on her conscience, because she is always so industrious, since the preacher says that work is imposed upon us as a penalty for sin, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a whole system of theology, so far as it is based upon the doctrine that labor is a curse.

Dr. Stockmann is the embodiment of perfect truthfulness and plain-speaking, and the fearlessness with which he performs his painful duty excites our sincere sympathy and admiration; but that such a line of conduct has its limitations is shown in The Wild Duck. The tragic consequences of extreme candor are exhibited in Gregers Werle, who, from the best of motives, makes it his mission in the world to set up an ideal standard of right doing and right living, to which every one must conform at all hazards. In his endeavors to emancipate and ennoble his friends by freeing them from all self-deceptions and beneficent illusions, he destroys their domestic happiness, and plunges them still deeper into the slough out of which he would fain lift them.

The antipodes of Gregers Werle is Dr. Relling, who holds the world to be such a wretched place and men such contemptible creatures that they can live and thrive only in an atmosphere of lies. Illusions are absolutely essential to human happiness, and the unfortunate persons who are so poor as to have none should be provided with them by their friends. If Molvig and Hjalmar Ekdal are fair specimens of average humanity, Relling's cynical pessimism is fully justified, and the greatest charity to one's fellow-men is to prevent them from coming to a thorough knowledge of themselves.

When Ibsen visited Norway in the summer of 1885, it seemed to him as though the land were inhabited, "not by two million human beings, but by two million cats and dogs." Political antitheses had degenerated into personal antipathies, and calumny was the favorite weapon of controversy. Mere differences of opinion concerning matters of church or state sufficed to sever the closest bonds of kinship, and to convert the most intimate friends into the bitterest foes. This rupture of the most sacred domestic and social relations by the fanatical spirit of partisanship is admirably set forth in Rosmersholm, in which Rector Kroll, who asperses the moral character of Parson Rosmer on account of the latter's change of views,

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is the type of conservatism and orthodoxy, and the time-serving Peter Mortensgård and the brilliant but dissolute Ulric Brendel, who is in the last stages of financial, intellectual, and moral seediness, and ready to accept alms of all sorts, from a pair of old boots to a bundle of "cast-off ideals," represent the triumphant radicalism of that period. But the chief dramatic and psychological interest of the play centres in the noble-minded and naive ex-pastor Rosmer and the energetic and unscrupulous *intrigante* Rebecca West, the moral of whose expiatory death is the elevating and transforming power of a love which has become gradually purged from every taint of selfishness and sensuality, and, when put to the test, gladly proves its worthiness by supreme self-sacrifice.

In The Lady of the Sea we have the solution of the puzzling problem that ruffled for a moment the placid spirit of Selma in The Young Men's League, and so sternly confronted Nora in A Doll's House and Helen Alving in Ghosts. Had Dr. Wrangel been an egotistic prig like Torvald Helmer, Ellida, too, would have abandoned her home and followed the mysterious mariner, who returned to claim her as his bride. But in her case the "miracle" of manly love, which Nora had so confidently and vainly expected to see revealed in the character and conduct of her husband, is wrought. Instead of rudely asserting his marital authority, and bidding her remember that she is first of all his wife and the mother of his children, he gently lifts the galling conjugal yoke from her neck and gives her back her liberty. The perfect freedom of choice awakens a lively sense of responsibility such as no mere matrimonial thrall could ever feel, and brings with it a clearness of perception and strength of will which enable her to perceive and to pursue the right course without the slightest vacillation. The hypnotic spell, which could not be broken at another's behest, dissolves like the mists of the fiord in the presence of a self-reliant personality. Peculiar, too, is the part which nature plays in Ibsen's dramas. As in Brand the mountains symbolize the aspirations of the emancipated and enlightened intellect, so here the sea is the mystic emblem of the soul's striving to free itself from the fetters of common conventional life.

The charge of immorality which some good people have urged against these works is due either to a false conception of morality, or to an utter misapprehension of the nature and purpose of the works themselves. The accusation is as absurd as the Neapolitan's denunciation of doctors as the originators and disseminators of cholera, thus branding them as the authors of the ills which they only detect and would fain prevent. According to the doctrine of evolution, the greatest sin one can commit is the neglect of one's own highest culture and development. It is this ethical corollary to modern science that Ibsen accepts as the only firm foundation of morals, and illustrates and inculcates in his dramas. What he insists upon is the sacredness of the individual. It is at this shrine, which the state, the church, and society have hitherto so recklessly and ruthlessly desecrated, that he pays his devout homage. Here, too, he recognizes no distinction of sex. In this respect, he is the most radical living apostle of "the emancipation of woman" in the truest sense of the much-abused phrase.

F. P. Evans.

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FELICIA.

VIII.

So long the silence continued, so strangely did it all at once seem imbued with a momentous meaning, that there was evident trepidation underlying the impatience in Felicia's voice when she again spoke.

"What *is* your profession?" she asked.

"Felicia," said Kennett, looking into her eyes, "I am a singer. That is my profession."

"A singer?" she repeated, vaguely. "Do you mean a professional singer? In opera?"

"Yes."

She gazed at him blankly.

"Now that I think of it," he continued, "I cannot remember ever mentioning it. But how could I dream that you did not understand! The name is so well known. It is placarded on every blank wall; it is in every newspaper."

He glanced about him, observed the programme she had thrown, with her hat, on the table, rose suddenly, and walked swiftly across the room. As her eyes followed him, she realized now that a quality which she had thought a natural gift — his grace, a certain deftness and suppleness of movement and attitude, and even his appropriateness of manner — was only the prosaic result of professional training in gait and pose; a sordid acquisition, worked for, paid for; part of a stock in trade, an available asset.

It was with a certain inconsequence that because of this utilitarian value she felt, in the midst of the whirl of emotion in which she was abruptly involved, a definite sharp pang, — she, whose talent in what might be called the art of deportment had also been assiduously cultivated for merely ornamental purposes. Her sudden chagrin that he was thus deprived of an endowment of æsthetic worth, with which her respectful estimate had invested him, was only a sentimental grief, but at the moment it was almost a sense of bereavement.

He returned to his place with the programme in his hand, and showed her that printed opposite to Prince Roderic was the name of Hugh Kennett.

"You never heard of me?" he asked.

There are many degrees in notability. He could hardly realize it, but she never had.

"It is strange that you never heard of me," he said, meditatively. "Did they never take you to the opera, when you were at school here in New York?"

"They took us to the Italian opera on Patti nights, and when there were other great stars, and they often took us to the German opera," said Felicia, "but they did n't seem to — well — to think a great deal of English light opera."

He was a polite man, and, what is more to the purpose, he was in love. He did not openly sneer, "Fine judges!" but there was much of resentful protest in the sarcastic gleam in his eye.

"You did not know me, then, this afternoon, in costume?" he resumed.

"No," said Felicia, faintly.

"And you did not recognize my voice?"

"No; I never heard you sing."

"But sometimes there is speaking."

"I remember that once or twice when he spoke — when *you* spoke — I was affected strangely, but I only thought it was a marvelous resemblance. I did not dream of anything more. How could I! Then the singing recommenced, and I began to think about — about something else. I did not even look at that programme. My mind was ab-

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sorbed. I did not notice anything very much."

"I thought I spoke of my profession to your brother, the evening I was introduced to him, though I had no definite intention. I supposed he knew all about it, as a matter of course."

"You merely mentioned business."

After a pause he said: —

"I knew *you* this afternoon, in a moment, among all those people. As soon as the performance was over I changed my dress as quickly as possible, and hurried to the street in the hope of seeing you. And when you said to your young friend that you were infatuated with the tenor I overheard it. I thought you felt that you had treated me badly in not answering my letter, and wanted me to hear it. I thought you said it under a sudden impulse to make amends."

"Oh, no, no. It was only a jest, — a very poor jest. I did n't imagine that *you* were the tenor. It was the merest accident."

There was another pause. Then he took her hand. "You are not going to let this come between us?" he said. "There are singers — and singers. I have a very respectable place. I may say without vanity that I stand high. I expect to stand much higher."

He lifted his head with a quick movement; his eyes were alight.

"I shall do some good work!" he exclaimed, the tense vibration of elation in his strong, expressive voice. "Some day I shall sing the great Wagnerian tenor rôles as they have never yet been sung. I don't talk and boast beforehand, but I will do much to be proud of. So far I have only lacked fair opportunities, but they will come; and I am ready for them."

That latent capacity for expression, ordinarily not more than suggested in his severely regular features, was distinctly manifest now. His face was transfigured with the light, the hope, the exultation, upon it. He wore the look of a man on the verge of achievement, — perchance on the threshold of some discovery in physics which was to revolutionize mechanical science; or thus, perhaps, might look a general suddenly evolving a feat of strategy whereby the enemy would be surrounded, a statesman holding the destiny of a nation in his hand.

So intent of purpose, so prescient of success, so reverent of faith in the worthiness of those aims he held dear, was his face with that expression upon it, she might only gaze at him in wonder.

For she? She had as much of fashionable musical feeling as might remain to her of her fashionable musical education. She might speak knowingly, in the estimation of unmusical people, of notable productions. If in those moonlit evening talks they had ever chanced on the subject, it might have amused him to have heard her prattle enriched by such expressions as "tone color," "close harmony," "technique," "phrasing," "contrapuntal effect." In her naive assumption of dilettanteism she was perfectly sincere. With the happy confidence of ignorance she fancied she knew something of the art; she even had some faint idea that as a science it held certain values, perhaps important values; she was aware that there are schools and movements in varied directions; she apprehended, too, that there is an ascending scale in lyric achievement, — gradations, for example, between the rôles of Nanki Poo, Don Cæsar, Manrico, Vasco di Gama, and Lohengrin. But in essentials, regarded from the sensible and mundane vantage-ground of a fine social position, with the conservatism and common sense of its atmosphere and traditions, what did this amount to? They were all tenor rôles, the possibility of an aspiration infinitely removed from any sympathies, except of a purely æsthetic and impersonal sort, which she might be expected

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to entertain. That such achievement might be the serious ambition, invested with force, dignity, absorption, of an earnest nature, endowed with a highly intelligent, even a highly intellectual organization; that such a goal could be lifted to so elevated a plane of endeavor, she first realized from the look in his face.

That exultant look passed. He drew a long sigh.

"Ah, well," he said, his eyes seeking hers with a smile, "a wise man will not forecast futurity. We had best confine our attention just now to the present; that is simple and practical. The present, as it happens, is sufficiently satisfactory. I am in demand with managers. I get a good salary. As to the profession" — He hesitated; his color rose. "I don't apologize for the profession. I am not ashamed of it. Although I am a singer, I hope I am a gentleman."

Felicia withdrew her hand from his. "Don't argue it with me," she said. "Let me think it out and decide for myself."

She crossed the room to the window, and stood leaning against the frame, while he sat silent, watching her. It was well for his peace that he did not realize the struggle in the mind of Madame Sevier's pupil and John Hamilton's sister. To be gayly and impersonally infatuated with the tenor was one thing; to be in love with the man was a different and a much more complicated matter. Her natural bent and the acquired influences that had made her what she was placed her in revolt against this culmination. The atmosphere she had breathed was as aristocratic as the free air of a republic can be. She understood remarkably well — especially considering the fact that she had never known their deprivation — the worth of an established position in society, the value of fortune, its subtler as well as its practical value. Heretofore she had been unaware that she had gauged these things, — one does not consciously appraise the air one breathes. Now that it was brought before her she could accede to the proposition without fully realizing it, that outside her world there was a world with other standards of excellence, other estimates of values, other objects of ambition. It might be a very talented, highly artistic world, but it was not hers. The John Hamiltons, the Mrs. Stanley-Brants, the Madame Seviers, the Mrs. Graftons, — the code they exemplified, the life they typified, the status they expressed, — these made her world. And even in this alien sphere of his he was not eminent; he was merely a notable member of a moderately meritorious organization. In a crisis like this dormant intuitions abruptly develop into knowledge. She was suddenly aware that there are many gradations in that world whose existence she had ignored. He evidently stood high in a certain line, but his line was not high; possibly he would never reach anything higher; and he would devote all his powers to the attempt. What an ambition! What a future! To consecrate his varied and excellent capacities to success in a pursuit at its best grotesquely unworthy of them and of him! Could she share a life pledged like this? Her pride was on fire.

"Would you be willing to give it up?" she asked, without turning her head.

"My profession?" he said, wonderingly.

She assented. There was a pause.

"Do you realize what you ask?" he replied at last. "I cannot give it up. It is my living. I am fitted for nothing else. I have been in training for fifteen years."

Again she was silent, and he marveled that she should take it so hard. He was becoming a great man in his world, — so like, yet so unlike, her world. He was applauded and praised by the public,

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held in respect by the magnates of his craft, admired by his associates, revered by those below him, whose ambition it was to have at some auspicious future the opportunity to imitate him. He was as far from comprehending the issues which led to contemptuous aversion of his vocation as she was from comprehending those which led to pride in it. When he spoke, she detected something in his voice she had never before heard.

"I cannot understand why you object so seriously," he said.

She kept her head turned persistently from him. She promised herself that she would not be influenced. She would not be touched by his sense of injury, his wounded pride. It had come to a choice, — that was evident; she could not hope he would relinquish his profession. And the choice should be a deliberate one.

The stealthy wind was rising, hardly distinguishable above the muffled noises on the streets; the air was saturated with a heavy moisture; the mist was accented at intervals by the yellow blur of the invisible lamps; faint lightnings, fitful, vague, like indefinite, piteous phantoms, skulked across the black sky. And ever the treacherous wind was rising.

She must choose. To give him up? That meant a great deal. She realized her inordinate sensitiveness to the disposition and temperament of those near to her. To be comprehended thoroughly; to be her truest self without effort, explanation, or qualification; to discover in another mind and heart the complement of her own thought and feeling; to experience, in thus sharing the thought or feeling of that other mind and heart, its deeper, fuller development; to delight in the delight which her presence, her words, her glances, could give; to find her exacting taste satisfied, her intellectual nature met on its own level; to feel the hours imbued with a happiness that never palled, the fulfillment of a joyous expectation, — this was what those weeks of early summer had given her. Having once known so perfect an accord, vouchsafed to few even of the most fortunate of mortals, could she, did she dare voluntarily to relinquish it? The recollection of all she had endured during their separation surged over her in a wave of bitterness. She remembered, too, how needlessly and cruelly it had been enhanced. But she said to herself she would be dispassionate; she would admit that her brother had great cause for annoyance, disappointment, even dismay, — he could hardly have felt these more acutely than she had done this evening; his wife might well be distressed. But what of the conciliation due from a brother who loves his sister; what of the sympathy one woman gives another woman's heartache! She resolutely withdrew her thoughts from this branch of the subject; she would not risk her happiness, she declared to herself, to be revenged on John and Sophie by making a marriage they would bitterly deprecate. They should not influence her. The decision involved only her future and Hugh Kennett's. No other consideration should have weight.

How should she decide? To give him up? Could she do it? To marry him? To place in controversy the human heart and the implacable forces of conventionality? — it was a dangerous experiment.

The rain was falling heavily and the wind was loud at last. Then as to the menace that the future held, as to the pallid potentialities of regret, disappointment, despair, could these vague gleams, slipping about the horizon, contend against the effulgence of love and hope? Only a room bounded by four walls, or a realm vast as the universe? Now darkness had come, and the prophecy of winter was on the turbulent air; or were light and summer here, and all sweet promises and dreams?

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When she suddenly turned, there was a strange commingling of expressions on her expressive face; that tumult of thought and perplexity which had torn her with a sort of mental anguish, and had stamped her features with its intensity and its trouble, was still upon them. But a radiance was dawning in her eyes, and an amazed delight that this feeling which she could not conquer was stronger than her will. She held out her hands to him. "I cannot give you up," she said, simply. "I thought I could — and I cannot."

That night Kennett sang and acted like a man inspired. His elaborate stage training, which had been a conspicuous element in the excellence of his work heretofore, was now merely a subservient adjunct — valuable, but imperceptible — to the fiery and tender exaltation which possessed him.

"Oh, Lord! if you 're going to keep this up, Kennett, you 'll walk over the course away from all of us," said young Preston, during one of the waits, as, arrayed in ruby-tinted velvet, he threw himself into a chair in Kennett's dressing-room, and elevated his feet to the back of another chair. He lifted a glass to his lips and drained it with a grace of gesture that would have done justice to '28 port, but it was only beer.

"Kennett must be a little tight," said Abbott, dryly. "A man is always at his best when he is a little tight."

Kennett only laughed. He was a notable figure as he stood among them, gay and triumphant, and with brilliant eyes. Small wonder that Felicia had not recognized him in costume. That which had met the requirement of her stringent taste, a certain neutrality, a conservatism, gave him the look of an unobtrusive and serious man, and had even rendered inconspicuous certain qualities of his personality, — the regularity of his features, his symmetry and grace of figure and gait; for the stage hero these had a market value, and were brought out and accented by his auburn wig, his rouge, his slashed black-and-gold costume, his long, supple, easy stage stride.

IX.

Judge Hamilton reached New York the next morning.

In comparison with his father, John Hamilton might be deemed meek. There was a strong likeness between the two in appearance; the elder man being a trifle more florid, stout, bald, and hale than the younger. What little hair he possessed, however, was gray; his mustache was short, bristling, and white; he was more vehement and rapid of speech; he had an emphatic gesture of his right hand brought down upon the open palm of the left which the son had not yet acquired. He also had a habit, in excitement, of throwing back his head, widening his eyes, and dilating his nostrils, which were flexible and open, with a sound resembling a snort of indignation or of intense affirmation. At such moments he suggested a horse subjected to unusual cerebral activity.

When, his shaggy white eyebrows contracted over his big, indignant dark eyes, he listened to the reasons which led to the summer "pleasuring," his first impulse was to settle accounts with his unlucky son.

"I thought it was better to take her away from there," said John, concluding his report. "I thought that perhaps in changing about from place to place she would lose interest in the fellow, and may be forget him."

The old gentleman, when his son ceased, bounded from his chair with an elasticity wonderful in a man of his years and weight. He was almost inarticulate in his wrath, as he dashed about the room; accenting his words by a sounding thump on the floor with his stick, and now and then facing round on his anxious son.

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"By the Lord Harry," he roared, "you ought to be in the lunatic asylum, sir! You ought to have a guardian appointed, sir! You are not fit to manage your own affairs! Any man who can't take better care than that of a girl like Felicia ought n't to be trusted with business."

He stood still suddenly, beating out the words impressively on the marble-topped table; and the decanters and glasses — ordered by his son in the hope of a mollifying preparatory influence — rang with the vibrations.

"Good Lord, sir, I would n't have believed it! I send my daughter — the best child in the world, and the most docile — to your house to make you a visit, because you and Sophie insist on having her, and because it is dull for her at home, and you let her fall in love with an *oper-y* singer!"

It is beyond the possibility of the printer's art to intimate the scorn which the old gentleman infused into these words. He spoke them, too, with a certain remarkable nasal, rustic drawl, suggestive of extremely rural regions. Perhaps he had picked it up in his canvasses in the more remote counties of his circuit. Whenever he chose, in scorn and anger, to affect this tone, it always made his daughter wince with a disapprobation that was nearly akin to pain. He was an able lawyer, a logical reasoner, an intellectual man, accustomed to good society, but occasionally, in some crisis of temper, his personation of an ignorant country boor would have been useful in the profession he contemned.

"An oper-y singer," he drawled; "light oper-y! Comic oper-y, I suppose. They tell me that 's lower than the other kind. Comic oper-y! Mighty comical, I 'll swear! And you have the grit to tell me that you and Sophie hope it will not amount to anything serious! It 's damned serious! And you tell me you hope he 'll disappear from here, do you? A man, too, with a sort of claim, — kin to that blamed fool Bob Raymond! Kin to the pa'son, sir, — kin, in a sort of way, to her cousin Amy. And you *invited* the man to call! You found out nothing about him, — his business, his character, his habits, his friends! You only *invited* him — *a perfect stranger* — to your house — just because he was kin to dear cousin Bob, the pa'son! Then you took yourself off to Dakota next morning, and he came to the house every day or so! Met a girl like Felicia mighty near every day! And you hope a fellow with that much chance and that much claim will never be heard of any more! God bless you, John, what a fool you are!"

It might be supposed from these strictures that the old gentleman's wrath would soon exhaust itself. Such an expectation would be based on a very slight knowledge of the resources of his temper. He shared none of John's ideas as to the policy of non-explanations. Almost his first words to his daughter were on this subject. She came in with delight to meet him, having for a moment dashed aside her anxieties. She threw herself into his arms, with tears in her eyes. There was great fondness between them. He petted and spoiled her, rebuked and praised her, lavishly, inconsistently, and inconsiderately; and his demonstrative and tyrannical affection had never seemed to her so precious as now.

"See here, Felicia," he exclaimed, after a hurried kiss and a tremendous hug, "what 's all this they tell me about their having introduced strangers to you? When did you see that fellow Kennett?"

Perhaps it was the courage of desperation which nerved her to reply with calmness: "I saw him yesterday afternoon, papa."

Though Judge Hamilton became purple with wrath, he cast a glance of triumph at his son, — a glance which said bitterly, "What did I tell you?"

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"I find that the man is an opera singer. Did you know that?" he demanded.

"I have known it only since yesterday," said Felicia.

"Ah — um — is that the case? Well, I don't blame you," with a gulp; the old gentleman was trying to be just. "But he is not an appropriate acquaintance for you. It is a low business, — comic opera is."

"I dislike it as much as you do," said Felicia, in a low tone.

"That 's a reasonable girl. I thought you would look at it that way," said Judge Hamilton, with great approbation. "Yes, yes, it 's a low business; don't wonder you disapprove of anybody connected with it. You shall not meet that man again."

"I don't think I can promise you that, papa," said Felicia, still more faintly. "I am going to marry him."

The color suddenly left Judge Hamilton's face, then surged back in a deeply crimson tide. "Hey! hey!" he demanded, as if he doubted his sense of hearing.

At this moment, after his customary annunciatory tap, the brisk bell-boy entered with a card, which he handed to Judge Hamilton. Then he stood still, awaiting instructions.

Judge Hamilton hurriedly examined his pocket for his spectacle-case. He did not find it, and with a growl of impatience he gave the card to his son, for the benefit of his younger eyes. One glance at John's perturbed countenance as he read the name was sufficient.

"That 's the man, is it?" said the old gentleman, sharply. "Yes, I thought so. Show him in, you, sir!" He glared at the startled bell-boy with a fierceness intended for Kennett. "Show him in immediately!"

As the servant vanished he walked up and down the room in a sort of angry elation. "I 'll settle this matter at once!" he cried. "Stay where you are, Felicia," for she had risen to make her escape. "Sit down," he ordered, peremptorily. "I intend to put an end to this affair; I 'll settle it." He thumped the floor with his thick cane, in his excitement.

At the sound of the opening door, Judge Hamilton faced about suddenly. The sedate, almost saturnine gentleman on the threshold did not accord with his idea of an opera singer in private life. His mental ideal was of a more pronounced type. However, he stepped quickly to the middle of the room. The hand holding his stick was trembling violently; his eyes were very fierce.

"If I am not mistaken, sir, your name is Kennett," he began. "Yes, I thought so. Now, sir, I am a man of few words, — a plain man. I am told you have been visiting my daughter. I don't approve of it. I won't have it. I know nothing against you personally, but I won't have an opera singer among her acquaintance. You will be so good as to discontinue your calls."

John Hamilton, now that he was relieved of the responsibility of the crisis, was able to look at Kennett, at this trying moment, with a certain dispassionate criticism impossible earlier; and in this calmer mood he marveled at Felicia's infatuation. No man could fully gauge another man's power in a matter of this sort, he reflected, but, making all allowance, what could she see in this fellow? He looked like an honest man, with the proclivities of a gentleman, of somewhat more than average intelligence. It was perhaps the best which might be said for him that his was a lucid nature, with a certain dignity, a certain strength. Surely this was not remarkable; there were doubtless hundreds and thousands of men equal to him in these respects, in the conventional walks of life. How had she happened to fancy the man? She was not a fool to be attracted merely by the tawdry glitter appertaining to his vocation. What a commentary on

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the perversity of women that she, with her ultra-fastidious notions, should be seized upon by an infatuation like this, without even the absurd excuse of dash, romance, fascination, in its object to explain it!

Judge Hamilton's look and tone, in their arrogance, their intolerance, were hard to endure without protest more or less insistent, but the habit of self-management had been the business of Kennett's life; the exercise of tact, of policy, was a daily necessity. It was with a judicious admixture of firmness, of self-respect, and of respect for Judge Hamilton's seniority that he replied.

"Your daughter has promised to marry me," he said, "and I shall use every effort to induce her to keep her promise."

Judge Hamilton shifted his hand from the head of his cane, and, grasping it in the middle, brandished it with a wildly threatening motion.

"But I tell you, sir, I won't have it!" he exclaimed, in a stentorian roar.

"She has promised to marry me," repeated the young man.

Is every able jury lawyer an actor as well; has he something of that wonderful faculty which can instantaneously master a situation, experience an emotion, gauge and apportion its reflex action upon the natures of others; or was there hidden away in Judge Hamilton's intellectual being an exceptional gift of which he was half unconscious? His face suddenly cleared; he let his cane slip through his fingers, which lightly tightened upon the gold head; he gently tapped the floor; he nodded two or three times, with an expression denoting perfect faith in his own words.

"She will never do it," he said. "She will marry no man without my consent." He turned upon his daughter a beautiful look of tenderness and confidence. "She is fond of her old father," he added, simply.

It was a fine touch and very well done; all the actor's sensitive perceptions made Kennett keenly alive to its artistic merits. The others, less discriminating, were more emotionally, and consequently more vividly impressed. Evidently this had told heavily against him. He was beginning to lose his calmness; he attempted to argue.

"If her happiness is at stake," he said eagerly, "does it not occur to you that my personal character is a matter worthy of some consideration? I think a little inquiry would satisfy you on this score. I can" —

"I need inquire no further, sir, than your business," returned Judge Hamilton, lapsing into anger. "To me it is intolerable, unendurable. Allow my daughter to marry a singer, an operatic singer! Sir, I would not for one moment entertain the idea."

If he could have stopped here, the affair might even yet have adjusted itself on his basis. Since that fine little stroke of delicate sentiment his daughter had grown white; there were tears on her cheek. He loved her so, — her father, — and she *was* fond of him; what must she do, — what must she do?

When, however, Judge Hamilton's astuteness and his temper were weighed in the balance, the chances were in favor of the temper as the more definite element. It shortly effaced the impression his tact had produced.

"There are other considerations" — persisted Kennett.

"Can't you take No for an answer?" interrupted the old gentleman, aggressively. "There is no use in discussing the matter."

Kennett turned suddenly to Felicia. His self-possession was gone at last. She had never thought to see him so shaken. His voice was strained; the hand that held his hat was trembling; the look of appeal he bent upon her, charged with a sort of helplessness in significant contrast with his strength as she had known him heretofore, was very

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potent with the woman who loved him. Her heart beat fast; she looked at him piteously.

"I will take my answer only from you, Felicia," he said.

The tone in which he pronounced her name, the fact that he dared utter her name at all, set the old gentleman's blood boiling. He again grasped his cane in the centre and made a hurried stride forward; then he turned sharply and fixed his angry eyes on his daughter.

"Give him his answer," he commanded; "his answer is *No!*"

She made no reply.

"I will be obeyed, Felicia!" he thundered. "Send the man about his affairs! Give him his answer; his answer is *No!* You *shall* obey me! Send him away — or I 'll disinherit you — I 'll write my will this night, and cut you off without a cent!"

"Lord, Lord!" groaned John, in his corner. "To threaten a girl like Felicia! And he calls me a lunatic!" But John groaned this reflection very *sotto voce* indeed.

Felicia had risen; her color had come back in a brilliant spot on either cheek; her eyes were bright.

"You bring money into this discussion, papa," she said. "I will not obey you for such a reason. I will not send him away so that I may inherit your money. I feel very well satisfied that he will take care of me. Besides," she added proudly, "I am not a beggar. I have my own property that mamma's father left me."

The old gentleman glared at her in a baffled way during this defiance, and as she concluded he gave a loud snort of scorn and anger.

"Lord, yes," he exclaimed, contemptuously, "you have got that! I 'd lost sight of that vast estate. Oh, yes, you 've got your mother's share."

"And you can leave your money to whom you please. *I* don't want it!" cried Felicia, unappeasable now.

In this spirit of mutual defiance the contest was waged afterward. There was no more of softening on either side. Felicia could not forgive her father's threat of disinheritance; it had kindled even more resentment than John's mistaken and disingenuous policy of silent antagonism. Judge Hamilton, on his side, could not forgive her infatuation, and it held for him the element of dismayed astonishment. He was one of those men whose critical faculty is not disarmed by partiality. His very fondness for his daughter made him keenly alert to her faults, and he had decided, upon what he deemed abundant evidence, that a pronounced worldly-mindedness was one of those faults, — that she had an undue appreciation of a fine establishment, of the newest and most desirable attainment in equipage, diamonds, laces, the triumphs of the dressmaker's and milliner's arts. He desired that she should enjoy these good and valuable things, that she should appreciate them fully, and yet that she should in some sort spiritually ignore them. The reverse danger, the unreasoning relinquishment of all this gilded and refined mammon, he had not felt called upon to fear.

In this emergency he took Madame Sevier into his confidence. His feeling toward this lady was somewhat contradictory. When, ten years before, he had opened his eyes to the fact that his daughter was growing into a tall, dreamy, awkward girl, extremely fond of books and abnormally ignorant of everything else, he selected a notable French boarding-school as offering the influences likely to ward off the danger that she would develop into a desultorily intellectual and socially untrained woman. With the result of the experiment he was not altogether satisfied; yet he could hardly say what was lacking. She was, as he desired, educated, yet not over-educated; her taste was schooled, her social gifts were cultivated; she had a good French and Italian ac-

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cent, and spoke both languages fluently; she sang and played on the piano and harp very creditably, according to the authorities, — he admitted his incapacity to judge in this regard; she understood life and society, — there was no doubt about that. Sometimes he called the vague fault he felt in this product of Madame Sevier's civilization frivolity; sometimes, vanity, petty-mindedness, artificiality. It did not occur to him that he had desired an impossibility: worldly training with simplicity, intellect without its self-assertion, social culture without its imperative demands and its intolerance. He was as greatly surprised that the moderately near approximation to his ideal which his daughter embodied should not be content with the society of Blankburg divinity students, thus negativing her intellectual tendencies, as that she should ignore her worldly training by giving a serious thought to a man in Hugh Kennett's position in life. He forgot now all that he had said in disapprobation of Madame Sevier, her methods and achievement, and turned to her for aid, as he had done ten years before.

She gave him her most ardent sympathy, — who feels another's woe so keenly as one whose own interest is also involved? She threw up her hands; she elevated her fine gray eyes, her delicate black eyebrows, and her thin, expressive shoulders. And she said, with the intensest and most sincere feeling, "A-h-h, mais mon Dieu, c'est trop fort!" An eloquent dismay was depicted on every feature: on the curves of her short upper lip; on the thin dilating nostrils of her classic nose; in the flush that overspread the clear pallor of her complexion; on the delicate network of wrinkles that corrugated her frowning brow, and extended to the dense black hair which she dared to dress, in this day of curls and bangs, in the fashion of forty years ago, — in soft loose waves on each side of her broad low forehead. Her favorite pupil, the show young lady of the Institute, who had been with her for ten years, whom she was accustomed to point out as an exemplification of what she and the Institute could do, — her Félicité, of whom she was so fond and so proud, — to marry a singer in light opera, and thus reinforce the fascinations of the stage hero for silly school-girls! She, the model, the intellectual, — it would have surprised Alfred Grafton, the extent to which Felicia's intellectuality was esteemed at the Institute, — she, the clear-headed, the solid-minded! Ah-h-h! such an example to the other young ladies! What could Madame Sevier do but call upon her *bon Dieu*, maintain that this was *affreux*, and promise to see Felicia at once?

She was eminently calculated to influence Felicia. The magnetism of her presence, her superior mental qualities, the adroitness of her tact, the graceful tenderness of her demonstrations of affection, the force of long association, all conspired to bring their strength to any cause she might espouse. This time, however, she was too thoroughly interested to avail herself fully of these aids. Her tact at a moment of peril was not equal to her earnestness, — which affords gratifying evidence of the sincerity inherent in the human soul. Beyond this Madame Sevier was at a disadvantage. An argument which can be supported only by commonplace truisms — so obvious that nobody denies them — is necessarily weak. She could only declare in varied phrase that marriage is a serious matter; that a freak, a passing fancy, should not be allowed to jeopardize solid happiness; that only in romances is emotion the all in all of existence. It might have been better if she had stopped here, but —

"Ah, ma chère, c'est trop affreux! Only reflect. How public! how notorious! And your father and brother are so violent, so imprudent. Ah-h-h, my dear, these family storms will be heard

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of. You are notable. The Institute is *so* notable! There will be paragraphs. Ah, yes, indeed; the reporters are hungry for items. Paragraphs in the newspapers about the beautiful heiress, a former pupil of the well-known Sevier Institute, who is bent on marrying a singer! What an *esclandre!* Ah, just Heaven! I would not have that happen for a great deal. Give it up, my dear Felicia. Think of the Institute! Think of ME!"

It may be doubted if Judge Hamilton's partisan did his cause much service.

So strained and unnatural a situation could not long remain unchanged. It was radically and very suddenly altered one afternoon, when Felicia walked down to the public parlor of the hotel, met Hugh Kennett, and accompanied him to St. —— Church, where they were quietly married.

In an hour thereafter, Judge Hamilton, his son, Sophie, and the children had left New York; the two gentlemen metaphorically shaking the dust from their indignant feet, and literally bestowing hearty maledictions on the devoted city and all it contained.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

A WANDERING SCHOLAR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

JOHANNES BUTZBACH of Miltenberg, named, after the Latinizing fashion of the time, "Piemontanus," belonged to the group of Humanist scholars and writers, whose influence in the Germany of the latter half of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth century rose steadily in importance, until it was carried away and lost sight of in the much stronger movement of the Reformation. The writings of the school are characterized, as are those of the Italian authors of the Renaissance, to whom the German Humanists correspond, by a passionate return to the study of the Latin and Greek classics, neglected during the Middle Ages for the philosophy of the Schoolmen and St. Augustine. That other chief trait of the Renaissance, the renewed interest in nature and closer observation of its processes, is to be found in them, too, and comes like a ray of sunlight to lighten many a dusty page. If it is to be detected less frequently, on the whole, than might have been expected, it only lightens the brighter when, in some *naïveté* of opinion or bit of fresh description, it finds its way to the surface of the author's thought.

With such contemporaries as Erasmus of Rotterdam, Johannes Reuchlin, Wilibald Pirkheimer, and Sebastian Brandt, our Butzbach cannot be said to have held a leading place in the thought of his day; yet it is certain that, for the right understanding of the life of that day, he has left behind a work that is surpassed in importance by no one of those of his more distinguished colleagues. This little book, called by him Hodoporicon, or the Book of Travels, was written for his half-brother, Philip Drunck, as an encouragement in his studies, and contains the account of his wanderings in Germany and Bohemia as the *Schütz*, or fag, of a roving scholar. It presents so fresh and admirable a picture of the times, besides abounding in the elements for an exciting romance, and displaying on almost every page the gentle, sympathetic character of the author, that it has seemed to me worth while to give some little account of it to English readers. Johann's brother, Philip, had begged for a narrative

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in German; but Piemontanus, true to his classical tendencies, wrote it in Latin, telling his brother that to read it in this language would be a far better gain to his cultivation. The original manuscript exists still, with Butzbach's other writings, in the University Library at Bonn; but a translation into German was made, in 1869, by D. J. Becker, and of this I have availed myself in the following pages.

Butzbach was born in Miltenberg, a town on the river Main, in 1477. His father was a weaver, and his parents were so poor that before the birth of his sister, hardly a year later, he was given over to the care of a wealthy aunt, to be brought up at her expense. When five years old he was sent to school, although, as he expresses it, "hardly able to speak intelligibly." Sugar-plums and honey-cakes were persuasive arguments with him at first, but later the birch rod had to be unsparingly applied before he could be induced to enter the school-room. At the end of some four years the good aunt died, mourned by all the orphans and poor of the neighborhood. Johannes, or Hans, as he was called then, was sent back to his parents; his uncle taking another wife, who quickly brought him to ruin. Hans was old enough to feel his aunt's loss deeply, but no small consolation, he confesses, was the reflection that now he would escape having to go to school. This, however, was not to be, for his parents decided to keep him on at the school. For a while he managed to outwit them, concealing himself every day in a boat on the river-bank, and remaining there until school was out and it became time to go home. Whenever he met the school-master, and was asked the cause of his absence, he had some story to tell of being kept at home to help his mother in the housework. One day a piece of inadvertency betrayed him, and the long course of his deception came to light. Forgetful of the fact that it was a Friday, he replied to the school-master's usual question that his mother had kept him to put the meat to the fire. The lie was transparent, in those days before Luther had enunciated his doctrine of dining well when the Church ordered a fast, in order to accentuate an intellectual independence, and the young scapegrace was severely flogged. As long as the marks of the flogging remained visible on his back he was more circumspect, but a day came when the last one had disappeared, and then he relapsed into his evil habits. His parents discovered that he was repeating to them the Latin words already learned instead of new ones, and inquiry among the other scholars convinced them that he had been "dodging" again. So his mother took him, one morning, by the collar, and marched him into the school-room, where he was turned over to an under-teacher ("hireling," the boys called him), to be treated according to the law. This man was of a cruel disposition, who, for his part in this affair, was afterward degraded to a jailer, as having shown a nature better fitted to deal with criminals. He made Hans strip off his clothes, and bound him fast to a post, while he beat him so unmercifully with birch rods that the blood flowed from wounds all over his body. The screams of the unfortunate lad brought his mother back to the school-room door; but she was not allowed to come in, and the other scholars were kept singing a hymn to drown her threats of having the school-master prosecuted.

Hans did not return to the school after this. A university student, the son of a neighbor, proposed to his father to take the boy with him on a pilgrimage to the principal schools of Germany, promising that he would learn more in this way in a short time than in long years in the school at home. It was the custom then, as it is to a certain extent to the present day, in Germany, for students to visit more than one institution

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of learning before completing their education. They wandered about, in those days, from school to school, receiving the name of "Bacchants;" probably a corruption, as Mr. Becker suggests, of the German *Vagabund*. These students were commonly accompanied by much younger boys, often mere children, whom they employed to steal and run errands for them; allowing them, in return, to pick up such crumbs of knowledge as might fall from their masters' not too well-laden tables. Butzbach says, in one place, that he does not remember ever to have learned a word of Latin from his protector; and his instruction in every other branch of useful knowledge, it is safe to say, was just as little. On the other hand, he learned, as the sequel will show, to beg, lie, and steal, although he was no apt pupil. It was to such a preceptor that Johann's father, the simple weaver, caught by fair words and big promises, entrusted his son, then a boy of twelve. The little fellow was delighted with the prospect of change held out to him, persuading himself that the roadside hedges were made of roast sausage, and the houses thatched with pancakes, — a truly German picture of felicity. Only when the day of parting had come did he realize how hard it was to leave his comfortable home for a world about which his expectations might prove delusory. His father, much affected, read him a long lecture, containing much sensible advice, upon his conduct in the future, and then, filling a tankard with wine, bade him take the first sip, whereupon all the rest of the family, his relations, and the student followed in turn. This done, his father kissed him good-by, and retired to pray; all the rest of the family, with a delegation of playfellows from the school, accompanying him to the town gate. Here more good-bys were said, and all turned back except his mother, who kept on along the country road, giving him many parting bits of advice, interrupted by heavy sobs. At last, when the sun was getting low in the sky, the student bade the good woman go back and comfort her husband, or she would cause them to be late at the inn they must reach by nightfall. In bitter grief the mother and son took leave of each other, turning back as they went in opposite directions, to keep one another in sight as long as the road would allow it. That night, at the inn, the student entertained some relations with the money given him by Johann's father, while his little *protégé* went supperless to a corner behind the stove, where he was permitted to pass the night. Hans was now fairly launched in the world, and he found it a hard one.

At evening on the third day, after a weary foot-journey, they arrived before the walls of Nuremberg, which, with its many tall spires and houses, seemed to Hans not a city, but a whole world. They stopped a few moments to rest before entering the gates, and the student gave Hans his instructions: to keep up with him, not lagging behind, as he had done on the road; to refrain from gaping at the high-gabled houses; and to answer no questions that might be asked him in the town. On their way through the streets they were met by a throng of students, who gathered around Hans, wishing to know whether he were one of them. Receiving no reply, they put their hands to their heads in imitation of asses' ears, and followed him thus to the inn where the student was to put up for the night. Here they ceased jeering, and broke out into loud praises of their school, calling it the best in Germany. The student, however, discovering that the town was full of merchants from Miltenberg, and fearing that his charge might find opportunity to desert him, decided to start early on the following morning for Bamberg. On the way thither they passed through Forchheim, whose inhabitants boasted, with an exaggeration of local patriotism,

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that it was the birthplace of Pontius Pilate. Bamberg, with its great cathedral, made a deep impression upon our hero, who quotes a page of Latin verse in its honor. Reception at the school here was denied them by the rector, on account of the too great number of scholars, and they were forced to return to Nuremberg. From here they wandered farther into Bavaria, in search of a school not too crowded to receive them. Johann soon discovered that his protector avoided the great schools, where he would have been set hard at work, and indeed preferred, so long as the money held out, to change about from place to place, luxuriating in his idleness. Two months having now gone by since their departure from Miltenberg, there was little money left, and Hans was obliged to beg for bread in every village that lay upon their road. The method employed by the student was as follows: Having sent Hans ahead, he skirted the houses of the village, and awaited his pupil at a point on the road beyond. If the boy returned with empty hands, he was severely beaten, and threatened with worse in the future; if he brought anything with him, the student disposed of it himself, leaving for his follower hardly so much as would be given a dog. In order to satisfy himself that the lad had taken nothing on the way, he pursued a plan commonly in use among the students of that day. This consisted in compelling the wretched youth to rinse his mouth with warm water, and then subjecting the water to a scrupulous examination. If any small particles of food were found to linger there, his punishment was a hard one. The kind-hearted farmers' wives, touched at the sight of so small a boy traveling alone, often took him into their houses, and made much of him; but if he accepted the warm food offered him, he was sure to suffer for it when he rejoined his tormentor. The mud in these village streets was often so thick that the little fellow stuck fast in it, and was unable to move forward or backward. The savage dogs were another danger, and he relates that more than once he would have been torn to pieces if it had not been for the timely intervention of some passing inhabitants.

Traveling in this way, they crossed the Bohemian frontier, and came to the town of Kaaden, where they were received into the school, and assigned to a single room, which was soon uncomfortably crowded by the arrival of two Vienna students with their attendant "fags." With his two small companions in misery, Hans begged and slaved for his master all day, and climbed at night to a sort of wooden shelf over the stove, where the three were obliged to huddle together to keep warm. One night he fell in his sleep from this precarious resting-place, and was soundly beaten next day for some injury done the stove by his fall. Not being able to satisfy his master's luxurious tastes by begging, he was called upon to commit small thefts; and when he refused, he was exposed to inhuman cruelties and torment. When the snow had disappeared, and the fields were beginning to show green again, they moved on to a place called Komotau, where Hans first made the acquaintance of the Protestant heretics, already very numerous in Bohemia. The plague was raging here, and they were obliged to continue their journey to Maschau, a little town ruled over by a bloodthirsty count. Hans interrupts the thread of his story to relate the misdeeds of this tyrant, who, he tells us, was materially assisted in his deviltries by a thorough understanding of the black art. Still more wonderful than the count's own performances were those of his tame bear, which intelligent animal, going on its own understanding, apparently unassisted by black art, undertook the rescue of a prisoner from a most desperate situa-

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tion, and as a reward for its success was sentenced to be hunted as a common wild beast. Refusing to take part in its own degradation, it was shot by the hunters, as it sat at the base of a tree, with its front paws extended in the position of a suppliant. For this and other dastardly acts, the count seems to have deserved his reputation, and Butzbach remarks with entire justice, "However noble this man may have been by race, in his soul he was more uncultured than the roughest peasant."

Begging was doubly difficult in Bohemia by reason of Johann's ignorance of the language. Having asked a schoolfellow for the polite form in which to address a woman, the wretch took advantage of the opportunity to play a practical joke, by teaching him some unseemly expression. He had occasion, soon afterward, to make use of it, and the young woman he addressed was so angry that she seized the nearest chair and flung it at his head. In his haste to escape, he trod upon two young geese, trampling them to death, — a circumstance that did not tend to excuse his conduct. This young woman, he afterward discovered, was the sister of the youth who had practiced upon his credulity. Thus was guilt revisited upon its author in a manner that happens seldom in this unpoetic world.

Johann's protector was happiest in a school of small boys, where his bodily strength was accepted as a sufficient guarantee of his intellectual eminence. The outbreak of the plague in Maschau, however, soon drove them off; and on the way back to Eger, where there was a good school, they stopped for nearly three weeks to bathe in some wonderful warm springs, now the famous watering place Carlsbad. In Eger they were admitted to the school, and received outside help from a rich couple whose children they were to assist in their studies. Here, at last, Johann might have hoped to enjoy something like rest and advantage, had not the student determined to render his lot uncomfortable. "It is not befitting," so said his tormentor, "that a fag like you should find in a foreign land such speedy advancement, and enjoy all at once better days than your master." Accordingly, he was sublet to two other students, for whom he was required to procure food on the same hard terms. Rebelling against this, he was stripped of his clothes, beaten with birches, and left naked over night. Unable to endure the hard treatment any longer, he fled to the house of the rich merchant whose children were his fellow-pupils, and begged for protection against his persecutors. The rich man accorded it, and drove back a band of students that assembled before his house to effect the capture of the young prisoner. But the students found means to let Johann know that his life would not be safe if he tarried longer in Eger, and the little fellow took the first opportunity of running away, and managed to reach Carlsbad in safety. Here he met two other children, who told him that their protectors had been hanged for theft.

The break between Johann and the student was a definite one, and they never met again. Butzbach, on his return to his own country, heard of him once, as a dissolute, idle fellow, who had brought his studies to no good; but he had never ventured to show himself in Miltenberg, where his father had come to a bad end, and where his own reputation had preceded him.

But in breaking away from the student Johann had also cut adrift from his studies. He found himself, a child of twelve, alone in a foreign land; and he was not destined to return to the life of study, as a preparation to which he had already made so many sacrifices, until he was twenty-one. In the mean time a life full of adventure and uncertainty opened before him. He began it as a waiter at the inn of Carlsbad; but

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he had not been there more than a few weeks before he was carried off by a Bohemian nobleman to a country estate, where he learned to speak the language and to act as squire to his master. A friend of this nobleman, a "very bad heretic," Butzbach calls him, begged and received him as a gift; but Hans found services expected of him to which he could not reconcile his conscience, and lost no time in escaping back to his first master. This man also sometimes found the youngster's conscience inconvenient, and once, as a punishment, confiscated all his clothes, and refused to return them until he offered some stolen article as fair equivalent. Once again, in the absence of the master, the servants gave themselves up to riotous living; and in order to throw the suspicion upon him, they filled his pockets with almonds and raisins, which, when he was discovered eating them, led to his being beaten by four peasants until the blood came. Much of his time was spent on horseback, but his natural timidity rendered this more a torment than a pleasure. He was often thrown, he tells us, by the horse barking itself against the trees, and no less frequently flogged for refusing to gallop. The woods, in those days, were infested by robbers, and the master, when he had a journey to make, gave strict orders that he should be followed, whether he decided for flight or fight. He was apt to try resistance at first; but when the robbers got out their shrill whistles, with which they summoned the rest of the band, he called on his followers to put spurs to their horses and lend all their energy to escape. The description of one of these ruffians accords not badly with the ideas obtained from the stage costuming of the present day. "He had," says the chronicle, "a long sword in his right hand, a shorter broadsword in his left, a double axe on his back, and a coat of mail about his shoulders."

The next event in Johann's life was his transference, as a "little present," to a certain Pan [1] Shefforsyt, who took him to his estate, about six miles distant from the city of Prague. A visit to Prague, soon after his arrival here, is made the occasion of a long digression concerning the customs and manners of the Bohemians, with some scanty references to their history taken from other books, particularly from the well-known account of Æneas Silvius. The reigning sovereign, at the time of Butzbach's visit, was Ladislaus II., a Catholic prince, whose efforts against the prevailing heresy were so moderate as to bring him into suspicion among the leaders of the Church. He died in 1516, after a reign of forty-five years. Butzbach has much to say of a splendid monastery, then already in ruins, on the bank of the Moldau, the walls of which contained the entire Bible in the Bohemian tongue. Of the language, he says it was supposed to be one of the seventy-two in use at the Tower of Babel, and hence the oldest of the Slavic tongues. The Bohemians value it so highly that all the sacred books are translated and all religious services held in it. As examples, he subjoins copies of the Creed and Pater Noster, with an accompanying injunction to his brother not to laugh at the gibberish of the tongue, but to remember that the subject-matter is sacred. The people, he says, when praying, spread out their hands to heaven, and do not use beads. They seldom pray for the dead, and admit children and simple persons to communion. Holy water is not in use. "The main articles of their heresy," he remarks, "they are supposed to have from the gospel commentary of a certain Englishman, John Wycliffe, to which articles others, such as Johann and Hieronymus Huss, contributed later." After some quotations from Æneas Silvius, he goes on: "In earthly goods they have much good fortune and prosperity. What they have to hope for in heaven is a matter of grave

[1] "Pan" is the Bohemian for "Mr."

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doubt;" and he adds the pious wish that they may turn from their errors, and help restore the old Bohemia, which was once one of the brightest gems in the Church's diadem. In the matter of fasting they are as particular as the most devout adherents of the old Church. "A Bohemian," says Butzbach, "is as bold to steal a horse out of the stable as to eat an egg on Friday," and they abstain from milk not only every Friday, but throughout Lent.

Of worldly goods, as has been already remarked, the Bohemians had a generous share. Butzbach is quite amazed at the fatness of the land, and the amount of food consumed daily by even the poorest of the population. "A pig in Bohemia," he says, "gets more saffron to eat in a year than a man in Germany in his whole life." No one had less than four dishes at dinner, and the same number again at tea, and bread and cheese with milk were eaten as vesper-bread between the two. The very wealthy were frequently so weighted with their own corpulence as to be obliged, if they would stand upright, to keep themselves bound about with tight bandages. Beer and wine were both produced in the country, but the wine imported from Hungary was preferred. "Old beer" was made so thick that it could be used for glue. Some barrels of jellified beer were found once in excavating a cellar that had fallen in, and the substance, after the crust had been bored through and then restored to liquid form, is pronounced by Butzbach to have been the best drink ever known. The system of "treating" and drinking healths was not in force, and our author notes that there was much more moderation in drinking than in eating. It was a custom among the peasants to come to town to eat white bread and drink beer until their appetites were satisfied, when they would begin to hum gently, gradually increasing the noise until it resembled the whinnying of a horse. Even the nobles indulged in this last practice, and when, in the presence of women, they wished to be gallant, they knew no better way than by careering about on their horses, uttering these mad sounds. The women, apparently, found it very amusing, and encouraged them in the wildest excesses. In the cities serenades were popular, and the nights were full of hideous discords, but this practice was less affected among the nobility. The dress of the peasants was of some simple kind of cloth, and instead of wearing shoes they bound the feet and legs with pieces of hide, which were fastened under the knee with straw. Women and girls wore bright neckerchiefs and ribbons with gold thread in them. In winter they wore long body-coats of fur, sometimes with capes or hoods. The city folk wore long clothes and tall fox-skin caps, under which their hair fell in curls, or else was gathered in with bands of linen or ribbons. Both men and women were very careful of their hair, and wore it as long as possible. The country was very cold in winter, and the pine-board houses were kept warm by great stone ovens. When, in the morning, fire was lighted in these, the family withdrew into the open air, until the smoke had had a chance to dissipate itself through the open windows and door. Pine torches placed in metal holders supplied the interior with light.

Hans remained with this master for three years, and then left him to become a retainer of the Lord of Chulm. By the country folk he was kindly treated, going by the title, accorded out of deference to his foreign origin, of "Mr." Hans, but from his master he had many hard words to endure. In his new position, he came promptly into disfavor through his obstinate refusal to recognize the woman with whom his master lived as lawful lady of the house. In the absence of any better pretext, offense was taken at his distributing the crumbs that remained on the table to the wash-

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erwoman's children, and he was deprived of his best clothes and put under watch. In this emergency he had recourse to a witch, who advised him on the best means of escape. She told him that the journey would take a day and a night, and must be made on the back of a black cow. He was sorely tempted to accept her assistance; but fear of being injured by the devil, and possibly reluctance to mount the cow, led him to refuse. At Easter, in order that he might make a proper appearance before the guests expected at the castle, his clothes were returned to him. He had, however, little opportunity of making use of them. A few days later, he accompanied one of the family to a neighboring town, where he fell in with a German pilgrim returning to his own country. Forgetful of his duties, he follows this man, enthralled by his conversation, beyond the town gates. It is now too late to return, and a heavy punishment, no doubt, awaits him on the morrow. He puts his case to the pilgrim, and is advised by him to "take his legs on his shoulders" and flee in the opposite direction. Hans quickly makes up his mind for flight, and reaches that night the house of a pious tanner, who takes him in and washes the dust from his feet. Through him he sends back, the next day, some silk he had been commissioned to buy for one of the ladies of the house.

From this point he made his way by slow stages, stopping often to gain his livelihood by serving as weaver, as tanner's apprentice, and as butcher's boy, to the German frontier. By the butcher he was not released from his employment until he could procure a lamb as compensation. At Brüx, on the frontier, he engaged himself as an interpreter. He returned to Germany after five years' absence, not as a doctor, or even a Latin scholar, but as a barbarian, with long blond hair down to his waist, and outlandish clothes and manners. From Carlsbad to Nuremberg he traveled in a private coach, having hoodwinked the driver with a false account of his wealthy parents in Miltenberg, who had received the Emperor at their house, and would pay him well for his pains in providing for their son's transport. Arrived at Nuremberg, the man wished to take him the rest of the way, and Hans only escaped by a lucky accident the embarrassment involved in this plan. An old patron insisted upon the driver's conveying his family and himself back to Carlsbad. It was arranged, therefore, that the driver should visit Miltenberg later to claim his reward, in the mean time entrusting his young charge to the care of some Miltenberg merchants then tarrying in Nuremberg. Some of these were old friends of Butzbach's father, and, on receiving a hint from the young man, lent a valued corroboration to his story. From them he heard of his father's death, but his grief was so violent and despairing that they quieted him by declaring that the news was false. On arriving at Miltenberg, he learned that his father had been dead for five years, and that his mother had been remarried for a period almost as long. His stepfather received him kindly, and he found that his mother had never forgotten her love for her first-born. They cut his hair, gave him new clothes, and sent him to church to partake of his first communion.

It was determined, after a little, that Johann should be educated to the tailor's trade, and he was sent, accordingly, to Aschaffenburg for his apprenticeship; six gold guldens and twenty ells of cloth being paid to a masterman tailor for his support. Here he was kept busy from three in the morning till ten at night, attention to the housework being included among his duties. The presence of the court at the castle gave the tailor plenty of work, and Butzbach complains of the "coats of arms, embroidery, and all kinds of foppish finery" that so much increased the difficulty of their profes-

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sion. One practice he notes, common, he tells us, to all tailors of the time, which met with the reprobation of his conscience. This is what was called "filling the eye," the eye being a large basket kept under the table to receive the scraps of cloth cut off with the shears. The tailors always assured their customers that there was not enough of the material left "to fill an eye with;" meaning, of course, the basket, but being understood literally. Johann was also made to steal wax from the church candles, — an operation naturally repugnant to his firm religious instincts. He left Aschaffenburg as soon as he was well grounded in his trade, going to Frankfurt and Mayence. At the latter place he was engaged as lay-brother tailor to the monks of St. John the Baptist at the Johannisberg monastery in the Rheingau. The worldly tailor, his predecessor, had turned out a thief, and the monks were glad to obtain a good workman to dwell with them, and to take part in the household service. His duties, beside tailoring, were to draw water and buy eggs; and he was required, at times, to do errands in the neighboring towns. The routine was very severe, all being obliged to rise every morning at four to attend chapel, and to maintain in the dormitory and at table a silence broken only by reading aloud from the Bible. A violation of the rules on the part of any brother was punished by deprivation of the two cups of wine allotted him each day. The quiet life at this place, affording him leisure for reflection, and the influence of men given to habits of scholarship, awakened in Butzbach a fierce desire to return to those paths of learning in which it had been intended that his course should lie; and this desire, strengthening with time, induced him at length to leave the monastery and proceed to Deventer, in the Netherlands, where Alexander Hegius, the teacher of Erasmus, was then conducting his celebrated school. Johann, now a tall youth of twenty-one, was assigned to the seventh class, with the little boys; but he was too poor to remain, and was forced to return to Johannisberg. He had settled down to the old life, not indeed contentedly, but with some degree of resignation, when a visit from his mother brought him a new and unexpected hope of release. The good woman could not resign herself to her son's remaining a common lay brother, and had undertaken the journey to bring him money and to entreat the abbot to allow him to depart. Her prayers were of no avail, and she was obliged to return without having accomplished her object. Johann, however, persevered in his supplications after her departure; and the abbot, moved by his steadfastness of purpose, and the hunger after knowledge to which he confessed, finally relented and gave his permission. "Go, then, my son, in the name of the Lord," he said at parting; "the wish of thy mother shall be fulfilled. Apply thy energy and diligence to thy studies, and bring them to completion. Then return to us, and the order is open to thee."

Light of heart, Johann left the monastery, and returned to his home before setting forth on his second journey to the Low Countries. All were delighted at the step he was about to take. His stepfather presented him with five guldens, and not deeming this sufficient demanded from his wife the coin he had given her as an engagement gift. On her refusal to surrender it, he lost his temper, and after giving her a beating took it away from her by force, and presented it to Johann. The young man took it in order to avoid a new disturbance, but gave it back to his mother in secret. The father afterwards came to his senses, and all parted in amity. At the school Johann rose quickly from the eighth to the sixth class, and came by Easter to the fifth. He lived in the house of a very pious spinster, by name

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Gutta Kortenhorff, who took in penniless students and gave them their board for charity's sake. This extraordinary woman not only wore a hair shirt next to her body, but carried besides a heavy chain, as a sort of perpetual penance. Like St. Francis of Assisi, she took delight in nursing patients suffering under the most loathsome complaints, and carried her devotion to the extent of kissing the most revolting sores. Young Butzbach suffered almost continually, during his stay at Deventer. Disease, extreme poverty, and the severity of the weather brought him a succession of troubles that made life little better than a torment. Often he was on the point of renouncing his studies, and returning to the monastery without the qualifications for his admission into the order; but something always intervened to change his purpose. About a year after his entrance into the school, it was a swollen foot that prevented him from carrying out a plan of running away. He remained, and advanced to the fourth class; and from this he passed to the third, taught at this time by the celebrated Master Bartholomæus of Cologne, who, although already renowned, continued to pass his nights in studying, "like an ignorant person," and steadfastly refused all titles of distinction; declaring such things to be the empty adornments of knowledge which the wise man knew how to do without.

Butzbach was still in the third class, under the careful training of Master Bartholomæus, when the "Pater Œconom" of the abbey of Laach came to Deventer to seek novices among the students. It was already late in the season, December of the year 1500 being close at hand, and the students, having engaged their lodgings and paid their tuition fees for the winter, were unwilling now to enter into new arrangements. With great difficulty, the reverend father succeeded in getting one student to promise to go with him to Laach. In the making of this single convert, Butzbach, to whose heart the honor of the Benedictine order lay near, had been of great assistance, and the monk now turned to him with an earnest entreaty that he might himself delay no longer in giving up his life to God. To the young student, with a mind eager to absorb all the knowledge offered him by his age, the temptation to remain at Deventer was doubtless a mighty one. The proposal of the father involved also his renunciation of the retreat awaiting him at Johannisberg. On the other hand, his sufferings at Deventer and the hardships he was still called upon to endure may have influenced his decision to yield to the father's request. His masters all commended him for this decision; but he left Deventer sorrowfully, not forgetful of the pain he had suffered there, but mindful of the faces he was unlikely ever to see again. Accompanied by a throng of his fellow-students, who followed them to the gates, Butzbach and his two companions took leave of the town, and set out upon their journey along the banks of the Rhine. With much fear they crossed the river on the ice, and came to the cloister of Neuss, distinguished from all other institutions of its kind by a regulation that forbade the reception of any person bearing the Christian name of Peter. Butzbach devotes a couple of chapters to descanting upon the injustice of this, but is unable to mention a cause for it. At Cologne they halted to buy some pictures, as well as to rest awhile from their weariness; then they traveled further to Bonn, Andernach, and the abbey on the island of Niederwerth. In Coblenz Butzbach lingered with the steward of the monastery to purchase supplies, while the other novice was sent ahead with a lay brother. They did not expect to overtake them until evening, but at the very first roadside tavern the two were found overcome by the effects of a good dinner and too much Rüdesheimer wine. They had

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spent, to the last groschen, the money entrusted to them, and there was now hardly enough left with which to pursue the journey to Laach. The road was so muddy that Butzbach's fellow-student kept slipping and falling in the mire. He himself felt his courage giving way, and found his spirit beset with temptations to turn aside and make his way alone to the Johannisberg retreat. He dismissed these temptations, however, as whisperings of the Evil One, and kept manfully on the path he had chosen for himself. They arrived on the eighteenth day of December, and were received by the noble abbot, Simon von der Leyen. Butzbach, in crossing the threshold, said, "Hæc requies mea in sæculum sæculi, hic habitabo, quoniam elegi eam;" and as he spoke the last word, his foot slipped on the polished floor, and he fell to the ground. The other student laughed so much at poor Butzbach's mishap that he was unable to bring out a word. Both were given clothes, and put on probation until St. Benedict's Day, the 21st of March. Before that time Butzbach's fellow-novice had weakened in his determination to renounce the world, and had taken secret departure from the monastery. His falling away had the effect of emphasizing to Butzbach the importance and irrevocability of the step he was about to take, and lent discouragement to his first efforts to habituate himself to the solitary monastic life. But in time he grew to find delight in his new surroundings. The monastery he calls a paradise on earth, praising the noble architecture of its buildings, — church, dormitory, refectory, and library, — and its fine outlook over the wooded hills, with a little lake at the bottom of the valley. His year of novitiate came to an end in 1502, and he was admitted to the order and ordained in the following year at Trier.

With an exhortation to his brother to pursue the paths of learning, not neglecting the care of his soul, Butzbach brings his little book to a close. It was finished on the 1st of April, 1506. In an appendix Mr. Becker has collected what information he could find concerning Butzbach's life at Laach, and we may note briefly the chief facts of his later career. He was selected by his superior, during the first years of residence, to teach the novices. Feeling painfully conscious of his unfitness, he wished to refuse, but his vows constrained him to obey. He then applied himself to reading anew all the Latin authors, besides a translation of the Cabala and the works of the fathers of the Church. The monastery library being somewhat deficient, he supplied his needs by borrowing from one Nicholas von Bensrodt, the private secretary of the Count of Virneburg, whose castle was near by. This man had studied in Paris under Erasmus, and became a valued friend of Butzbach's, leaving him some of his books on his withdrawing, unexpectedly, to a monastery to end his life. Another friend was Jacob Siberti, a distinguished Humanist, who came by Butzbach's inducement to Laach, and soon took his place as teacher of the novices. To Butzbach was now given the charge of the refectory and of the clothes chamber, the conduct of services in the Nicholas Church, and the duty of preaching in Laach and in a neighboring village. In 1507 he became prior, and the care of the whole monastery fell upon his shoulders. Night was the only time left him for study, and he and Siberti lingered often into the morning over their precious folios. His writing years were from 1505 to 1512; in this short time he produced an almost incredible number of dissertations, poems, and monographs on various subjects. His main works, beside his poems, all in the Latin tongue, are a book of illustrious women, and another of celebrated painters; a volume devoted to the praises of the Humanist Trithemius and his vindication from the

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attacks of his enemies; his own apology, read at his trial, to be mentioned shortly; and the great Auctarium, or Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Authors, begun in 1508, and not finished until 1513, — this last a really complete and exhaustive dictionary of the subject, the preparation of which involved great knowledge and immense labor.

Butzbach was accused in 1509 of having neglected his duties as prior in order to carry on his studies. He wrote a defense of his conduct, and was ordered by the judges to produce the results of his labor. Amazed at the amount he had achieved, they ordered his acquittal. The whole proceeding of the accusation was an unworthy plot of the lazy monks, who bore him ill will because of his constant efforts to get them to work. With all his additional labor, it was discovered that he was not so behindhand in his duties as they. The last ten years of his life he gave to the study of theology, which he considered the queen of the sciences, to which all others were as stepping-stones. He remained a stout defender of the classics, likening them to the rich gems that the heathen kings thought not unworthy to be laid at the feet of the Babe in the manger. After the completion of his Auctarium, he seems to have given up writing altogether; and it is probable that these last years were filled with weakness and disease, resulting from the privations, illnesses, and overwork of his early life. In one place he says that he never had a well day in Laach. At his death, which occurred in the year 1526, a band of blessed spirits, headed by St. Scholastica, appeared to him, keeping watch about his bedside. They held converse with him, but he said that he was forbidden to divulge the nature of their communications. He died in great peace with his brethren, the rest of the world, and his own soul.

No more sympathetic, if many more striking, figures than Butzbach are to be found among the Humanists of the sixteenth century. Bringing his life to a close just as Luther was starting in upon the career that was destined to revolutionize the culture no less than the faith of the world, he was not called upon to take sides in the fight. If he had been, there is no reason to suppose that his course would have been different from that of the other leaders in the movement in which he took part. The great majority of the Humanists held aloof from Luther, repelled by the roughness and impetuous quality of his genius, which, they foresaw, if allowed to prevail, would throw into the background the literary and classic revival they held so near at heart, in substituting for it the mighty question of church reform. Devoted to their own pursuits, they saw, probably, less than others of the corruption that had invaded the mother Church, and certainly thought it not too great to be cured by skillful treatment from within. Men of peace, they naturally recoiled from violent measures of remedy, and the Church, in their eyes, containing within its bounds, as it had for centuries, all the learning of which the world could then make boast, must have borne an appearance different from that which it presented to the lay, or even the average clerical, point of view. Butzbach, we may be sure, would have shared but slightly in the restless strivings of the new era in the Church, and we may be permitted to rejoice that death spared him a realization of the strength of the storm impending over the institutions he loved.

J. Kirke Paulding.

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ROBIN ROOSTS.

Of all the nearly eight hundred species of North American birds, the robin is without question the one most generally known. Its great commonness and wide distribution have something to do with this fact, but can hardly be said to account for it altogether. The red-eyed vireo has almost as extensive a range, and at least in New England is possibly more numerous; but except among ornithologists it remains a stranger, even to country-bred people. Not long ago a man, whose writings show him to be an exceptionally intelligent lover of things out-of-doors, wrote to me that to the best of his knowledge he had never seen a vireo of any kind. The robin owes its universal recognition partly to its size and perfectly distinctive dress, partly to its early arrival in the spring, but especially to the nature of its nesting and feeding habits, which bring it constantly under every one's eye.

It would seem impossible, at this late day, to say anything new about so familiar a bird; but the robin has one interesting and remarkable habit, to which there is no allusion in any of our systematic ornithological treatises, so far as I am aware, although many individual observers must have taken notice of it. I mean the habit of roosting at night in large flocks, while still on its breeding grounds, and long before the close of the breeding season.[1]

Toward the end of summer, two years ago, I saw what looked like a daily passage back and forth of small companies of robins. A friend, living in another town, had noticed similar occurrences, and more than once we discussed the subject; agreeing that such movements were probably not connected in any way with the grand southward migration, which, so far as we could judge, had not yet commenced, but that birds must be flying to and from some nightly resort. The flocks were small, however, and neither of us suspected the full significance of what we had seen.

On the 19th of July, 1889, the same friend informed me that one of our Cambridge ornithologists had found a robin roost in that city, — a wood in which great numbers of birds congregated every night. This led me to keep a sharper eye upon my own robins, whom I had already noticed repeating their previous year's actions. Every evening, shortly before and after sunset, they were to be seen flying, now singly, now by twos and threes, or even by the half dozen, evidently on their way to some rendezvous. I was suspicious of a rather distant hilltop covered with pine-trees; but before I could make it convenient to visit the place at the proper hour, I discovered, quite unexpectedly, that the roost was close by the very road up and down which I had been walking: an isolated piece of swampy wood, a few acres in extent, mostly a dense growth of gray birches and swamp white oaks, but with a sprinkling of maples and other deciduous trees. It is bounded on the further side by a wet meadow; at the eastern end by a little ice-pond, with a dwelling-house and other buildings beside it, all within a stone's throw of the wood.

[1] Six years ago, in the summer of 1884, Mr. William Brewster discovered such a general roost in Belmont, Mass. The place has been used ever since for the same purpose, and is frequently mentioned in the following pages. Just as my manuscript is ready for the printer, Mr. Brewster informs me that he is to treat the subject in the next issue of The Auk, — for October, 1890, — to which I am happy to refer readers who may wish a more thorough discussion of the matter than I have been able to give.

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This discovery was made on the evening of July 25th, and I at once crossed a narrow field between the wood and the highway, and pushed in after the birds. It was too dark for me to see what was going on, but as I brushed against the close branches the robins set up a lively cackling, and presently commenced flying from tree to tree before me as I advanced, though plainly with no intention of deserting their quarters. The place was full of them, but I could form no estimate of their number.

On the following evening I took my stand upon a little knoll commanding the western end of the wood. According to my notes, the birds began to arrive about sunset, — but this was pretty certainly an error, — and though I did not undertake an exact count until the flight was mainly over, it seemed likely that at least three hundred passed in at that point. This would have made the total number twelve hundred, or thereabout, on the assumption that my outlook had covered a quarter of the circuit. After the flight ceased I went into the wood, and from the commotion overhead it was impossible not to believe that such a calculation must be well within the truth.

The next day was rainy, but on the evening of the 28th I stood by the shore of the pond, on the eastern side of the wood, and made as accurate a count as possible of the arrivals at that point. Unfortunately I was too late; the robins were already coming. But in fifty minutes, between 6.40 and 7.30, I counted 1072 birds. They appeared singly and in small flocks, and it was out of the question for me to make sure of them all; while I was busy with a flock on the right, there was no telling how many might be passing in on the left. If my observations comprehended a quarter of the circle, and if the influx was equally great on the other sides (an assumption afterward disproved), then it was safe to set the whole number of birds at five thousand or more. Of the 1072 actually seen, 797 came before the sunset gun was fired, — a proportion somewhat larger than it would have been had the sky been clear.

On the afternoon of the 29th I again counted the arrivals at the eastern end; but though I set out, as I thought, in good season, I found myself once more behind time. At 6.30 robins were already dropping in, notwithstanding the sky was cloudless. In the first five minutes eighteen birds appeared; at sunset 818 had been counted; and at 7.30, when I came away, the figures stood at 1267. "The robins came more rapidly than last night," I wrote in my note-book, "and for much of the time I could keep watch of the southeastern corner only. My vision then covered much less than a quarter of the circuit; so that if the birds came as freely from other directions, at least five thousand must have entered the wood between 6 30 and 7.30. As long as it was light they avoided passing directly by me, going generally to the left, and slipping into the roost behind some low outlying trees; though, fortunately, in doing this they were compelled to cross a narrow patch of the illuminated western sky. I suspect that the number increases from night to night. Between 6.40 and 7.30, 1235 birds came, as compared with 1072 last evening."

Two days afterward (July 31st) I went to the western end of the wood, and found the influx there much smaller than on the opposite side; but I arrived late, and made a partial count only. After sunset 186 birds were seen, whereas there had been 455 entries at the eastern end, two nights before, during the same time.

Thus far I had always been too late to witness the beginning of the flight. On the evening of August 1st I resolved to be in season. I reached the border of the pond at 5.15, and at that very moment a single robin flew into the

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wood. No others were seen for eighteen minutes, when three arrived together. From this time stragglers continued to appear, and at 6.30 I had counted 176. In the next ten minutes 180 arrived; in the next five minutes, 138. Between 6.45 and 7, I counted 549; then, in six minutes, 217 appeared. At 7.25, when I concluded, the figures stood at 1533 birds. For about twenty minutes, as will be noticed, the arrivals were at the rate of thirty-six a minute. Throughout the thickest of the flight I could keep a lookout upon only one side of me, and, moreover, the gathering darkness was by that time making it more and more difficult to see any birds except such as passed above the dark tree line; and from what went on just about me, it was evident that the number of arrivals was increasing rather than diminishing as my count fell off. There seemed to be no good reason for doubting that at least two thousand robins entered the wood at the eastern end.

Two nights later I stationed myself in the meadow southwest of the roost. Here I counted but 935 entries. The movement appeared to be fully as steady as on the opposite side, but as darkness came on I found myself at a great disadvantage; a hill occupied the background, giving me no illuminated sky to bring the birds into relief, so that I could see only such as passed close at hand. Of the 935 birds, 761 came before seven o'clock, but it was reasonably certain that the flight afterward was nearly or quite as great, only that I wanted light wherewith to see it.

On the evening of August 4th I went back to the eastern end, and as the sky was perfectly clear I hoped to make a gain upon all my previous figures. But the fair weather was perhaps a hindrance rather than a help; for the robins came later than before, and more in a body, and continued to arrive long after it was impossible to see them. I counted 1480, — 53 less than on the 1st.

I attempted no further enumeration until the 18th. Then, in an hour and ten minutes, 1203 birds were seen to enter the roost at the eastern end. But they arrived more than ever in flocks, and so late that for much of the time I missed all except the comparatively small number that passed in my immediate vicinity. Many were flying at a great height, — having come from a long distance, as I inferred, — and sometimes I knew nothing of their approach till they dropped out of the sky directly over the wood. On this occasion, as well as on many others, — but chiefly during the latter part of the season, — it was noticeable that some of the robins appeared to be ignorant of the precise whereabouts of the roost; they flew past it at first, and then, after more or less circling about, with loud cackling, dived hurriedly into the wood. I took special note of one fellow, who came from the south at a great altitude, and went directly over the wood. When he was well past it he suddenly pulled himself up, as if fancying he had caught a signal. After a moment of hesitation he proceeded on his northerly course, but had not gone far before he met half a dozen birds flying south. Perhaps he asked them the way. At all events, he wheeled about and joined them, and in half a minute was safe in port. He had heard of the roost, apparently (how and where?), but had not before visited it.

This count of August 18th was the last for nearly a month, but I find a minute of August 27th stating that, while walking along the highway on the westerly side of the roost, — the side that had always been the least populous, — I saw within less than two minutes (as I calculated the time) more than eighty robins flying toward the wood. Up to this date, then, there could not have been any considerable falling off in the size of the gathering. Indeed, from my friend's observations upon the Belmont roost, to be mentioned later,

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it seems well-nigh certain that it was still upon the increase.

Toward the close of August I became interested in the late singing of several whippoorwills, and so was taken away from the robins' haunt at the hour of sunset. Then, from the 5th to the 13th of September, I was absent from home. On the night of my return I went to the shore of the pond, where, on the 1st of August, I had counted 1533 entries. The weather was favorable, and I arrived in good season and remained till the stars came out, but I counted only 137 robins! It was plain that the great majority of the congregation had departed.

As I have said, there was little to be learned by going into the wood after the robins were assembled. Nevertheless I used frequently to intrude upon them, especially as friends or neighbors, who had heard of my "discovery," were desirous to see the show. The prodigious cackling and rustling overhead seemed to make a deep impression upon all such visitors, while, for myself, I should have had no difficulty in crediting the statement had I been told that *ten thousand* robins were in the tree-tops. One night I took two friends to the place after it was really dark. All was silent as we felt our way among the trees, till, suddenly, one of the trio struck a match and kindled a blaze of dry twigs. The smoke and flame speedily waked the sleepers; but even then they manifested no disposition to be driven out.

For curiosity's sake, I paid one early morning visit to the roost, on the 30th of July. It would be worth while, I thought, to see how much music so large a chorus would make, as well as to note the manner of its dispersion. To tell the truth, I hoped for something spectacular, — a grand burst of melody, and then a pouring forth of a dense, uncountable army of robins. I arrived about 3.40 (it was still hardly light enough to show the face of the watch), and found everything quiet. Pretty soon the robins commenced cackling. At 3.45 a song sparrow sang, and at the same moment I saw a robin fly out of the wood. Five minutes later a robin sang; at 3.55 the second one appeared; at four o'clock a few of the birds were in song, but the effect was not in any way peculiar, — very much as if two or three had been singing in the ordinary manner. They dispersed precisely as I had seen them gather: now a single bird, now two or three, now six, or even ten. A casual passer along the road would have remarked nothing out of the common course. They flew low, — not as if they were starting upon any prolonged flight, — and a goodly number alighted for a little in the field where I was standing. Shortly before sunrise I went into the wood and found it deserted. The robin is one of our noisiest birds. Who would have believed that an assembly of thousands could break up so quietly? Their behavior in this regard may possibly have been influenced by prudential considerations. I have said that many of them seemingly took pains to approach the roost indirectly and under cover. On the westerly side, for example, they almost invariably followed a line of bushes and trees which runs toward the roost along the edge of the meadow, even though they were obliged sharply to alter their course in so doing.

All this time I had been in correspondence with my friend before referred to, who was studying a similar roost,[1] — in Belmont, — which proved to be more populous than mine, as was to be expected, perhaps, the surrounding country being less generally wooded. It was a mile or more from his house, which was so situated that he could sit upon his piazza in the evening and watch the birds streaming past. On the 11th of August he counted here 556 robins, of

[1] This roost was discovered by Mr. William Brewster, in August, 1884, as already mentioned.

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which 336 passed within five minutes. On the 28th he counted 1180, of which 456 passed within five minutes, — ninety-one a minute! On the 2d of September, from a knoll nearer the roost, he counted 1883 entries.

This gathering, like the one in Melrose, was greatly depleted by the middle of September. "Only 109 robins flew over the place to-night," my correspondent wrote on the 25th, "against 538 September 4th, 838 August 30th, and 1180 August 28th." Two evenings later (September 27th) he went to the neighborhood of the roost, and counted 251 birds, — instead of 1883 on the 2d. Even so late as October 9th, however, the wood was not entirely deserted. During the last month or so of its occupancy, the number of the birds was apparently subject to sudden and wide fluctuations, and it seemed not unlikely that travelers from the north were making a temporary use of the well-known resort. It would not be surprising if the same were found to be true in the spring. In April, 1890, I saw some things which pointed, as I thought, in this direction, but I was then too closely occupied to follow the matter.

How early in the season does this nightly flocking begin? This question often presented itself. It was only the middle of July when the Cambridge roost was found in full operation, though at that time many robins must still have had family duties, and some were probably building new nests. Next summer, we said, we would try to mark the beginnings of the congregation.

My own plans to this end came near being thwarted. In December I was dismayed to see the owner of the wood cutting it down. Happily some kind power stayed his hand when not more than a third of the mischief was done, and on the 29th of June, 1890, while strolling homeward along the highway, listening to the distant song of a veery, I noticed within five or ten minutes seventeen robins making toward the old rendezvous. On the following evening I stood beside the ice-pond and saw one hundred and ninety-two robins enter the wood. The flight had begun before my arrival, and was not entirely over when I came away. Evidently several hundreds of the birds were already passing their nights in company. In my ignorance, I was surprised at the early date; but when I communicated my discovery to the Belmont observer, he replied at once that he had noticed a similar movement on the 11th of June. The birds, about a dozen, were seen passing his house.

Thinking over the matter, I began to ask myself — though I hesitate about making such a confession — whether it might not be the adult males who thus unseasonably went off to bed in a crowd, leaving their mates to care for eggs and little ones. At this very moment, as it happened, I was watching with lively sympathy the incessant activities of a female humming-bird, who appeared to be bringing up a family (two very hungry nestlings), with no husband to lift a finger for her assistance; and the sight, as I fear, put me into a cynical mood. Male robins were probably like males in general, — lovers of clubs and shirkers of home duties. Indeed, a friend who went into the roost with me, one evening, remarked upon the continual cackling in the tree-tops as "a very social sound;" and upon my saying something about a sewing circle, he answered, quite seriously, "No, it is rather like a gentleman's club." But it would have been unscientific, as well as unchristian, to entertain an hypothesis like this without putting its soundness to some kind of test. I adopted the only plan that occurred to me, — short of rising at half past two o'clock in the morning to see the birds disperse. I entered the wood just before the assemblage was due (this was on the 9th of July), and took a sheltered position on the eastern edge, where, as the robins flew by me, or

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alighted temporarily in the trees just across the brook, they would have the sunlight upon their breasts. Here, as often as one came sufficiently near and in a sufficiently favorable light, I noted whether it was an adult, or a streaked, spotted bird of the present season. As a matter of course, the number concerning which this point could be positively determined under such conditions was very small, — only fifty-seven altogether. Of these, forty-nine were surely birds of the present summer, and only eight unmistakable adult males. If any adult females came in, they passed among the unidentified and uncounted.[1] I was glad I had made the test. As a kind-hearted cynic (I confess to being nothing worse than this), I was relieved to find my misanthropic, or, to speak more exactly, my misornithic, notions ill founded. As for the sprinkling of adult males, they may have been, as a "friend and fellow-woodlander" suggests, birds which, for one reason or another, had taken up with the detestable opinion that "marriage is a failure."

During the month of July, 1890, I made frequent counts of the entries at the eastern end of the roost, thinking thus to ascertain in a general way the rate at which its population increased. On the whole, the growth proved to be fairly steady, in spite of some mysterious fluctuations, as will be seen by the following table: —

July 3	247	July 16	1064
" 5	383	" 17	1333
" 6	356	" 19	1584
" 10	765	" 22	1520
" 12	970	" 23	1453
" 14	1120	" 27	2314

After July 6th all the enumerations were made with the help of another man, though we stood side by side, and covered no more ground than I had hitherto attempted to compass alone. The figures of the 27th were far in excess of any obtained in 1889, and for a day I was disposed to take seriously the suggestion of a friend that some other roost must have been broken up and its members turned into the Melrose gathering. But on the evening of the 28th I tried a count by myself, and made only 1517 birds! The conditions were favorable, and the robins came, as they had come the night before, in flocks, almost in continuous streams. The figures had fallen off, not because there were fewer birds, but because I was unable to count them. They were literally too many for me. The difficulties of the work, it should be explained, are greatly enhanced by the fact that at the very corner where the influx is largest none of the low-flying birds can be seen except for a second or two, as they dart across a bit of sky between the roost and an outlying wood. To secure anything like a complete census, this point must be watched continuously; and meantime birds are streaming in at the other corner, and shooting over the distracted enumerator's head, and perhaps dropping out of the sky. I conclude, therefore, not that the roost has increased in population, but that my last year's reckoning was even more inadequate than I then supposed. Even with two pairs of eyes, it is inevitable that multitudes of birds should pass in unnoticed, especially during the latter half of the flight. I have never had an assistant or a looker-on to whom this was not perfectly apparent.

As I stood night after night watching the robins stream into this little wood, — no better, surely, than many they had passed on their way, — I asked myself again and again what could be the motive that drew them together. The flocking of birds for a long journey, or

[1] A week later, my correspondent reported a similar state of things at the Belmont roost. "A very large proportion of the birds are spotted-breasted young of the year, but occasionally I have detected an adult male." He examined the birds at near range, and at rest, after they had come into the roost in the earlier part of the evening.

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in the winter season, is less mysterious. In times of danger and distress there is at least a feeling of safety in a crowd. But robins cannot be afraid of the dark. Why, then, should not each sleep upon its own feeding grounds, alone, or with a few neighbors for company, instead of flying two or three miles, more or less, twice a day, simply for the sake of passing the night in a general roost?

Such questions we must perhaps be content to ask without expecting an answer. By nature the robin is strongly gregarious, and though his present mode of existence does not permit him to live during the summer in close communities, — as marsh wrens do, for example, and some of our swallows, — his ancestral passion for society still asserts itself at nightfall. Ten or twelve years ago, when I was bird-gazing in Boston, there were sometimes a hundred robins at once upon the Common, in the time of the vernal migration. By day they were scattered over the lawns; but at sunset they gathered habitually in a certain two or three contiguous trees, not far from the Frog Pond and the Beacon Street Mall (I wonder whether the same trees are still in use for the same purpose), where, after much noise and some singing, they retired to rest, — if going to sleep in a leafless tree-top can be called retiring.

Whatever the origin and reason of this roosting habit, I have no doubt that it is universal. Middlesex County birds cannot be in any respect peculiar. Whoever will keep a close eye upon the robins in his neighborhood, in July and August, will find them at sunset flocking to some general sleeping-place.

It would be interesting to know how far they travel at such times. The fact that so many hundreds were to be seen at a point more than a mile away from the Belmont roost is significant; but I am not aware that any one has yet made a study of this part of the subject. My own birds seemed to come, as a rule, by easy stages. In the long narrow valley east of the roost, where I oftenest watched their approach, they followed habitually — not invariably — a zigzag route, crossing the meadow diagonally, and for the most part alighting for a little upon a certain wooded hill, whence they took a final flight to their nightly haven, perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond. Farther down the valley; a mile or more from the roost, birds were to be seen flying toward it, but I found no place at which a general movement could be observed and large numbers counted.

As to the size of these nightly gatherings, it seems wisest not to guess; though, treating the subject in this narrative manner, I have not scrupled to mention, simply as a part of the story, some of my temporary surmises. What I am told of the Belmont wood is true also of the one in Melrose; its shape and situation are such as to make an accurate census impossible, no matter how many "enumerators" might be employed. It could be surrounded easily enough, but it would be out of the question to divide the space between the different men so that no two of them should count the same birds. At present it can only be said that the robins are numbered by thousands; in some cases, perhaps, by tens of thousands.

Bradford Torrey.

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THE NIECES OF MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

MADAME DE THIANGES, the eldest sister of Madame de Montespan, had two daughters, the Duchesse de Nevers and the Duchess Sforza; and two other duchesses and a marquise were daughters of her brother, the Maréchal Duc de Vivonne. They were all charming women, and well worth knowing not only by name, but by sight; and any one who will read with us a few pages of two or three of the most entertaining books in the world may have the pleasure of seeing them more vividly than if he had beheld them a thousand times with his own eyes.

It is of Diane-Gabrielle, Mademoiselle de Thianges, that Madame de Sévigné speaks in writing to M. de Grignan (December 10, 1670): "My daughter begs me to tell you of the marriage of M. de Nevers, — the M. de Nevers so difficult to bind, the extraordinary M. de Nevers who slips through people's fingers when they least expect it; he marries at last, — guess who? It is not Mademoiselle d'Houdancourt nor Mademoiselle de Grancei; it's Mademoiselle de Thianges, young, pretty, modest, educated at l'Abbaye-aux-Bois. Madame de Montespan celebrates the wedding festivities Sunday; she does it quite as if she were the mother, and receives all the honors of them. The king confers on M. de Nevers all his official positions, so that this beauty, who has not a sou, is worth more to him than the greatest heiress of France."

The view of this last sentence is not quite borne out by Saint-Simon, who represents the duke as much more inclined to get rid of official positions than to seek them. He was a nephew of Cardinal Mazarin, and brother of the five famous Mancini sisters. His uncle left him very rich and highly connected, and he could have made his way in any direction; but he cared neither for military nor court life, and dropped out of one career after another through indolence and love of pleasure. He got rid of the government of La Rochelle and the Pays d'Aunis, according to Saint-Simon, and married, in 1670, the most beautiful person at the court. Beautiful she must have been to have that said of her, for it was the very moment of her most beautiful aunt's supreme radiance. Six years later, Madame de Sévigné says she "is beautiful as the day, and shines brilliantly without any painstaking;" while Madame de Caylus observes about her adoring mother, "Madame de Thianges was not in the wrong in admiring Madame de Nevers; all the world admired her, too; but no one saw the resemblance between them which she imagined."

When the arrangement for the marriage was made the duke was at Rome, amusing himself with his sisters, the beautiful Hortense and the vehement Marie; and although he soon set out thence in company with Hortense, they lingered six months on the way, and the fair Diane must have wondered more than once whether her *fiancé* would not, in Madame de Sévigné's phrase, "slip through her fingers." But M. *le Retardataire* put in his appearance at last, and then — was it a characteristic exhibition of his pronounced fraternal devotion to his famous sisters? — he chose, as a part of his wedding celebrations, to have performed the Bérénice of Racine, the play which illustrates and immortalizes the love passages between Marie Mancini and the king. The drama had taken place in real life some ten years before, but the poetic presentation of it was at that moment but lately composed. Whatever personal interest the piece possessed for

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the duke, it seems an odd thing to grace his nuptials with.

Married in December, poor Diane (as we find by a little accidental sentence in one of Madame de Maintenon's letters) was obliged, the next September, to go to Italy "to find her husband," who was in all ways *très Italien*. With artistic tastes, cultivated by the works of art bequeathed to him by his uncle, he was full of intelligence in many directions, and wrote verses with sufficient ability for Voltaire to include him in his list of writers of that day; but Voltaire's comment on them is that their taste is peculiar. Madame de Sévigné found them admirable, and calls their author "a true son of Apollo and the Muses." She uses precisely the same word, *singulier*, about them as Voltaire, but she adds another epithet, *relevé*, which suggests the pungent quality they possessed; and she says, "I have made a little collection of them, which I would not part with for much money; . . . all that comes from him has a character so special and so excellent that it throws all others into the shade."

He sometimes ventured, unfortunately, into the region of satire, and dared to attack not only Racine and Boileau (on occasion of the cabal against Racine in favor of Pradon), but to throw stones at Bossuet, audaciously styling him *charlatan*. This was at the time of the great quarrel of Quietism, when the duke was on the side of the Mystics.

It was not his verses only that were unlike others. "Il étoit en tout extrêmement singulier," says Saint-Simon (always the same word). One of his eccentricities — in the eyes or ears of Saint-Simon — was that he always called his wife by her name, Diane, instead of Madame de Nevers. A greater oddity, to modern minds, was that he was in the habit of setting off for Rome, Madame de Caylus says (and Saint-Simon also), "in the same manner in which one goes to sup at what is now called a *guinguette* [a small country-house]; and Madame de Nevers has been seen entering her carriage, supposing that she was only going to drive, and hearing the direction given to her coachman, 'To Rome.'" Saint-Simon declares such departures happened three or four times. It is no wonder that "one could not weary of hearing her relate the adventures of her Italian journeys." Her domestic adventures must have been peculiar, too, for her husband was excessively miserly, and "very often went himself to the market and elsewhere to buy what he wished to eat, and usually made his bed-chamber his pantry."

It need scarcely be said that the duke was often jealous, — "*fort inutilement*," adds Saint-Simon. But he never quarreled with his wife. "Il ne l'appeloit jamais que Diane." Of course she had a lover, and of course he was of the highest; none less than M. le Prince, the son of the great Condé. He had the appearance "more of a gnome than a man," as Madame de Caylus says, but his looks were hidden by his wit, his gallantry, his magnificence. A story regarding his devotion is told both by Madame de Caylus and Saint-Simon, but, curiously enough, at the point they diverge into differences. They go along together smoothly on these facts: The prince, to prevent an anticipated rush to Rome, wished to give Madame de Nevers a *fête* at Chantilly, and veiled it under the pretext that it was for Monseigneur. His knowledge of the tastes and character of M. de Nevers made him resolve, as he was not less *malin* than *amoureux*, to induce the husband to write the verses (a necessary part of the brilliant gayeties of those days) which should express the lover's passion for the wife. M. de Nevers fell into the trap, and — so continues Madame de Caylus — "the fête was given; it cost more than a hundred thousand crowns. Madame de Nevers did not go to Rome." Saint-Simon's version is:

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"The fête was prepared, . . . but four or five days before it came off M. de Nevers discovered the trick played upon him. He said nothing, but set off the next morning for Rome with his wife, where he remained for a long time, and in his turn discomfited M. le Prince." "Il glisse des mains alors qu'on y pense le moins." Madame de Sévigné's phrase makes us give faith to Saint-Simon.

Their sojourns at Rome were passed in their palace on Monte Cavallo or at their numerous villas; and they were always surrounded by a few gay and brilliant friends, — among them, often, "little" Coulanges (the cousin of Madame de Sévigné), the *chansonnier*, who sings: —

"Rome était aimable,
Plaisante, agréable,
Pendant le règne de Nevers;
Toujours de jolis vers,
Toujours un table
De peu de couverts."

They lived after the same fashion in France. Chaulieu, writing to La Fare, says: "We have had the best and most delicate suppers possible with M. le Duc de Nevers. The company select and small, combining the Mortemart graces with the Mancini imagination." In his own phrase, the duke was one of those

"Qui sait goûter la vie
En paresseux sensé qui pond sur ses plaisirs;"

a man who lazily and contentedly enjoys the sunshine and broods over his pleasures. It was the same tone of thought, the same views of life, that controlled the existences of his brilliant sisters, the Duchesse de Mazarin and the Duchesse de Bouillon. He was a truer, a more refined Epicurean than they, but he seems also to have been more feminine, to have had more delicacy and less strength. His relations with them and with la Connétable Colonna were always those of more than fraternal admiration and sympathy. His social circle and that of the Duchesse de Bouillon were identical; and after Hortense took up her abode in England, and their personal intercourse came to an end, he held frequent communication with her by letter. Those on her side were often written for her by Saint-Evremond, who had a high appreciation of the duke's talents, and evidently enjoyed an interchange of courtesies with him. The correspondence hardly amounts to more than that.

The most attractive side of the duke's nature is his tender attachment to his youngest daughter, "la belle Api," as she was styled at Sceaux, the little pseudo-court of the indomitable, disagreeable little Duchesse de Maine, where M. and Madame de Nevers were *habitués*. His verses to this dear child are full of sweetness, and have a touch of melancholy that may be felt more or less in all his later writings. He addresses her as "Thou to whom belong all my wishes, — dear creature, in whom I delight." Soon after her marriage he died quietly.

The married life of the duke and duchess lasted for thirty-seven years; she survived him eight years, and died past sixty, "still perfectly beautiful." "Few women," Saint-Simon says, "had surpassed her in beauty. Hers was of every kind, with an enchanting individuality."

The sister of Madame de Nevers was also the wife of an Italian, and also lived at Rome; but Duke Sforza, some forty years older than she, died only eight years after their marriage, and she returned to the French court, *belle, sage et spirituelle*. It was after the decadence of the favor of Madame de Montespan, yet it was always something to be her niece, and it was still more to have inherited that *langage singulier* of which Saint-Simon so often describes the charm. Madame de Caylus denies that Madame Sforza was beautiful. "She had only a white skin, and fine enough eyes, with a nose pendent over

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a very red mouth, which made M. de Vendôme say that she resembled a paroquet eating a cherry." Beautiful or not, she pleased the king enough for Madame de Maintenon to find it best to maintain a distance between them; but an intimate union was formed between Madame Sforza and her cousin the Duchesse de Orléans, an intimacy which Saint-Simon considered "fortunate for this princess, for M. le Duc d'Orléans, and for all that branch of the royal family." The cousins passed their lives together, and dined almost every day *tête à tête*. "Madame Sforza," Saint-Simon says, "had cleverness, but of a judicious, sensible, prudent, considerate kind; she was good and kindly by nature, remote from all evil and tending toward all good. . . . Her bearing had something repellent; it was stiff, dry, cold, and haughty. She liked to govern. She was a weaker Princesse des Ursins. But penetrate this shell and you found only good sense, moderation, kindness, politeness, reasonableness, the desire to oblige, to conciliate, and, above all, truth, sincerity, uprightness, entire trustiness, inviolable secrecy, — an assemblage very precious and very rare, especially at court and in a woman. She held herself high without pride and without meanness; that is to say, she felt her own power, and she bore herself with reserve and dignity far apart from all that was degrading at court, where nevertheless she was a person considered, although she frequented it little."

The Maréchal Duc de Vivonne, whose daughters are our next personages, held high offices. He did good service in Spain, where he was viceroy of Messina, and afterward he was general of the galleys in France; but he is chiefly memorable for the countless jests regarding his extreme stoutness, of which he was alternately the author and the audience. Madame de Sévigné, with whom he was on familiar terms, and whom he called *maman mignonne*, has her little word about the trouble it was *de l'embrasser*. But his *esprit* was not less than his size, and he had a strong love of letters. The king, who never cared for books, asked him one day what was the use of reading; the duke pointed to his own well-complexioned face, and answered, "Reading gives to the mind what your Majesty's partridges give to my cheeks." He was a friend of La Rochefoucauld, and Madame de Sévigné mentions meeting him with Madame de Thianges, Madame Scarron, M. le Duc, and M. de La Rochefoucauld, when, on one of her visits to Saint-Germain, she went to sup in the "enchanting apartment" of M. de Marsillac (La Rochefoucauld's son). And she entertains her daughter, in continuation, with the account of a quarrel M. le Chevalier de Vendôme had tried to pick with M. de Vivonne, who, just recovering from wounds he had received at the passage of the Rhine, entirely refused to be insulted. "I, gentlemen," he cried to the courtiers who flocked to see him, "I fight! He may fight me if he chooses, but I defy him to make me fight! First let him break his shoulder, and receive eighteen cuts; and then" — every one thought he was going to say, "then we will fight;" instead he added — "then we will make it up. But is he jesting in thinking of firing at me? That 's a fine project; it would be like firing into a *porte cochère*. I greatly regret having saved his life at the passage of the Rhine; I won't do any more such actions before having the horoscope drawn of those for whom I do them. Could you ever have believed that I had reseated him in his saddle, merely that he might pierce me through the body?" All this, without the tone and manner which Madame de Sévigné says made it most amusing, would be hardly worth quoting, did it not give so vivid an impression of the quality of the gayety of those days. Before long the Chevalier de Vendôme asked mercy from his jests

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of M. de Vivonne, who was never weary of proclaiming his horror of fighting, and the quarrel was made up.

The Duchesse de Vivonne, though she never could perpetrate a joke herself, was one of those who most enjoyed her husband's raillery, and seemingly nothing could be more gayly careless than their lives, spent in squandering their immense wealth. All the gayety came to an end with his death; the duchess, in the ruin of their affairs, found herself obliged to live in the house of their intendant, and Madame de Montespan was obliged to befriend the daughters. The eldest lacked neither beauty, wit, nor charm, but, by some fatality, her aunt found much difficulty in obtaining an establishment for her; and with that curious interlacing of interests which for some years existed, Madame de Maintenon stepped in and secured for Mademoiselle de Vivonne the Duc d'Elbeuf. It was a marriage of the kind that she was not averse to making; witness that of her own charming niece, Madame de Caylus, — the union of an honest young girl to a disreputable debauchee.

In after-days "Madame de Maintenon [it is Madame de Caylus herself who relates this] retained with the Duc d'Elbeuf a freedom of intercourse which she had begun in the house of Madame de Montespan, where, jestingly, he was never called anything but *le goujat* [the blackguard], to indicate the life that he led and the company that he kept; and she often gave him reprimands that were as useless as they were well received." Naturally, *Madame sa femme* was not very happy, and Madame de Caylus thinks that Madame de Montespan did not sufficiently "sustain" her, support her, in her domestic troubles. Madame de Montespan apparently did not like her, but never blamed her except for not having *l'air assez noble*. It was perhaps this very quality that endeared her to Madame de Maintenon, towards whom she, in return, was always grateful and admiring. In the letters of Madame de Caylus to Madame de Maintenon there are constant references to Madame d'Elbeuf of the friendliest kind; one day she tells her she (Madame de Maintenon) "shall have what makes the pleasure of your game [of piquet]. I will bring you Madame d'Elbeuf." After the king's death, she writes, "Madame d'Elbeuf," and some half dozen other people whom she names, "ask me news of you with the same eagerness as if you were still queen of the universe." But we receive little impression of Madame d'Elbeuf, except that she had *beaucoup d'esprit;* and nothing is known of the details of her life.

Her next youngest sister had also "much cleverness, virtue and birth," and also not a *sou vaillant*, and also lived with Madame de Montespan, who gave her even her clothes. Her marriage was not easier to make than her sister's; but when she was no longer young, an old gentleman of seventy-five appeared on the scene, a nice old gentleman, — a M. Canaples, afterward Duc de Lesdiguières, — who by the death of a nephew had become the last of his family. He wished to marry *pour continuer la race*. He was a man excessively *borné* and constantly doing absurd things, always very much dressed and very tiresome, but the best creature in the world. His wishes turned to Mademoiselle de Vivonne, and her aunt brought the matter to a happy conclusion. "When it began to be reported," says Saint-Simon, "the Cardinal de Coislin spoke about it to Canaples, who seemed to him very old to marry. Canaples told him he wished to have children. '*Des enfants, monsieur!*' exclaimed the cardinal; '*mais elle est si vertueuse!*' The bystanders burst into laughter, all the more that the cardinal, very pure in his character, was singularly so in his speech. His saying was true, and the marriage was sterile."

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The year after his marriage Canaples became duke by the death of another nephew, and lived for eight years more. When this *courtisan imbécile*, as Saint-Simon calls him, died, "his wife, who possessed much of the *esprit des Mortemarts*, had the folly to mourn him. She was well laughed at. 'What will you?' she said. 'I respected him as if he were my father, and I loved him as if he were my son.' She was still more ridiculed; she did not dare to weep." This is one of the few occasions when Saint-Simon does not seem to have understood "good feeling." Poor woman! "With Madame de Montespan she had passed her life in great constraint; her husband constrained her even more; with all her esprit she was embarrassed by being at liberty."

The third sister, Madame de Castries, was like her mother, a little woman in size. "She was a quarter of a woman, [it is always Saint-Simon], as it were an imperfect bit of porcelain, — extremely small, but well proportioned; she could have passed through a common-sized ring; she had neither back, nor front, nor chin; she was very ugly, with an air of always being astonished and in trouble, and yet with a face which was brilliant with wit, and she kept its promise. She knew everything,[1] — history, philosophy, mathematics, the learned languages, — yet it never appeared that she knew anything beyond how to speak French; but her talk had a justness, a vigor, an eloquence, a grace even in the most common things, with that unique turn of phrase which belongs only to the Mortemarts; she was amiable, amusing, gay, serious, everything to all, charming when she wished to please, naturally jocular, with the utmost acuteness without aiming at it, and dealing such jests as could never be forgotten; holding herself high, offended by a thousand things, with a querulousness that carried all before it, cruelly malicious when so inclined, yet a very good friend, and in general polite, gracious, obliging, with no *galanterie*, but delicate in regard to intellectual qualities, and in love with cleverness when it was to her taste; with all this a charming talent for narration, and, when she was inclined to invent a story, an originality, a variety, and a delightfulness which were astonishing. With all her vainglory she considered herself well married through the friendship she felt for her husband; her self-complacency extended over everything that was his, and she demanded as much for him as for herself. She received in return the same regard from him, and all sorts of consideration and respect."

She was *dame d'atour* to the Duchesse d'Orléans, who was her cousin, as they both were also of Madame Sforza; and Madame de Castries, who had the same turn of wit as Madame Sforza, but much more of it, was as jealous as possible of her intimate relations with the duchess.

The portraits of which these pages are imperfect sketches from the originals are, when those originals are studied, seen to be more than portraits; they seem to breathe and move as we look at them, and they lead the way into the Past.

Hope Notnor.

[1] Huet (Bishop of Avranches) says that when at the baths of Bourbon with Madame de Fontevrault and Madame de Castries he found the niece to be as learned as the aunt, and he surprised her one day reading secretly a book that she tried to hide, and which proved to be a volume of Plato. Afterward he and she read together Plato's Crito, and the bishop knew not which to admire most, her intelligence or her modesty.

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BENEDICT ARNOLD'S TREASON.

To understand the proximate causes of Arnold's treason, we must start from the summer of 1778, when Philadelphia was evacuated by the British. On that occasion, as General Arnold was incapacitated for active service by the wound he had received at Saratoga, Washington placed him in command of Philadelphia. This step brought Arnold into direct contact with Congress, toward which he bore a fierce grudge for the slights it had put upon him;[1] and, moreover, the command was in itself a difficult one. The authority vested in the commandant was not clearly demarcated from that which belonged to the state government, so that occasions for dispute were sure to be forthcoming. While the British had held the city many of the inhabitants had given them active aid and encouragement, and there was now more or less property to be confiscated. By a resolve of Congress, all public stores belonging to the enemy were to be appropriated for the use of the army, and the commander-in-chief was directed to suspend the sale or transfer of goods until the general question of ownership should have been determined by a joint committee of Congress and of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania. It became Arnold's duty to carry out this order, which not only wrought serious disturbance to business, but made the city a hornet's nest of bickerings and complaints. The qualities needed for dealing successfully with such an affair as this were very different from the qualities which had distinguished Arnold in the field. The utmost delicacy of tact was required, and Arnold was blunt, and self-willed, and deficient in tact. He was accordingly soon at loggerheads with the state government, and lost; besides, much of the personal popularity with which he started. Stories were whispered about to his discredit. It was charged against Arnold that the extravagance of his style of living was an offense against republican simplicity, and a scandal in view of the distressed condition of the country; that in order to obtain the means of meeting his heavy expenses he resorted to peculation and extortion; and that he showed too much favor to the Tories. These charges were doubtless not without some foundation. This era of paper money and failing credit was an era of ostentatious expenditure, not altogether unlike that which, in later days, preceded the financial break-down of 1873. People in the towns lived extravagantly, and in no other town was this more conspicuous than in Philadelphia; while perhaps no one in Philadelphia kept a finer stable of horses or gave more costly dinners than General Arnold. He ran in debt, and engaged in commercial speculations to remedy the evil; and, in view of the light afterward thrown upon his character, it is not unlikely that he may have sometimes availed himself of his high position to aid these speculations.

The charge of favoring the Tories may find its explanation in a circumstance which possibly throws a side-light upon his lavish use of money. Miss Margaret Shippen, daughter of a gentleman of moderate Tory sympathies, who some years afterward became chief justice of Pennsylvania, was one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in America, and at that time the reigning belle of Philadelphia; and no sooner had the new commandant arrived at his post than he was taken captive. The lady was scarcely twenty years old, while Arnold was a widower of thirty-five, with three sons; but his handsome

[1] See Atlantic Monthly, March, 1889.

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face, his gallant bearing, and his splendid career outweighed these disadvantages, and in the autumn of 1778 he was betrothed to Miss Shippen, and thus entered into close relations with a prominent Tory family. In the moderate section of the Tory party, to which the Shippens belonged, there were many people who, while strongly opposed to the Declaration of Independence, would nevertheless have deemed it dishonorable to lend active aid to the enemy. In 1778, such people thought that Congress did wrong in making an alliance with France instead of accepting the liberal proposals of Lord North. The Declaration of Independence, they argued, would never have been made had it been supposed that the constitutional liberties of the American people could any otherwise be securely protected. Even Samuel Adams admitted this. In the war which had been undertaken in defense of these liberties, the victory of Saratoga had driven the British government to pledge itself to concede them once and forever. Then why not be magnanimous in the hour of triumph? Why not consider the victory of Saratoga as final, instead of subjecting the resources of the country to a terrible strain in the doubtful attempt to secure a result which, only three years before, even Washington himself had regarded as undesirable? Was it not unwise and unpatriotic to reject the overtures of our kinsmen, and cast in our lot with that Catholic and despotic power which had ever been our deadliest foe?

Such were the arguments to which Arnold must have listened again and again, during the summer and autumn of 1778. How far he may have been predisposed toward such views it would be impossible to say. He always declared himself disgusted with the French alliance,[1] and in this there is nothing improbable. But that, under the circumstances, he should gradually have drifted into the Tory position was, in a man of his temperament, almost inevitable. His nature was warm, impulsive, and easily impressible, while he was deficient in breadth of intelligence and in rigorous moral conviction; and his opinions on public matters took their hue largely from his personal feelings. It was not surprising that such a man, in giving splendid entertainments, should invite to them the Tory friends of the lady whose favor he was courting. His course excited the wrath of the Whigs. General Reed wrote indignantly to General Greene that Arnold had actually given a party at which "not only common Tory ladies, but the wives and daughters of persons proscribed by the State, and now with the enemy at New York," were present in considerable numbers. When twitted with such things, Arnold used to reply that it was the part of a true soldier to fight his enemies in the open field, but not to proscribe or persecute their wives and daughters in private life. But such an explanation naturally satisfied no one. His quarrels with the Executive Council, sharpened by such incidents as these, grew more and more violent, until when, in December, his most active enemy, Joseph Reed, became president of the Council, he suddenly made up his mind to resign his post and leave the army altogether. He would quit the turmoil of public affairs, obtain a grant of land in western New York, settle it with his old soldiers, with whom he had always been a favorite, and lead henceforth a life of Arcadian simplicity. In this mood he wrote to Schuyler, in words which to-day seem strange and sad, that his ambition was not so much to "shine in history" as to be "a good citizen;" and about the 1st of January, 1779, he set out for Albany to consult with the New York legislature about the desired land.

[1] The story of his attempt to enter the service of Luzerne, the French minister, rests upon very insufficient authority.

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His scheme was approved by John Jay and others, and in all likelihood would have succeeded; but as he stopped for a day at Morristown to visit Washington, a letter overtook him, with the information that as soon as his back had been turned upon Philadelphia he had been publicly attacked by President Reed and the Council. Formal charges were brought against him: 1, of having improperly granted a pass for a ship to come into port; 2, of having once used some public wagons for the transportation of private property; 3, of having usurped the privilege of the Council in allowing people to enter the enemy's lines; 4, of having illegally brought up a lawsuit over a prize vessel; 5, of having "imposed menial offices upon the sons of freemen" serving in the militia; and 6, of having made purchases for his private benefit at the time when, by his own order, all shops were shut. These charges were promulgated in a most extraordinary fashion. Not only were they laid before Congress, but copies of them were sent to the governors of all the States, accompanied by a circular letter from President Reed requesting the governors to communicate them to their respective legislatures. Arnold was naturally enraged at such an elaborate attempt to prepossess the public mind against him, but his first concern was for the possible effect it might have upon Miss Shippen. He instantly returned to Philadelphia, and demanded an investigation. He had obtained Washington's permission to resign his command, but deferred acting upon it till the inquiry should have ended. The charges were investigated by a committee of Congress, and about the middle of March this committee brought in a report stating that all the accusations were groundless, save the two which related to the use of the wagons and the irregular granting of a pass; and since in these instances there was no evidence of wrong intent, the committee recommended an unqualified verdict of acquittal. Arnold thereupon, considering himself vindicated, resigned his command. But Reed now represented to Congress that further testimony was forthcoming, and urged that the case should be reconsidered. Accordingly, instead of acting upon the report of its committee, Congress referred the matter anew to a joint committee of Congress and the Assembly and Council of Pennsylvania. This joint committee shirked the matter by recommending that the case be referred to a court-martial, and this recommendation was adopted by Congress on the 3d of April. The vials of Arnold's wrath were now full to overflowing; but he had no cause to complain of Miss Shippen, for their marriage took place in less than a week after this action of Congress. Washington, who sympathized with Arnold's impatience, appointed the court-martial for the 1st of May, but the Council of Pennsylvania begged for more time to collect evidence. And thus, in one way and another, the summer and autumn were frittered away, so that the trial did not begin until the 19th of December. All this time Arnold kept clamoring for a speedy trial, and Washington did his best to soothe him while paying due heed to the representations of the Council.

In the excitement of this fierce controversy the Arcadian project seems to have been forgotten. Up to this point Arnold's anger had been chiefly directed toward the authorities of Pennsylvania; but when Congress refused to act upon the report of its committee exonerating him from blame, he became incensed against the whole party which, as he said, had so ill requited his services. It is supposed to have been about that time, in April, 1779, that he wrote a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, in disguised handwriting and under the signature of "Gustavus," describing himself as an American officer of high rank, who, through disgust at the French alliance

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and *other recent proceedings of Congress*, might perhaps be persuaded to go over to the British, provided he could be indemnified for any losses he might incur by so doing. The beginning of this correspondence — if this was really the time — coincided curiously with the date of Arnold's marriage, but it is in the highest degree probable that down to the final catastrophe Mrs. Arnold knew nothing whatever of what was going on.[1] The correspondence was kept up at intervals, Sir Henry's replies being written by Major John André, his adjutant-general, over the signature of "John Anderson." Nothing seems to have been thought of at first beyond the personal desertion of Arnold to the enemy; the betrayal of a fortress was a later development of infamy. For the present, too, we may suppose that Arnold was merely playing with fire, while he awaited the result of the court-martial.

The summer was not a happy one. His debts went on increasing, while his accounts with Congress remained unsettled, and he found it impossible to collect large sums that were due him. At last the court-martial met, and sat for five weeks. On the 26th of January, 1780, the verdict was rendered, and in substance it agreed exactly with that of the committee of Congress ten months before. Arnold was fully acquitted of all the charges which alleged dishonorable dealings. The pass which he had granted was irregular, and public wagons, which were standing idle, had once been used to remove private property that was in imminent danger from the enemy. The court exonerated Arnold of all intentional wrong, even in these venial matters, which it characterized as "imprudent;" but, as a sort of lame concession to the Council of Pennsylvania, it directed that he should receive a public reprimand from the commander-in-chief for his imprudence in the use of wagons, and for hurriedly giving a pass in which all due forms were not attended to. The decision of the court-martial was promptly confirmed by Congress, and Washington had no alternative but to issue the reprimand, which he couched in such words as plainly to indicate his opinion of the trivial nature of the offense, while he seized the occasion to characterize Arnold's military services in terms of magnificent eulogy.

It was too late, however. The damage was done. Arnold had long felt persecuted and insulted. He had already dallied with temptation, and the poison was now working in his veins. His sense of public duty was utterly distorted by the keener sense of his private injuries. We may imagine him brooding over some memorable incidents in the careers of Monk, of the great Montrose and the greater Marlborough, until he persuaded himself that to change sides in a civil war was not so heinous a crime after all. Especially the example of Monk, which had already led Charles Lee to disgrace, seems to have riveted the attention of Arnold, although only the most shallow scrutiny could discover any resemblance between what the great English general had done and what Arnold purposed to do. There was not a more scrupulously honorable soldier in his day than George Monk. Arnold's thoughts may have run somewhat as follows. He would not become an ordinary deserter, a villain on a small scale. He would not sell himself cheaply to the devil; but he would play as signal a part in his new career as he had played in the old one. He would overwhelm this blundering Congress, and triumphantly carry the country back to its old allegiance. To play such a part would require the blackest treachery. Fancy George Monk,

[1] The charge against Mrs. Arnold, in Parton's Life of Burr, i. 126, is conclusively refuted by Sabine, in his Loyalists of the American Revolution, i. 172–178. I think there can be no doubt that Burr lied.

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"honest old George," asking for the command of a fortress in order to betray it to the enemy!

When once Arnold had committed himself to this evil course, his story becomes a sickening one, lacking no element of horror, whether in its foul beginnings or in its wretched end. To play his new part properly, he must obtain an important command, and the place which obviously suggested itself was West Point.

Since Burgoyne's overthrow, Washington had built a chain of strong fortresses there, for he did not intend that the possession of the Hudson River should ever again be put in question, so far as fortifications could go. Could this cardinal position be delivered up to Clinton, the prize would be worth tenfold the recent triumphs at Charleston and Camden. It would be giving the British what Burgoyne had tried in vain to get; and now it was the hero of Saratoga who plotted to undo his own good work at the dictates of perverted ambition and unhallowed revenge.

To get possession of this stronghold, it was necessary to take advantage of the confidence with which his great commander had always honored him. From Washington, in July, 1780, Arnold sought the command of West Point, alleging that his wounded leg still kept him unfit for service in the field; and Washington immediately put him in charge of this all-important post, thus giving him the strongest proof of unabated confidence and esteem which it was in his power to give: and among all the dark shades in Arnold's treason, perhaps none seems darker than this personal treachery toward the man who had always trusted and defended him. What must the traitor's feelings have been when he read the affectionate letters which Schuyler wrote him at this very time? In better days he had shown much generosity of nature. Can it be that this is the same man who on the field of Saratoga saved the life of the poor soldier who in honest fight had shot him and broken his leg? Such are the strange contrasts that we sometimes see in characters that are governed by impulse, and not by principle. Their virtue may be real enough while it lasts, but it does not weather the storm; and when once wrecked, the very same emotional nature by which alone it was supported often prompts to deeds of incredible wickedness.

After taking command of West Point, the correspondence with André, carefully couched in such terms as to make it seem to refer to some commercial enterprise, was vigorously kept up; and hints were let drop which convinced Sir Henry Clinton that the writer was Arnold, and the betrayal of the highland stronghold his purpose. Troops were accordingly embarked on the Hudson, and the flotilla was put in command of Admiral Rodney, who had looked in at New York on his way to the West Indies. To disguise the purpose of the embarkation, a rumor was industriously circulated that a force was to be sent southward to the Chesapeake. To arrange some important details of the affair, it seemed desirable that the two correspondents, "Gustavus" and "John Anderson," should meet, and talk over matters which could not safely be committed to paper. On the 18th of September, Washington, accompanied by Lafayette and Hamilton, set out for Hartford, for an interview with Rochambeau; and advantage was taken of his absence to arrange a meeting between the plotters. On the 20th André was taken up the river on the Vulture, sloop-of-war, and on the night of the 21st Arnold sent out a boat which brought him ashore about four miles below Stony Point. There in a thicket of fir-trees, under the veil of blackest midnight, the scheme was matured; but as gray dawn came on before all the details had been arranged, the boatmen

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became alarmed, and refused to take André back to the ship, and he was accordingly persuaded, though against his will, to accompany Arnold within the American lines. The two conspirators walked up the bank a couple of miles to the house of one Joshua Smith, a man of doubtful allegiance, who does not seem to have understood the nature and extent of the plot, or to have known who Arnold's visitor was. It was thought that they might spend the day discussing their enterprise, and when it should have grown dark André could be rowed back to the Vulture.

But now a quite unforeseen accident occurred. Colonel Livingston, commanding the works on the opposite side of the river, was provoked by the sight of a British ship standing so near; and he opened such a lively fire upon the Vulture that she was obliged to withdraw from the scene. As the conspirators were waiting in Smith's house for breakfast to be served, they heard the booming of the guns, and André, rushing to the window, beheld with dismay the ship on whose presence so much depended dropping out of sight down the stream. On second thoughts, however, it was clear that she would not go far, as her commander had orders not to return to New York without André, and it was still thought that he might regain her. After breakfast he went to an upper chamber with Arnold, and several hours were spent in perfecting their plans. Immediately upon André's return to New York, the force under Clinton and Rodney was to ascend the river. To obstruct the approach of a hostile flotilla, an enormous chain lay stretched across the river, guarded by water-batteries. Under pretense of repairs, one link was to be taken out for a few days, and supplied by a rope which a slight blow would tear away. The approach of the British was to be announced by a concerted system of signals, and the American forces were to be so distributed that they could be surrounded and captured in detail, until at the proper moment Arnold, taking advantage of the apparent defeat, was to surrender the works, with all the troops — 3000 in number — under his command. It was not unreasonably supposed that such a catastrophe, coming on the heels of Charleston and Camden and general bankruptcy, would put a stop to the war and lead to negotiations, in which Arnold, in view of such decisive service, might hope to play a leading part.

When André set out on this perilous undertaking, Sir Henry Clinton specially warned him not to adopt any disguise or to carry any papers which might compromise his safety. But André disregarded the advice, and took from Arnold six papers, all but one of them in the traitor's own handwriting, containing descriptions of the fortresses and information as to the disposition of the troops. Much risk might have been avoided by putting this information into cipher, or into a memorandum which would have been meaningless save to the parties concerned. But André may perhaps have doubted Arnold's fidelity, and feared lest under a false pretense of treason he might be drawing the British away into a snare. The documents which he took, being in Arnold's handwriting and unmistakable in their purport, were such as to put him in Clinton's power, and compel him, for the sake of his own safety, to perform his part of the contract. André intended, before getting into the boat, to tie up these papers in a bundle loaded with a stone, to be dropped into the water in case of a sudden challenge; but in the mean time he put them where they could not so easily be got rid of, between his stockings and the soles of his feet. Arnold furnished the requisite passes for Smith and André to go either by boat or by land, and, having thus apparently provided for all contingencies, took leave before noon, and returned in his barge

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to his headquarters, ten miles up the stream. As evening approached, Smith, who seems to have been a man of unsteady nerves, refused to take André out to the Vulture. He had been alarmed by the firing in the morning, and feared there would be more risk in trying to reach the ship than in traveling down to the British lines by land, and he promised to ride all night with André if he would go that way. The young officer reluctantly consented, and partially disguised himself in some of Smith's clothes. At sundown the two crossed the river at King's Ferry, and pursued their journey on horseback toward White Plains.

The roads east of the Hudson, between the British and the American lines, were at this time infested by robbers, who committed their depredations under pretense of keeping up a partisan warfare. There were two sets of these scapegraces, — the "Cowboys," or cattle-thieves, and the "Skinners," who took everything they could find. These epithets, however, referred to the political complexion they chose to assume, rather than to any difference in their evil practices. The Skinners professed to be Whigs, and the Cowboys called themselves Tories; but in point of fact the two parties were alike political enemies to any farmer or wayfarer whose unprotected situation offered a prospect of booty; and though murder was not often committed, nobody's property was safe. It was a striking instance of the demoralization wrought in a highly civilized part of the country through its having so long continued to be the actual seat of war. Rumors that the Cowboys were out in force made Smith afraid to continue the journey by night, and the impatient André was thus obliged to stop at a farmhouse with his timid companion. Rising before dawn, they kept on until they reached the Croton River, which marked the upper boundary of the neutral ground between the British and the American lines. Smith's instructions had been, in case of adopting the land route, not to leave his charge before reaching White Plains; but he now became uneasy to return, and André, who was beginning to consider himself out of danger, was perhaps not unwilling to part with a comrade who annoyed him by his loquacious and inquisitive disposition. So Smith made his way back to headquarters, and informed Arnold that he had escorted "Mr. Anderson" within a few miles of the British lines, which he must doubtless by this time have reached in safety.

Meanwhile, André, left to himself, struck into the road which led through Tarrytown, expecting to meet no worse enemies than Cowboys, who would either respect a British officer, or, if bent on plunder, might be satisfied by his money and watch. But it happened that morning that a party of seven young men had come out to intercept some Cowboys who were expected up the road; and about nine o'clock, as André was approaching the creek above Tarrytown, a short distance from the far-famed Sleepy Hollow, he was suddenly confronted by three of this party, who sprang from the bushes and, with leveled muskets, ordered him to halt. These men had let several persons, with whose faces they were familiar, pass unquestioned; and if Smith, who was known to almost every one in that neighborhood, had been with André, they too would doubtless have been allowed to pass. André was stopped because he was a stranger. One of these men happened to have on the coat of a Hessian soldier. Held by the belief that they must be Cowboys, or members of what was sometimes euphemistically termed the "lower party," André expressed a hope that such was the case; and on being assured that it was so, his caution deserted him, and, with that sudden sense of relief which is apt to come after unwonted and prolonged constraint, he

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avowed himself a British officer, traveling on business of great importance. To his dismay, he now learned his mistake. John Paulding, the man in the Hessian coat, informed him that they were Americans, and ordered him to dismount. When he now showed them Arnold's pass they disregarded it, and insisted upon searching him, until presently the six papers were discovered where he had hidden them. "By God, he is a spy!" exclaimed Paulding, as he looked over the papers. Threats and promises were of no avail. The young men, who were not to be bought or cajoled, took their prisoner twelve miles up the river, and delivered him into the hands of Colonel John Jameson, a Virginian officer, who commanded a cavalry outpost at North Castle. When Jameson looked over the papers, they seemed to him very extraordinary documents to be traveling toward New York in the stockings of a stranger who could give no satisfactory account of himself. But so far from his suspecting Arnold of any complicity in the matter, he could think of nothing better than to send the prisoner straightway to Arnold himself, together with a brief letter in which he related what had happened. To the honest Jameson it seemed that this must be some foul ruse of the enemy, some device for stirring up suspicion in the camp, — something, at any rate, which could not too quickly be brought to his general's notice. But the documents themselves he prudently sent by an express-rider to Washington, accompanying them with a similar letter of explanation. André, in charge of a military guard, had already proceeded some distance toward West Point when Jameson's second in command, Major Benjamin Tallmadge, came in from some errand on which he had been engaged. On hearing what had happened, Tallmadge suspected that all was not right with Arnold, and insisted that André and the letter should be recalled. After a hurried discussion, Jameson sent out a party which brought André back; but he still thought it his duty to inform Arnold, and so the letter which saved the traitor's life was allowed to proceed on its way.

Now, if Washington had returned from Hartford by the route which it was supposed he would take, through Danbury and Peekskill, Arnold would not even thus have been saved. For some reason Washington returned two or three days sooner than had been expected; and, moreover, he chose a more northerly route, through Farmington and Litchfield, so that the messenger failed to meet him. It was on the evening of Saturday, the 23d, that Jameson's two letters started. On Sunday afternoon Washington arrived at Fishkill, eighteen miles above West Point, and was just starting down the river road when he met Luzerne, the French minister, who was on his way to consult with Rochambeau. Wishing to have a talk with this gentleman, Washington turned back to the nearest inn, where they sat down to supper and chatted, all unconsciously, with the very Joshua Smith from whom André had parted at the Croton River on the morning of the day before. Word was sent to Arnold to expect the commander-in-chief and his suite to breakfast the next morning, and before daybreak of Monday they were galloping down the wooded road. As they approached the Robinson House, where Arnold had his headquarters, opposite West Point, Washington turned his horse down toward the river, whereat Lafayette reminded him that they were late already, and ought not to keep Mrs. Arnold waiting. "Ah, marquis," said Washington, laughing, "I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold: go and get your breakfast, and tell her not to wait for me." Lafayette did not adopt the suggestion. He accompanied Washington and Knox while they rode down to examine some redoubts. Hamilton

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and the rest of the party kept on to the house, and sat down to breakfast in its cheerful wainscoted dining-room, with Arnold and his wife and several of his officers.

As they sat at table, a courier entered, and handed to Arnold the letter in which Colonel Jameson informed him that one John Anderson had been taken with compromising documents in his possession, which had been forwarded to the commander-in-chief. With astonishing presence of mind, he folded the letter and put it in his pocket, finished the remark which had been on his lips when the courier entered, and then, rising, said that he was suddenly called across the river to West Point, but would return to meet Washington without delay; and he ordered his barge to be manned. None of the officers observed anything unusual in his manner, but the quick eye of his wife detected something wrong, and as he left the room she excused herself and hurried after him. Going up to their bedroom, he told her that he was a ruined man and must fly for his life; and as she screamed and fainted in his arms, he laid her upon the bed, called in the maid to attend her, stooped to kiss his baby boy who was sleeping in the cradle, rushed down to the yard, leaped on a horse that was standing there, and galloped down a by-path to his barge. It had promptly occurred to his quick mind that the Vulture would still be waiting for André some miles down stream, and he told the oarsmen to row him thither without delay, as he must get back soon to meet Washington. A brisk row of eighteen miles brought them to the Vulture, whose commander was still wondering why André did not come back. From the cabin of the Vulture Arnold sent a letter to Washington, assuring him of Mrs. Arnold's innocence, and begging that she might be allowed to return to her family in Philadelphia, or come to her husband, as she might choose. Then the ill-omened ship weighed anchor, and reached New York next morning.

Meanwhile, about noonday Washington came in for his breakfast, and, hearing that Arnold had crossed the river to West Point, soon hurried off to meet him there, followed by all his suite except Hamilton. As they were ferried across, no salute of cannon greeted them, and on landing they learned with astonishment that Arnold had not been there that morning; but no one as yet had a glimmer of suspicion. When they returned to the Robinson House, about two o'clock, they found Hamilton walking up and down before the door in great excitement. Jameson's courier had arrived, with the letters for Washington, which the aide had just opened and read. The commander and his aide went alone into the house, and examined the papers, which, taken in connection with the traitor's flight, but too plainly told the story. From Mrs. Arnold, who was in hysterics, Washington could learn nothing. He privately sent Hamilton and another aide in pursuit of the fugitive; and coming out to meet Lafayette and Knox, his voice choking and tears rolling down his cheeks, he exclaimed, "Arnold is a traitor, and has fled to the British! Whom can we trust now?" In a moment, however, he had regained his wonted composure. It was no time for giving way to emotion. It was as yet impossible to tell how far the scheme might have extended. Even now the enemy's fleet might be ascending the river (as but for André's capture it doubtless would have been doing that day), and an attack might be made before the morrow. Riding anxiously about the works, Washington soon detected the treacherous arrangements that had been made, and by seven in the evening he had done much to correct them and to make ready for an attack. As he was taking supper in the room which Arnold had so hastily quitted in the morning, the traitor's letter from the Vulture was

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handed him. "Go to Mrs. Arnold," said he quietly to one of his officers, "and tell her that though my duty required no means should be neglected to arrest General Arnold, I have great pleasure in acquainting *her* that he is now safe on board a British vessel."

But while the principal criminal was safe, it was far otherwise with the agent who had been employed in this perilous business. On Sunday, from his room in Jameson's quarters, André had written a letter to Washington, pathetic in its frank simplicity, setting forth his high position in the British army, and telling his story without any attempt at evasion. From the first there could be no doubt as to the nature of his case, yet André for the moment did not fully comprehend it. On Thursday, the 28th, he was taken across the river to Tappan, where the main army was encamped. His escort, Major Tallmadge, was a graduate of Yale College and a classmate of Nathan Hale, whom General Howe had hanged as a spy four years before. Tallmadge had begun to feel a warm interest in André, and as they rode their horses side by side into Tappan, when his prisoner asked how his case would probably be regarded, Tallmadge's countenance fell, and it was not until the question had been twice repeated that he replied by a gentle allusion to the fate of his lamented classmate. "But surely," said poor André, "you do not consider his case and mine alike!" "They are precisely similar," answered Tallmadge gravely, "and similar will be your fate."

Next day a court-martial of fourteen generals was assembled, with Greene presiding, to sit in judgment on the unfortunate young officer. "It is impossible to save him," said the kindly Steuben, who was one of the judges. "Would to God the wretch who has drawn him to his death might be made to suffer in his stead!" The opinion of the court was unanimous that André had acted as a spy, and incurred the penalty of death. Washington allowed a brief respite, that Sir Henry Clinton's views might be considered. The British commander, in his sore distress over the danger of his young friend, could find no better grounds to allege in his defense than that he had, presumably, gone ashore under a flag of truce, and that when taken he certainly was traveling under the protection of a pass which Arnold, in the ordinary exercise of his authority, had a right to grant. But clearly these safeguards were vitiated by the treasonable purpose of the commander who granted them, and in availing himself of them André, who was privy to this treasonable purpose, took his life in his hands as completely as any ordinary spy would do. André himself had already candidly admitted before the court "that it was impossible for him to suppose that he came ashore under the sanction of a flag;" and Washington struck to the root of the matter, as he invariably did, in his letter to Clinton, where he said that André "was employed in the execution of measures very foreign to the objects of flags of truce, and such as they were never meant to authorize or countenance in the most distant degree." The argument was conclusive, but it was not strange that the British general should have been slow to admit its force. He begged that the question might be submitted to an impartial committee, consisting of Knyphausen from the one army and Rochambeau from the other; but as no question had arisen which the court-martial was not thoroughly competent to decide, Washington very properly refused to permit such an unusual proceeding. Lastly, Clinton asked that André might be exchanged for Christopher Gadsden, who had been taken in the capture of Charleston, and was then imprisoned at St. Augustine. At the same time, a letter from Arnold to Washington, with characteristic want

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of tact, hinting at retaliation upon the persons of sundry South Carolinian prisoners, was received with silent contempt.

There was a general feeling in the American army that if Arnold himself could be surrendered to justice, it might perhaps be well to set free the less guilty victim by an act of executive clemency; and Greene gave expression to this feeling in an interview with Lieutenant-General Robertson, whom Clinton sent up on Sunday, the 1st of October, to plead for André's life. No such suggestion could be made in the form of an official proposal. Under no circumstances could Clinton be expected to betray the man from whose crime he had sought to profit, and who had now thrown himself upon him for protection. Nevertheless, in a roundabout way the suggestion was made. On Saturday, Captain Ogden, with an escort of twenty-five men and a flag of truce, was sent down to Paulus Hook with letters for Clinton, and he contrived to whisper to the commandant there that if in any way Arnold might be suffered to slip into the hands of the Americans André would be set free. It was Lafayette who had authorized Ogden to offer the suggestion, and so, apparently, Washington must have connived at it; but Clinton, naturally, refused to entertain the idea for a moment. The conference between Greene and Robertson led to nothing. A petition from André, in which he begged to be shot rather than hanged, was duly considered and rejected; and, accordingly, on Monday, the 2d of October, the ninth day after his capture by the yeomen at Tarrytown, the adjutant-general of the British army was led to the gallows. His remains were buried near the spot where he suffered, but in 1821 they were disinterred and removed to Westminster Abbey.

The fate of this gallant young officer has always called forth tender commiseration, due partly to his high position and his engaging personal qualities, but chiefly, no doubt, to the fact that, while he suffered the penalty of the law, the chief conspirator escaped. One does not easily get rid of a vague sense of injustice in this, but the injustice was not of man's contriving. But for the remarkable series of accidents — if it be philosophical to call them so — resulting in André's capture, the treason would very likely have been successful, and the cause of American independence might have been for the moment ruined. But for an equally remarkable series of accidents Arnold would not have received warning in time to escape. If both had been captured, both would probably have been hanged. Certainly both alike had incurred the penalty of death. It was not the fault of Washington or of the court-martial that the chief offender went unpunished, and in nowise was André made a scapegoat for Arnold. It is right that we should feel pity for the fate of André; but it is unfortunate that pity should be permitted to cloud the judgment of the historian, as in the case of Lord Mahon, who stands almost alone among competent writers in impugning the justice of André's sentence. One remark of Lord Mahon's I am tempted to quote, as an amusing instance of that certain air of "condescension" which Mr. Lowell has observed in our British cousins. He seeks to throw discredit upon the court-martial by gravely assuming that the American generals must, of course, have been ignorant men, "who had probably never so much as heard the names of Vattel or Puffendorf," and, accordingly, "could be no fit judges on any nice or doubtful point" of military law. Now, of the twelve American generals who sat in judgment on André, at least seven were men of excellent education, two of them having taken degrees at Harvard, and two at English universities. Greene, the president, a self-educated man, who used in leisure moments to read Latin poets

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by the light of his camp-fire, had paid especial attention to military law, and had carefully read and copiously annotated his copy of Vattel. The judgment of these twelve men agreed with that of Steuben (formerly a staff officer of Frederick the Great) and Lafayette, who sat with them on the court-martial; and, moreover, no nice or intricate questions were raised. It was natural enough that André's friends should make the most of the fact that when captured he was traveling under a pass granted by the commander of West Point; but to ask the court-martial to accept such a plea was not introducing any nice or doubtful question; it was simply contending that "the willful abuse of a privilege is entitled to the same respect as its legitimate exercise." Accordingly, historians on both sides of the Atlantic have generally admitted the justice of André's sentence, though sometimes its rigorous execution has been censured as an act of unnecessary severity. Yet if we withdraw our attention for a moment from the irrelevant fact that the British adjutant-general was an amiable and interesting young man, and concentrate it upon the essential fact that he had come within our lines to aid a treacherous commander in betraying his post, we cannot fail to see that there is no principle of military policy upon which ordinary spies are rigorously put to death which does not apply with tenfold force to the case of André. Moreover, while it is an undoubted fact that military morality permits, and sometimes applauds, such enterprises as that in which André lost his life, I cannot but feel that the flavor of treachery which clings about it must somewhat weaken the sympathy we should otherwise freely accord; and I find myself agreeing with the British historian, Mr. Massey, when he doubts "whether services of this character entitle his memory to the honors of Westminster Abbey."

As for Arnold, his fall had been as terrible as that of Milton's rebellious archangel, and we may well believe his state of mind to have been desperate. It was said that on hearing of Captain Ogden's suggestion as to the only possible means of saving André, Arnold went to Clinton and offered to surrender himself as a ransom for his fellow-conspirator. This story was published in the London Morning Herald in February, 1782, by Captain Battersby, of the 29th regiment, — one of the "Sam Adams" regiments. Battersby was in New York in September, 1780, and was on terms of intimacy with members of Clinton's staff. In the absence of further evidence, one must beware of attaching too much weight to such a story. Yet it is not inconsistent with what we know of Arnold's impulsive nature. In the agony of his sudden overthrow it may well have seemed that there was nothing left to live for, and a death thus savoring of romantic self-sacrifice might serve to lighten the burden of his shame as nothing else could. Like many men of weak integrity, Arnold was over-sensitive to public opinion, and his treason, as he had planned it, though equally indefensible in point of morality, was something very different from what it seemed now that it was frustrated. It was not for this that he had bartered his soul to Satan. He had aimed at an end so vast that, when once attained, it might be hoped that the nefarious means employed would be overlooked, and that in Arnold, the brilliant general who had restored America to her old allegiance, posterity would see the counterpart of that other general who, for bringing back Charles Stuart to his father's throne, was rewarded with the dukedom of Albemarle. Now he had lost everything, and got nothing in exchange but £6000 sterling and a brigadiership in the British army. He had sold himself cheap, after all, and incurred such hatred and contempt that for a long time, by a righteous

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retribution, even his past services were forgotten. Even such weak creatures as Gates could now point the finger of scorn at him, while Washington, his steadfast friend, could never speak of him again without a shudder. From men less reticent than Washington strong words were heard. "What do you think of the damnable doings of that diabolical dog?" wrote Colonel Otho Williams to Arnold's old friend and fellow in the victory of Saratoga, Daniel Morgan. "Curse on his folly and perfidy," said Greene, "how mortifying to think that he is a New Englander!" These were the men who could best appreciate the hard treatment Arnold had received from Congress. But in the frightful abyss of his crime all such considerations were instantly swallowed up and lost. No amount of personal wrong could for a moment excuse or even palliate such a false step as he had taken.

Within three months from the time when his treason was discovered, Arnold was sent by Sir Henry Clinton on a marauding expedition into Virginia, and in the course of one of his raids an American captain was taken prisoner. "What do you suppose my fate would be," Arnold is said to have inquired, "if my misguided countrymen were to take me prisoner?" The captain's reply was prompt and frank: "They would cut off the leg that was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga and bury it with the honors of war, and the rest of you they would hang on a gibbet." After the close of the war, when Arnold, accompanied by his wife, made England his home, it is said that he sometimes had to encounter similar expressions of contempt. The Earl of Surrey once, seeing him in the gallery of the House of Commons, asked the Speaker to have him put out, that the House might not be contaminated by the presence of such a traitor. The story is not well authenticated; but it is certain that in 1792 the Earl of Lauderdale used such language about him in the House of Lords as to lead to a bloodless duel between Arnold and the noble earl. It does not appear, however, that Arnold was universally despised in England. Influenced by the political passions of the day, many persons were ready to condone his crime; and his generous and affectionate nature won him many friends. It is said that so high-minded a man as Lord Cornwallis became attached to him, and always treated him with respect.

Mrs. Arnold proved herself a devoted wife and mother; and the record of her four sons, during long years of service in the British army, was highly honorable. The second son, Lieutenant-General Sir James Robertson Arnold, served with distinction in the wars against Napoleon. A grandson who was killed in the Crimean war was especially mentioned by Lord Raglan for valor and skill. Another grandson, the Rev. Edward Arnold, is now rector of Great Massingham, in Norfolk. The family has intermarried with the peerage, and has secured for itself an honorable place among the landed gentry of England. But the disgrace of their ancestor has always been keenly felt by them. At Surinam, in 1804, James Robertson Arnold, then a lieutenant, begged the privilege of leading a desperate forlorn hope, that he might redeem the family name from the odium which attached to it; and he acquitted himself in a way that was worthy of his father in the days of Quebec and Saratoga. All the family tradition goes to show that the last years of Benedict Arnold in London were years of bitter remorse and self-reproach. The great name which he had so gallantly won and so wretchedly lost left him no repose by night or day. The iron frame, which had withstood the fatigue of so many trying battle-fields and still more trying marches through the wilderness, broke down at last under the slow torture of lost friendships and merited disgrace. In the last

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sad days in London, in June, 1801, the family tradition says that Arnold's mind kept reverting to his old friendship with Washington. He had always carefully preserved the American uniform which he wore on the day when he made his escape to the Vulture; and now as, broken in spirit and weary of life, he felt the last moments coming, he called for this uniform and put it on, and decorated himself with the epaulettes and sword-knot which Washington had given him after the victory of Saratoga. "Let me die," said he, "in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other!"

As we thus reach the end of one of the saddest episodes in American history, our sympathy cannot fail for the moment to go out toward the sufferer, nor can we help contrasting these passionate dying words with the last cynical scoff of that other traitor, Charles Lee, when he begged that he might not be buried within a mile of any church, as he did not wish to keep bad company after death. From beginning to end the story of Lee is little more than a vulgar melodrama; but into the story of Arnold there enters that element of awe and pity which, as Aristotle pointed out, is an essential part of real tragedy. That Arnold had been very shabbily treated, long before any thought of treason entered his mind, is not to be denied. That he may honestly have come to consider the American cause hopeless, that he may really have lost his interest in it because of the French alliance, — all this is quite possible. Such considerations might have justified him in resigning his commission; or even, had he openly and frankly gone over to the enemy, much as we should have deplored such a step, some persons would always have been found to judge him leniently, and accord him the credit of acting upon principle. But the dark and crooked course which he did choose left open no alternative but that of unqualified condemnation. If we feel less of contempt and more of sorrow in the case of Arnold than in the case of such a weakling as Charles Lee, our verdict is not the less unmitigated. Arnold's fall was by far the more terrible, as he fell from a greater height, and into a depth than which none could be lower. It is only fair that we should recall his services to the cause of American independence, which were unquestionably greater than those of any other man in the Continental army except Washington and Greene. But it is part of the natural penalty that attaches to backsliding such as his, that when we hear the name of Benedict Arnold these are not the things which it suggests to our minds, but the name stands, and will always stand, as a symbol of unfaithfulness to trust.

John Fiske.

BY THE MORNING BOAT.

On the coast of Maine, where many green islands and salt inlets fringe the deep-cut shore line; where balsam firs and bayberry bushes send their fragrance far seaward, and song sparrows sing all day, and the tide runs plashing in and out among the weedy ledges; where cowbells tinkle on the hills and herons stand in the shady coves, — on the lonely coast of Maine stood a small gray house facing the morning light. All the weather-beaten houses of that region face the sea apprehensively, like the women who live in them.

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This home of four people was as bleached and gray with wind and rain as one of the pasture stones close by. There were some cinnamon rose bushes under the window at one side of the door, and a stunted lilac at the other side. It was so early in the cool morning that nobody was astir but some shy birds, that had come in the stillness of dawn to pick and flutter in the short grass.

They flew away together as some one softly opened the unlocked door and stepped out. This was a bent old man, who shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked at the west and the east and overhead, and then took a few lame and feeble steps farther out to see a wooden vane on the barn. Then he sat down on the doorstep, clasped his hands together between his knees, and looked steadily out to sea, scanning the horizon where some schooners had held on their way all night with a light westerly breeze. He seemed to be satisfied with the weather, as if he had been anxious, as he lay unassured in his north bedroom, vexed with the sleeplessness of age and excited by thoughts of the coming day. The old seaman dozed as he sat on the doorstep, while dawn came up and the world grew bright; and the little birds returned, fearfully at first, to finish their breakfast, and at last made bold to hop close to his feet.

After a time some one else came and stood in the open door behind him.

"Why, father! seems to me you 've got an early start; 't ain't but four o'clock. I thought I was foolish to get up so soon, but 't wa'n't so I could sleep."

"No, Lucy Ann." The old man smiled as he turned to look at her, wide awake on the instant. "'T ain't so soon as I git out some o' these 'arly mornin's. The birds wake me up singin', an it 's so light, you know. I wanted to make sure 'Lisha would have a fair day to go."

"I expect he 'd have to go if the weather wa'n't good," said the woman.

"Yes, yes, but 't is useful to have fair weather, an' a good sign some says it is. This is a great event for the boy, ain't it?"

"I can't face the thought o' losin' on him, father." The woman came forward a step or two and sat down on the doorstep. She was a hard-worked, anxious creature, whose face had lost all look of youth. She was apt, in the general course of things, to hurry the old man and to spare little time for talking, and he was pleased by this acknowledged unity of their interests. He moved aside a little to give her more room, and glanced at her with a smile as if to beg her to speak freely. They were both undemonstrative, taciturn New Englanders; their hearts were warm with pent-up feeling, that summer morning, yet it was easier to understand one another through silence than through speech.

"No, I could n't git much sleep," repeated the daughter at last. "Some things I thought of that ain't come to mind before for years, — things I don't relish the feelin' of, all over again."

"'T was just such a mornin' as this pore little 'Lisha's father went off on that last v'y'ge o' his," answered the old sailor, with instant comprehension. "Yes, you 've had it master hard, pore gal, ain't you? I advised him against goin' off on that old vessel with a crew that wa'n't capable."

"Such a mornin' as this, when I come out at sun-up, I always seem to see her tops'ils over there beyond the p'int, where she was to anchor. Well, I thank Heaven 'Lisha was averse to goin' to sea," declared the mother.

"There 's dangers ashore, Lucy Ann," said the grandfather solemnly; but there was no answer, and they sat there in silence until the old man grew drowsy again.

"Yisterday was the first time it fell onto my heart that 'Lisha was goin' off,"

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the mother began again, after a time had passed. "I 've been workin' every way I could to further him and git him a real good chance up to Boston, and now that we 've got to part with him I don't see how to put up with it."

"All nateral," insisted the old man. "My mother wept the night through before I was goin' to sail on my first v'y'ge; she was kind of satisfied, though, when I come home next summer, grown a full man, with my savin's in my pocket, an' I had a master pretty little figured shawl I 'd bought for her to Bristol."

"I don't want no shawls. Partin' is partin' to me," said the woman.

"'T ain't everybody can stand in her fore-door an' see the chimbleys o' three child'n's houses without a glass," he tried eagerly to console her. "All ready an' willin' to do their part for you, so as you could let 'Lisha go off and have his chance."

"I don't know how it is," she answered, "but none on 'em never give me the rooted home feelin' that 'Lisha has. They was more varyin' and kind o' fast growin' and scatterin'; but 'Lisha was always 'Lisha when he was a babe, and I settled on him for the one to keep with me."

"Then he 's just the kind to send off, one you ain't got to worry about. They 're all good child'n," said the man. "We 've reason to be thankful none on 'em 's been like some young sprigs, more grief 'n glory to their folks. An' I ain't regrettin' 'Lisha's goin' one mite; I believe you 'd rather go on doin' for him an' cossetin'. I think 't was high time to shove him out o' the nest."

"You ain't his mother," said Lucy Ann.

"What be you goin' to give him for his breakfast?" asked the stern grandfather, in a softened, less business-like voice.

"I don't know 's I 'd thought about it special, sir. I did lay aside that piece o' apple pie we had left yisterday from dinner," she confessed.

"Fry him out a nice little crisp piece o' pork, Lucy Ann, an' 't will relish with his baked potatoes. He 'll think o' his breakfast more times 'n you expect. I know a lad's feelin's when home 's put behind him."

The sun was up clear and bright over the broad sea inlet to the eastward, but the shining water struck the eye by its look of vacancy. It was broad daylight, and still so early that no sails came stealing out from the farmhouse landings, or even from the gray groups of battered fish-houses that overhung, here and there, a sheltered cove. Some crows and gulls were busy in the air; it was the time of day when the world belongs more to birds than to men.

"Poor 'Lisha!" the mother went on compassionately. "I expect it has been a long night to him. He seemed to take it in, as he was goin' to bed, how 't was his last night to home. I heard him thrashin' about kind o' restless sometimes."

"Come, Lucy Ann, the boy ought to be stirrin'!" exclaimed the old sailor, without the least show of sympathy. "He 's got to be ready when John Sykes comes, an' he ain't so quick as some lads."

The mother rose with a sigh, and went into the house. After her own sleepless night, she dreaded to face the regretful, sleepless eyes of her son; but as she opened the door of his little bedroom, there lay Elisha sound asleep and comfortable to behold. She stood watching him with gloomy tenderness until he stirred uneasily, his consciousness roused by the intentness of her thought and the mysterious current that flowed from her wistful, eager eyes.

But when the lad waked, it was to a joyful sense of manliness and responsibility; for him the change of surroundings was coming through natural processes of growth, not through the uproot-

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ing which gave his mother such an aching heart.

A little later Elisha came out to the breakfast table, arrayed in his best sandy-brown clothes set off with a bright blue satin cravat which had been the pride and delight of pleasant Sundays and rare holidays. He already felt unrelated to the familiar scene of things, and was impatient to be gone. For one thing, it was strange to sit down to breakfast in Sunday splendor, while his mother and grandfather and little sister Lydia were in their humble every-day attire. They ate in silence and haste, as they always did, but with a new constraint and awkwardness that forbade their looking at one another. At last the head of the household broke the silence with simple straightforwardness.

"You 've got an excellent good day, 'Lisha. I like to have a fair start myself. 'T ain't goin' to be too hot; the wind 's working into the north a little."

"Yes, sir," responded Elisha.

"The great p'int about gittin' on in life is bein' able to cope with your headwinds," continued the old man earnestly, pushing away his plate. "Any fool can run before a fair breeze, but I tell ye a good seaman is one that gits the best out o' his disadvantages. You won't be treated so pretty as you expect in the store, and you 'll git plenty o' blows to your pride; but you keep right ahead, and if you can't run before the wind you can always beat. I ain't no hand to preach, but preachin' ain't goin' to sarve ye now. We 've gone an' fetched ye up the best we could, your mother an' me, an' you can't never say but you 've started amongst honest folks. If a vessel 's built out o' sound timber an' has got good lines for sailin', why then she 's seaworthy; but if she ain't, she ain't, an' a mess o' preachin' ain't goin' to alter her over. Now you 're standin' out to sea, my boy, an' you can bear your home in mind and work your way, same 's plenty of others has done."

It was a solemn moment; the speaker's voice faltered, and little Lydia dried her tearful blue eyes with her gingham apron. Elisha hung his head, and patted the old spotted cat which came to rub herself against his trowsers-leg. The mother rose hastily, and hurried into the pantry close by. She was always an appealing figure, with her thin shoulders and faded calico gowns; it was difficult to believe that she had once been the prettiest girl in that neighborhood. But her son loved her in his sober, undemonstrative way, and was full of plans for coming home rich and generous enough to make her proud and happy. He was half pleased and half annoyed because his leave-taking was of such deep concern to the household.

"Come, Lyddy, don't you take on," he said, with rough kindliness. "Let 's go out, and I 'll show you how to feed the pig and 'tend to the chickens. You 'll have to be chief clerk when I 'm gone."

They went out to the yard, hand in hand. Elisha stopped to stroke the old cat again, as she ran by his side and mewed.

"I wish I was off and done with it; this morning does seem awful long," said the boy.

"Ain't you afraid you 'll be homesick an' want to come back?" asked the little sister timidly; but Elisha scorned so poor a thought.

"You 'll have to see if grandpa has 'tended to these things, the pig an' the chickens," he advised her gravely. "He forgets 'em sometimes when I 'm away, but he would be cast down if you told him so, and you just keep an eye open, Lyddy. Mother 's got enough to do inside the house. But grandsir 'll keep her in kindlin's; he likes to set and chop in the shed rainy days, an' he 'll do a sight more if you 'll set with him, an' let him get goin' on his old seafarin' times."

Lydia nodded discreetly.

"An', Lyddy, don't you loiter comin' home from school, an' don't be out late,

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an' get 'em fussy, when it comes cold weather. And you tell Susy Draper," — the boy's voice sounded unconcerned, but Lydia glanced at him quickly, — "you tell Susy Draper that I was awful sorry she was over to her aunt's, so I could n't say good-by."

Lydia's heart was the heart of a woman, and she comprehended. Lydia nodded again, more sagely than before.

"See here," said the boy suddenly. "I 'm goin' to let my old woodchuck out."

Lydia's face was blank with surprise. "I thought you promised to sell him to big Jim Hooper."

"I did, but I don't care for big Jim Hooper; you just tell him I let my woodchuck go."

The brother and sister went to their favorite playground between the ledges, not far from the small old barn. Here was a clumsy box with wire gratings, behind which an untamed little wild beast sat up and chittered at his harmless foes. "He 's a whopping old fellow," said Elisha admiringly. "Big Jim Hooper sha'n't have him!" and as he opened the trap Lydia had hardly time to perch herself high on the ledge before the woodchuck tumbled and scuttled along the short green turf, and was lost among the clumps of juniper and bayberry just beyond.

"I feel just like him," said the boy. "I want to get up to Boston just as bad as that. See here, now!" and he flung a gallant cartwheel of himself in the same direction, and then stood on his head and waved his legs furiously in the air. "I feel just like that."

Lydia, who had been tearful all the morning, looked at him in vague dismay. Only a short time ago she had never been made to feel that her brother was so much older than herself. They had been constant playmates; but now he was like a grown man, and cared no longer for their old pleasures. There was all the possible difference between them that there can be between fifteen years and twelve, and Lydia was nothing but a child.

"Come, come, where be ye?" shouted the old grandfather, and they both started guiltily. Elisha rubbed some dry grass out of his short-cropped hair, and the little sister came down from her ledge. At that moment the real pang of parting shot through her heart; her brother belonged irrevocably to a wider world.

"Ma'am Stover has sent for ye to come over; she wants to say good-by to ye!" cried the grandfather, leaning on his two canes at the end of the barn. "Come, step lively, an' remember you ain't got none too much time, and the boat ain't goin' to wait a minute for nobody."

"Ma'am Stover?" repeated the boy, with a frown. He and his sister knew only too well the pasture path between the two houses. Ma'am Stover was a bedridden woman, who had seen much trouble, — a town charge in her old age. Her neighbors gave to her generously out of their own slender stores. Yet with all this poverty and dependence, she held firm sway over the customs and opinions of her acquaintance, from the uneasy bed where she lay year in and year out, watching the far sea line beyond a pasture slope.

The young people walked fast, sometimes running a little way, light-footed, the boy going ahead, and burst into their neighbor's room out of breath.

She was calm and critical, and their excitement had a sudden chill.

"So the great day 's come at last, 'Lisha?" she asked; at which Elisha was conscious of unnecessary aggravation.

"I don't know 's it 's much of a day — to anybody but me," he added, discovering a twinkle in her black eyes that was more sympathetic than usual. "I expected to stop an' see you last night; but I had to go round and see all our folks, and when I got back 't was late and the tide was down, an' I knew

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that grandsir could n't git the boat up all alone to our lower landin'."

"Well, I did n't forgit you, but I thought p'r'aps you might forgit me, an' I 'm goin' to give ye somethin'. 'T is for your folks' sake; I want ye to tell 'em so. I don't want ye never to part with it, even if it fails in time and you git proud an' want a new one. It 's been a sight o' company to me." She reached up, with a flush on her wrinkled cheeks and tears in her eyes, and took a worn old silver watch from its nail, and handed it, with a last look at its white face and large gold hands, to the startled boy.

"Oh, I can't take it from ye, Ma'am Stover. I 'm just as much obliged to you," he faltered.

"There, go now, dear, go right along," said the old woman, turning quickly away. "Be a good boy for your folks' sake. If so be that I 'm here when you come home, you can let me see how well you 've kep' it."

The boy and girl went softly out, leaving the door wide open, as Ma'am Stover liked to have it in summer weather, her windows being small and few. There were neighbors near enough to come and shut it if a heavy shower blew up. Sometimes the song sparrows and whippoorwills came hopping in about the little bare room.

"I felt kind of 'shamed to carry off her watch," protested Elisha, with a radiant face that belied his honest words.

"Put it on," said proud little Lydia, trotting alongside; and he hooked the bright steel chain into his buttonhole, and looked down to see how it shone across his waistcoat. None of his friends had so fine a watch; even his grandfather's was so poor a timekeeper that it was rarely worn except as a decoration on Sundays or at a funeral. They hurried home. Ma'am Stover, lying in her bed, could see the two slight figures nearly all the way on the pasture path, flitting along in their joyful haste.

It was disappointing that the mother and grandfather had so little to say about the watch. In fact, Elisha's grandfather only said "Pore creatur'" once or twice, and turned away, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand. If Ma'am Stover had chosen to give so rich a gift, to know the joy of such generosity, nobody had a right to protest. Yet nobody knew how much the poor wakeful soul would miss the only one of her meagre possessions that seemed alive and companionable in lonely hours. Somebody had said once that there were chairs that went about on wheels, made on purpose for crippled persons like Ma'am Stover; and Elisha's heart was instantly filled with delight at this remembrance. Perhaps before long, if he could save some money and get ahead, he would buy one of those chairs and send it down from Boston; and a new sense of power filled his honest heart. He had dreamed a great many dreams already of what he meant to do with all his money, when he came home rich and a person of consequence, in summer vacations.

The large leather valise was soon packed, and its owner carried it out to the roadside, and put his last winter's overcoat and a great new umbrella beside it, so as to be ready when John Sykes came with the wagon. He was more and more anxious to be gone, and felt no sense of his old identification with the home interests. His mother said sadly that he would be gone full soon enough, when he joined his grandfather in accusing Mr. Sykes of keeping them waiting forever and making him miss the boat. There were three rough roundabout miles to be traveled to the steamer landing, and the Sykes horses were known to be slow. But at last the team came nodding in sight over a steep hill in the road.

Then the moment of parting had come,

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the moment toward which all the long late winter and early summer had looked. The boy was leaving his plain little home for the great adventure of his life's fortunes. Until now he had been the charge and anxiety of his elders, and under their rule and advice. Now he was free to choose; his was the power of direction, his the responsibility; for in the world one must be ranked by his own character and ability, and doomed by his own failures. The boy lifted his burden lightly, and turned with an eager smile to say farewell. But the old people and little Lydia were speechless with grief; they could not bear to part with the pride and hope and boyish strength that were all their slender joy. The worn-out old man, the anxious woman who had been beaten and buffeted by the waves of poverty and sorrow, the little sister with her dreaming heart, stood at the bars and hungrily watched him go away. They feared success for him almost as much as failure. The world was before him now, with its treasures and pleasures, but with those inevitable disappointments and losses which old people know and fear, those sorrows of incapacity and lack of judgment which young hearts go out to meet without foreboding. It was a world of love and favor to which little Lydia's brother had gone; but who would know her fairy prince, in that disguise of a country boy's bashfulness and humble raiment from the cheap counter of a country store? The household stood rapt and silent until the farm wagon had made its last rise on the hilly road and disappeared.

"Well, he 's left us now," said the sorrowful, hopeful old grandfather. "I expect I 've got to turn to an' be a boy again myself. I feel to hope 'Lisha 'll do as well as we covet for him. I seem to take it in, all my father felt when he let me go off to sea. He stood where I 'm standin' now, an' I was just as triflin' as pore 'Lisha, and felt full as big as a man. But Lord! how I give up when it come night, an' I took it in I was gone from home!"

"There, don't ye, father," said the pale mother gently. She was, after all, the stronger of the two. "'Lisha 's good an' honest-hearted. You 'll feel real proud a year from now, when he gits back. I 'm so glad he 's got his watch to carry, — he did feel so grand. I expect them poor hens is sufferin'; nobody 's thought on 'em this livin' mornin'. You 'd better step an' feed 'em right away, sir." She could hardly speak for sorrow and excitement, but the old man was diverted at once, and hobbled away with cheerful importance on his two canes. Then she looked round at the poor, stony little farm almost angrily. "He 'd no natural turn for the sea, 'Lisha had n't; but I might have kept him with me if the land was good for anything."

Elisha felt as if he were in a dream, now that his great adventure was begun. He answered John Sykes's questions mechanically, and his head was a little dull and dazed. Then he began to fear that the slow plodding of the farm horses would make him too late for the steamboat, and with sudden satisfaction pulled out the great watch to see if there were still time enough to get to the landing. He was filled with remorse because it was impossible to remember whether he had thanked Ma'am Stover for it. It seemed like a thing of life and consciousness as he pushed it back into his tight pocket. John Sykes looked at it curiously. "Why, that 's old Ma'am Stover's timepiece, ain't it? Lend it to ye, did she?"

"Gave it to me," answered Elisha proudly.

"You be careful of it," said the driver; and Elisha nodded soberly.

"Well, good-day; be a stiddy lad," advised John Sykes, a few minutes afterward. "Don't start in too smart an' scare 'em up to Boston. Pride an' am-

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bition was the downfall o' old Cole's dog. There, sonny, the bo't ain't nowheres in sight, for all your fidgetin'!"

They both smiled broadly at the humorous warning, and as the old wagon rattled away Elisha stood a moment looking after it; then he went down to the wharf by winding ways among piles of decayed timber and disused lobster-pots. A small group of travelers and spectators had already assembled, and they stared at him in a way that made him feel separated from his kind, though some of them had come to see him off. One unenlightened acquaintance inquired if Elisha were expecting friends by that morning's boat; and when he explained that he was going away himself, asked kindly whether it was to be as far as Bath. Elisha mentioned the word "Boston" with scorn and compassion, but he did not feel like discussing his brilliant prospects now, as he had been more than ready to do the week before. Just then a deaf old woman asked for the time of day. She sat next him on the battered bench.

"Be you going up to Bath, dear?" she demanded suddenly; and he said yes. "Guess I'll stick to you, then, fur 's you go; 't is kind o' blind in them big places." And Elisha faintly nodded a meek but grudging assent; then, after a few moments, he boldly rose, tall umbrella in hand, and joined the talkative company of young and old men at the other side of the wharf. They proceeded to make very light of a person's going to Boston to enter upon his business career; but, after all, their thoughts were those of mingled respect and envy. Most of them had seen Boston, but no one save Elisha was going there that day to stay for a whole year. It made him feel like a city man.

The steamer whistled loud and hoarse before she came in sight, but presently the gay flags showed close by above the pointed spruces. Then she came jarring against the wharf, and the instant bustle and hurry, the strange faces of the passengers, and the loud rattle of freight going on board were as confusing and exciting as if a small piece of Boston itself had been dropped into that quiet cove.

The people on the wharf shouted cheerful good-bys, to which the young traveler responded; then he seated himself well astern to enjoy the views, and felt as if he had made a thousand journeys. He bought a newspaper, and began to read it with much pride and a beating heart. The little old woman came and sat next him, and talked straight on whether he listened or not, until he was afraid of what the other passengers might think; but nobody looked that way, and he could not find anything in the paper that he cared to read. Alone, but unfettered and aflame with courage; to himself he was not the boy who went away, but the proud man who one day would be coming home.

"Goin' to Boston, be ye?" asked the old lady for the third time; and it was still a pleasure to say yes, when the boat swung round, and there, far away on its gray and green pasture slope, with the dark evergreens standing back, were the low gray house, the little square barn, and the lines of fence that shut in his home. He strained his eyes to see if any one were watching from the door. He had almost forgotten that they could see him still. He sprang to the boat's side: yes, his mother remembered; there was something white waving from the doorway. The whole landscape faded from his eyes except that far-away gray house; his heart leaped back with love and longing; he gazed and gazed, until a height of green forest came between and shut the picture out. Then the country boy went on alone to make his way in the wide world.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

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HEXAMETERS AND RHYTHMIC PROSE.

In the July number of this magazine Mr. Lawton published a paper on Nausicaa, which contained some brilliant examples of the ease and power with which hexameters may be employed for the interpretation of Homer. Tennyson, Arnold, Dr. Hawtrey, have given us brief hexameter passages of superior subtlety; but it is doubtful if we have seen an employment of this antique metre which exhibits more completely, on any large scale, its average efficiency in doing the hard work of Homer. From the very fact, however, that Mr. Lawton has so well shown the capacities of the hexameter, its incapacities for the translation of Homer become newly apparent. Fine a scholar of both Greek and English as Mr. Lawton is, he has not been able to relieve his renderings of an air of management and ingenuity more suggestive of the literary monument than of the actual occurrence. His lines do not read themselves. The reader, who should be thinking of Nausicaa and the ball dance, must engineer the metre, and give at least half his attention to placing his stresses correctly. Reality, compulsion of belief, absence of literary tang, adaptation to the general man, removal of attention from the medium employed, enchainment to the scene, that union of vividness with simplicity which stamps the pleasures of the years preceding rather than following our early teens, — these are qualities fundamental in Homer. They have not yet appeared in English hexameter translation. Mr. Lawton's experiment increases our doubt whether they ever will. A great poet, like Arthur Clough, can do much in this direction; yet Clough used his strange verse for a serio-comic purpose, and then did not succeed in getting himself widely read. In the hands of a less virile workman, like Longfellow, the metre becomes too slipshod for permanent charm. The cause of these hexametrical difficulties a single sentence can state. The prevalent movement of English speech is iambic, — that is, a stress is thrown on nearly every second syllable; the movement of the hexameter is largely dactylic, — that is, the stress falls on nearly every third. It may be true that in the ancient hexameter nothing like this English stress occurred, and it certainly is true that by devices both of the tendencies here mentioned are frequently headed off. But the fact remains that the hexameter as we must write it to-day is ill suited to Homer, not merely because it is an unusual metre, but because it calls for that which the English language — at least the Saxon half of it — does not most naturally supply, an abundance of dactylic words. Our native words, even when they have as many as three syllables, tend to accent the alternate ones. A tendency to alternate accent is deep in the temper of the language; so deep that to thwart it in any long-continued way is to work at half power, and to omit those elements of our tongue which are most important for the purpose in hand. For it happens that it is precisely Saxon English, with its dominant iambic beat, which we must chiefly draw upon to equip an English Homer. His sharp-edged pictures, those utterances of his in which sight rather than thinking dictates the expression, will not come out in Latin diction. Whenever we English speakers say anything we really believe, we instinctively drop into Saxon; and Homer we always believe. He is a truth-teller who does not hunt for modes of speech, as Latinizers do. He is a thing-poet, not a word-poet, a master of *incuriosa felicitas;* and any measure which sets us far to seek in finding him appropriate

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words will distort him more than it will represent.

In one respect, however, I believe the hexametricians are on the right track. They seem to me to be feeling after a rhythmic effect which shall as little as possible be cut up into recognizable verse lengths. They want the allurement of poetry, but they want also the breadth and expansion which only prose can give. In the hexameter something of this compound power is suggested. In three respects its structure approaches prose. As blank or unrhymed verse, each line has no predetermined place in a stanza scheme; instead, and as in prose, one line may be written or a thousand, nothing but the matter to be expressed fixing the number. Then the hexameter has an exceptionally long flight, half as long again as its nearest of kin the English ten-syllabled heroic. The choppy effect of verse is thus lessened. Strength is imparted by elongating in the direction of prose. Lastly, the variations permissible in the dominant foot and in the pauses are larger than in any of the more familiar English measures. These permissible variations are, however, treacherous. If we stick to dactyls, we produce a kind of feeble canter; if we diversify much with spondees, — feet of two weighty syllables instead of three tripping ones, — we are in danger of puzzling our reader and rendering our verses hard to scan. But many as are the structural pitfalls which the hexameter contains for the writer, to the reader there is usually an appearance of arger license than ordinary poetry conveys. The sensuous effect, with all its palpitating rhythm, seems less rigidly metrical than the measures to which the ear is commonly tuned. To whatever the effect may be due, whether to the three considerations just pointed out or to others more elusive still, I cannot think there is a question that the hexameter strikes us all as a species of prose which has advanced a good way into the country of verse, or as verse temporarily sojourning in the regions of prose.

Perhaps it is partly this fact, that the English hexameter is a kind of *tertium quid* between verse and prose, which has so often enticed translators to try its difficult measure in the rendering of Homer. Squeezed into ordinary verse, a large part of Homer vanishes; for his so-called poems are straightforward narratives, broad and wide, with nothing lyrical about them. Alternations, antitheses, climaxes of feeling, rarely occur. The current runs even, calm, and clear. As the subject discussed is facts and events, not feelings, considerable space is usually needed for a single effect. This continuity, this actuality, this concernment with the men and things of every day, this emphasis of observation and of intellectual rather than emotional matters, leans toward prose. Verse establishes relations which are not wanted. It disjoints. It calls attention to portions of the poem too minute. Worst of all, it transports us from a real world into one of art and caprice. All this is hopelessly at issue with the large objective veracity of Homer. On the other hand, there is in Homer's work a diffused and ever-present joy which does not belong to prose. He does not write as a chronicler or man of business, but as a taster of beauty, a man of pleasure. His repetitions, — rhymes, as one may say, in the thought, — the coherence and steady elevation of his feeling, his plastic power and his delight in exercising it, all belong to verse. For rendering him fitly a medium is needed possessing the resources of both verse and prose.

Now, as has been said, the hexameter promises something of dual character. But it keeps its promise poorly. The difficulty just pointed out, of fitting our native Saxon iambics to its dactylic rhythm, narrows the means at the command of the translator, and is apt to render him artificial. But there are

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precious hints in the hexameter which have been insufficiently heeded. Though hampered by its foreign foot, it strongly suggests the gain that might come by compromise, the fresh power that might be obtained by lightly crossing the bounds which ordinarily separate verse from prose. For the question at once arises if we need restrict ourselves to crossing the bounds in this particular fashion. Dactylic rhythms are not obligatory. Why not employ iambic? May we not abandon rhyme and stanza, just as the hexameter abandons them; with it employ a structure capable of the longest or the shortest flights; then, in order to cast our phrases solid, make use of its large flexibility in pauses and even in the prevalent foot; and still retain the rhythmic beat, — a beat different, however, from that of the hexameter in being akin instead of alien to the genius of our language? When we have done all this, we arrive at an iambic *recitative*, or free unmetred rhythm, whose cadences wait upon the pauses of the thought rather than upon those of any prearranged system.

Half a dozen years ago I published the first twelve books of the Odyssey, rendered in a rhythmic prose of this sort. Undertaking a novel thing, my work showed, I believe, a good many marks of the 'prentice hand. There were hitches as one read. One could not altogether withdraw attention from the method and be carried forward by the matter. In a line of verse, when a group of monosyllables falls together, the eye guides the ear to the intended rhythmic effect. In Tennyson's lines,

"Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere,"

every reader rightly accents "had," and leaves "not" alone. When the semblance of a line is removed, the demand becomes more rigid and more difficult to fulfill, that the rhythmic accent and the thought accent shall instinctively coincide. With all the diversities which thought assumes in different minds, this coincidence is hard to insure. If by any oversight the reader has not been shut up to a single mode of approach, rhythmic roughnesses arise. Whether this difficulty can be altogether avoided in a predominantly Saxon diction, I am not clear. The aim, at any rate, should be to make the factor of rhythm entirely forgotten by the reader; but through its overlooked influence to lend magic to the simple thought, to knit its structure, to justify its poetic peculiarities to the feeling, and so to explain why for twenty-five hundred years Homer has been a passion and an ennoblement among men of every station.

A specimen of a recent experiment of mine in rhythmic prose I here subjoin. It is the twenty-third book of the Odyssey, the one entitled The Recognition of Odysseus by Penelope. After a twenty years' absence Odysseus has returned from the war, and finds at his palace more than a hundred young nobles from Ithaca and the neighboring islands, who, under pretense of wooing the widowed queen, are living at free quarters there; devouring the wine and cattle of Odysseus, corrupting his serving-women, and disregarding the rights of Penelope and the young Telemachus. In the disguise of a beggar, Odysseus carefully acquaints himself with the situation at the palace before making himself known. To Telemachus first, and subsequently to his faithful swineherd Eumæus and the neatherd Philœtius, he discloses himself, and receives from them promises of secrecy and of aid. His old nurse Eurycleia has discovered him by means of a hunting-scar. Aware how impossible it would be for Penelope to know him and to hide the glad knowledge, Athene has kept her from the discovery, but has prompted her to bring her weary years of waiting to an end. To stop the waste of her son's goods, she has offered to give herself to him among the suitors who can bend Odysseus' bow and send

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an arrow through a line of axeheads set up in the great hall, or living-room. The trial has taken place this very morning, a festal day of Apollo. The bow proves too strong for everybody in the hall until the supposed beggar, standing on the threshold — the only exit — between Telemachus and the two herdsmen, gets it into his hands, shoots first an arrow through all the twelve openings of the axes, and then shoots one into the throat of Eurymachus, the leader of the suitors. Recognized now by all the riotous troop, but aided by Athene and his three human supporters, Odysseus slaughters every man in the hall except the bard Phemius and the page Medon. During the conflict Penelope has lain asleep in her chamber, and the women-servants have been locked into their own apartment by the old nurse Eurycleia. To Eurycleia Odysseus now gives orders to awaken Penelope.

So the old woman, full of glee, went to the upper chamber to tell her mistress her dear lord was in the house. Her knees grew strong; her feet outran themselves. By Penelope's head she paused, and thus she spoke: —

"Awake, Penelope, dear child, to see with your own eyes what you have hoped to see this many a day. Odysseus is here; he has come home at last, and slain the haughty suitors, — the men who vexed his house, devoured his substance, and oppressed his son."

Then heedful Penelope said to her: "Dear nurse, the gods have crazed you. They can befool one who is very wise, or set the simple in the paths of prudence. They have confused you; you were sober-minded heretofore. Why mock me when my heart is full of sorrow, telling wild tales like these? And why arouse me from the sleep that sweetly bound me and kept my eyelids closed? I have not slept so soundly since Odysseus went away to see accursèd Ilios, — name never to be named. Nay, then, go down, back to the hall. If any other of my maids had come and told me this and waked me out of sleep, I would soon have sent her off in sorry wise into the hall once more. This time age serves you well."

Then said to her the good nurse Eurycleia: "Dear child, I do not mock you. In very truth it is Odysseus; he is come, as I have said. He is the stranger whom everybody in the hall has set at naught. Telemachus knew long ago that he was here, but out of prudence hid his knowledge of his father till he should have revenge from these bold men for wicked deeds."

So spoke she; and Penelope was glad, and, springing from her bed, fell on the woman's neck, and let the tears burst from her eyes; and, speaking in wingèd words, she said: "Nay, tell me, then, dear nurse, and tell me truly, if he is really come as you declare, how was it he laid hands upon the shameless suitors, being alone, while they were always here together?"

Then answered her the good nurse Eurycleia: "I did not see; I did not ask; I only heard the groans of dying men. In a corner of our protected chamber we sat and trembled, — the doors were tightly closed, — until your son Telemachus called to me from the hall; for his father bade him call. And there among the bodies of the slain I found Odysseus standing. All around, covering the trodden floor, they lay, one on another. It would have warmed your heart to see him, like a lion, dabbled with blood and gore. Now all the bodies are collected at the courtyard gate, while he is fumigating the fair house by lighting a great fire. He sent me here to call you. Follow me, then, that you may come to gladness in your true hearts together, for sorely have you suffered. Now the long hope has been at last fulfilled. He has come back alive to his own hearth, and found you still,

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you and his son, within his hall; and upon those who did him wrong, the suitors, on all of them here in his home, he has obtained revenge."

Then heedful Penelope said to her: "Dear nurse, be not too boastful yet, nor filled with glee. You know how welcome here the sight of him would be to all, and most to me and to the son we had. But this is no true tale you tell. Nay, rather some immortal slew the lordly suitors, in anger at their galling insolence and wicked deeds; for they respected nobody on earth, bad man or good, who came among them. So for their sins they suffered. But Odysseus, far from Achaia, lost the hope of coming home; nay, he was lost himself."

Then answered her the good nurse Eurycleia: "My child, what word has passed the barrier of your teeth, to say your husband, who is now beside your hearth, will never come! Your heart is always doubting. Come, then, and let me name another sign most sure, — the scar the boar dealt long ago with his white tusk. I found it as I washed him, and I would have told you then; but he laid his hand upon my mouth, and in his watchful wisdom would not let me speak. But follow me. I stake my very life; if I deceive you, slay me by the vilest death."

Then heedful Penelope answered her: "Dear nurse, 't is hard for you to trace the counsels of the everlasting gods, however wise you are. Nevertheless, let us go down to meet my son, and see the suitors who are dead, and him who slew them."

So saying, she went from her chamber to the hall, and much her heart debated whether aloof to question her dear husband, or to draw near and kiss his face and take his hand. But when she entered, crossing the stone threshold, she sat down opposite Odysseus, in the firelight, beside the farther wall. He sat by a tall pillar, looking down, waiting to hear if his stately wife would speak when she should look his way. But she sat silent long; amazement filled her heart. Now she would gaze with a long look upon his face, and now she would not know him for the mean clothes that he wore. But Telemachus rebuked her, and spoke to her and said: —

"Mother, hard mother, of ungentle heart, why do you hold aloof so from my father, and do not sit beside him, plying him with words and questions? There is no other woman of such stubborn spirit to stand off from her husband, who, after many grievous toils, comes, in the twentieth year, home to his native land. Your heart is always harder than a stone."

Then said to him heedful Penelope: "My child, my soul within is dazed with wonder. I cannot speak to him, nor ask a question, nor look him in the face. But if indeed this be Odysseus come at last, we certainly shall know each other better than others know; for we have signs which we two understand, — signs hidden from the rest."

As she, long tried, thus spoke, royal Odysseus smiled, and said to Telemachus forthwith in winged words: "Telemachus, leave your mother in the hall to try my truth. She soon will know me better. Now, because I am foul and dressed in sorry clothes, she holds me in dishonor, and says I am not he. But you and I have yet to plan how all may turn out well. For whoso kills one man among a tribe, though the man leaves few champions behind, becomes an exile, quitting kin and country. We have destroyed the pillars of the state, the very noblest youths of Ithaca. Form, then, a plan, I pray."

Then answered him discreet Telemachus: "Look you to that, dear father. Your wisdom is, they say, the best among mankind. No mortal man can rival you. Zealously will we follow, and not fail, I think, in daring, so far as power is ours."

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Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Then I will tell you what seems best to me. First wash and put on tunics, and bid the maids about the house array themselves. Then let the sacred bard with tuneful lyre lead us in sportive dancing, that men may say, hearing us from without, 'It is a wedding,' whether such men be passers-by or neighboring folk; and so broad rumor may not reach the town about the suitors' murder till we be gone to our well-wooded farm. There will we plan as the Olympian shall grant us wisdom."

So he spoke, and willingly they heeded and obeyed. First, then, they washed themselves and put on tunics, and the women also put on their attire. And then the noble bard took up his hollow lyre, and in them stirred desire for merry music and the gallant dance; and the great house resounded to the tread of lusty men and gay-girt women. And one who heard the dancing from without would say, "Well, well! some man has married the long-courted queen. Hard-hearted! For the husband of her youth she would not guard her great house to the end, till he should come." So they would say, but knew not how things were.

Meanwhile, within the house, Eurynome the housekeeper bathed resolute Odysseus, and anointed him with oil, and on him put a goodly robe and tunic. Upon his face Athene cast great beauty, and made him taller than before, and stouter to behold; and she made the curling locks to fall around his head as on the hyacinth flower. As when a man lays gold on silver, some skillful man whom Hephæstus and Pallas Athene have trained in every art, and he fashions graceful work, so did she lay a grace upon his head and shoulders. Forth from the bath he came, in bearing like the immortals, and once more took the seat from which he first arose, facing his wife, and spoke to her these words: —

"Lady, a heart impenetrable beyond the sex of women the dwellers on Olympus gave to you. There is no other woman of such stubborn spirit to stand off from her husband when, after many grievous toils, he comes, in the twentieth year, home to his native land. Come, then, good nurse, and make my bed that I may lie alone. For certainly of iron is the heart within her breast."

Then said to him heedful Penelope: "Nay, sir, I am not proud, nor contemptuous of you, nor too much dazed with wonder. I very well remember what you were when you went upon your long-oared ship away from Ithaca. However, Eurycleia, make up his massive bed outside that stately chamber which he himself once built. Move the massive frame out there, and throw the bedding on, — the fleeces, robes, and bright-hued rugs."

She said this in the hope to prove her husband; but Odysseus spoke in anger to his faithful wife: "Woman, these are bitter words which you have said. Who set my bed elsewhere? A hard task that would be for one, however skilled, unless a god should come and by his will set it with ease upon some other spot; but among men no living being, even in his prime, could lightly shift it; for a great token is inwrought into its curious frame. I built it; no one else. There grew a thick-leaved olive shrub inside the yard, full grown and vigorous, in girth much like a pillar. Round this I formed my chamber, and I worked till it was done, building it out of close-set stones, and roofing it over well. Framed and tight-fitting doors I added to it. Then I lopped the thick-leaved olive's crest, cutting the stem high up above the roots, neatly and skillfully smoothed with my axe the sides, and to the line I kept all true to shape my post, and with an auger I bored it all along. Starting with this, I fashioned me the bed till it was finished, and I inlaid it well with gold, with silver, and

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with ivory. On it I stretched a thong of ox-hide, gay with purple. This is the token I now tell. I do not know whether the bed still stands there, wife, or whether somebody has set it elsewhere, cutting the olive trunk."

As thus he spoke, her knees grew feeble, and her very soul, when she recognized the tokens which Odysseus truly told. Then, bursting into tears, she ran straight toward him, threw her arms round Odysseus' neck and kissed his face, and said: —

"Odysseus, do not scorn me. Ever before you were the wisest of mankind. The gods have sent us sorrow, and grudged our staying side by side to share the joys of youth and reach the threshold of old age. But do not be angry with me now, nor take it ill that then when I first saw you I did not greet you thus; for the heart within my breast was always trembling. I feared some man might come and cheat me with his tale. Many a man makes wicked schemes for gain. Nay, Argive Helen, the daughter of Zeus, would not have given herself to love a stranger if she had known how warrior sons of the Achæans would bring her home again, back to her native land. And yet it was a god prompted her deed of shame. Before she did not cherish in her heart such sin, such grievous sin, from which began the woe which stretched to us. But now, when you have clearly told the tokens of our bed, which no one else has seen but only you and I and the single servant, Actoris, whom my father gave me on my coming here to keep the door of our closed chamber, you make even my ungentle heart believe."

So she spoke, and stirred still more his yearning after tears; and he began to weep, holding his loved and faithful wife. As when the welcome land appears to swimmers, whose sturdy ship Poseidon wrecked at sea, confounded by the winds and solid waters; a few escape the foaming sea and swim ashore; thick salt-foam crusts their flesh; they climb the welcome land, and are escaped from danger: so welcome to her gazing eyes appeared her husband. From round his neck she never let her white arms go. And rosy-fingered dawn had found them weeping, but a different plan the goddess formed, clear-eyed Athene. She checked the long night in its passage, and at the Ocean stream she stayed the gold-throned dawn, and did not suffer it to yoke the swift-paced horses which carry light to men, Lampus and Phaeton which bear the dawn. And now to his wife said wise Odysseus: —

"O wife, we have not reached the end of all our trials yet. Hereafter comes a task immeasurable, long and severe, which I must needs fulfill; for so the spirit of Teiresias told me, that day when I descended to the house of Hades to learn about the journey of my comrades and myself. But come, my wife, let us to bed, that there at last we may refresh ourselves with pleasant sleep."

Then said to him heedful Penelope: "The bed shall be prepared whenever your heart wills, now that the gods have let you reach your stately house and native land. But since you speak of this and God inspires your heart, come tell that trial. In time to come I know I shall experience it. To learn about it now makes it no worse."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Lady, why urge me so insistently to tell? Well, I will speak it out; I will not hide. Yet your heart will feel no joy; I have no joy myself; for Teiresias bade me go to many a peopled town, bearing in hand a shapely oar, till I should reach the men that know no sea and do not eat food mixed with salt. These, therefore, have no knowledge of the red-cheeked ships, nor of the shapely oars which are the wings of ships. And this was the sign, he said, easy to be observed. I will not

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hide it from you. When another traveler, meeting me, should say I had a winnowing-fan on my white shoulder, there in the ground he bade me fix my oar and make fit offerings to lord Poseidon, — a ram, a bull, and the sow's mate, a boar, — and, turning homeward, to offer sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods who hold the open sky, all in the order due. And on myself death from the sea shall very gently come and cut me off, bowed down with hale old age. Round me shall be a prosperous people. All this, he said, should be fulfilled."

Then said to him heedful Penelope: "If gods can make old age the better time, then there is hope there will be rest from trouble."

So they conversed together. Meanwhile, Eurynome and the nurse prepared their bed with clothing soft, under the light of blazing torches. And after they had spread the comfortable bed, with busy speed, the old woman departed to her room to rest; while Eurynome the chambermaid, with torch in hand, walked on before, as they two came to bed. She brought them to their chamber, and then she went her way. So they came gladly to their old bed's rites. And now Telemachus, the neatherd, and the swineherd stayed their feet from dancing, and bade the women stay, and all betook themselves to rest throughout the dusky halls.

So when the pair had joyed in happy love, they joyed in talking too, each one relating: she, the royal lady, what she endured at home, watching the wasteful throng of suitors, who, making excuse of her, slew many cattle, beeves and sturdy sheep, and stores of wine were drained from out the casks; he, high-born Odysseus, what miseries he brought on other men and what he bore himself in anguish, — all he told, and she was glad to listen. No sleep fell on her eyelids till he had told her all.

He began with how at first he conquered the Ciconians, and came thereafter to the fruitful land of Lotus-eaters; then what the Cyclops did, and how he took revenge for the brave comrades whom the Cyclops ate and never pitied; then how he came to Æolus, who gave him hearty welcome and sent him on his way; but it was fated that he should not reach his dear land yet, for a sweeping storm bore him once more along the swarming sea, loudly lamenting; how he came to Telepylus in Læstrygonia, where the men destroyed his ships and his mailed comrades, all of them; Odysseus fled in his black ship alone. He told of Circe, too, and all her crafty guile; and how on a ship of many oars he came to the mouldering house of Hades, there to consult the spirit of Teiresias of Thebes, and looked on all his comrades, and on the mother who had borne him and cared for him when little; how he had heard the full-voiced Sirens' song; how he came to the Wandering Rocks, to dire Charybdis and to Scylla, past whom none goes unharmed; how then his crew slew the Sun's kine; how Zeus with a blazing bolt smote his swift ship, — Zeus, thundering from on high, — and his good comrades perished utterly, all, while he escaped their evil doom; how he came to the island of Ogygia and to the nymph Calypso, who held him in her hollow grotto, wishing him to be her husband, cherishing him, and saying she would make him an immortal, young forever, but she never beguiled the heart within his breast; then how he came through many toils to the Phæacians, who honored him exceedingly, as if he were a god, and brought him on his way to his own native land, giving him stores of bronze and gold and clothing. This was the latest tale he told, when pleasant sleep fell on him, easing his limbs and from his heart removing care.

Now a new plan the goddess formed, clear-eyed Athene, when in her mind she judged Odysseus had enough of love and sleep. Straightway from out the Ocean stream she roused the gold-throned

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dawn, to bring the light to men. Odysseus was aroused from his soft bed, and gave his wife this charge: —

"Wife, we have had in days gone by our fill of trials: you mourning here my grievous journey home; me, Zeus and the other gods bound fast in sorrow, all eager as I was, far from my native land. But since we now have reached the rest we long desired together, do you protect whatever wealth is still within my halls. As for the flocks which the audacious suitors wasted, I shall myself seize many, and the Achæans shall give me more besides, until they fill my folds. But now I go to the well-wooded farm to visit my good father, who for my sake has been in constant grief. On you, my wife, wise as you are, I lay this charge. Straight with the sunrise a report will go abroad about the suitors whom I slew here in the hall. Then go to the upper chamber with your waiting-women, and there abide. Give not a look to any one, nor ask a question."

He spoke, and girt his beautiful arms about his shoulders; and he awoke Telemachus, the neatherd, and the swineherd, and bade them all take weapons in their hands for fighting. They did not disobey, but took their brazen harness. They opened the doors; they sallied forth; Odysseus led the way. Over the land it was already light, but Athene, hiding them in darkness, led them swiftly from the town.

George Herbert Palmer.

MEMORIA.

If only in my dreams I may behold thee,
Still hath the day a goal;
If only in my dreams I may enfold thee,
Still hath the night a soul.
Leaden the hours may press upon my spirit,
Nor one dear pledge redeem, —
I will not chide, so they at last inherit
And crown me with the rapture of that dream.

Ten thousand blossoms earth's gay gardens cherish;
One pale, pale rose is mine.
Of frost or blight the rest may quickly perish, —
Not so that rose divine.
Deathless it blooms in quiet realms Elysian;
And when toil wins me rest,
Forgetful of all else, in blissful vision
I breathe my rose, and clasp it to my breast!

Florence Earle Coates.

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OVER THE TEACUPS.

XI.

The tea is sweetened.

We have been going on very pleasantly of late, each of us pretty well occupied with his or her special business. The Counsellor has been pleading in a great case, and several of The Teacups were in the court-room. I thought, but I will not be certain, that some of his arguments were addressed to Number Five rather than to the jury, — the more eloquent passages especially.

Our young Doctor seems to me to be gradually getting known in the neighborhood and beyond it. A member of one of the more influential families, whose regular physician has gone to Europe, has sent for him to come and see her, and as the patient is a nervous lady, who has nothing in particular the matter with her, he is probably in for a good many visits and a long bill by and by. He has even had a call at a distance of some miles from home, — at least he has had to hire a conveyance frequently of late, for he has not yet set up his own horse and chaise. We do not like to ask him about who his patient may be, but he or she is probably a person of some consequence, as he is absent several hours on these out-of-town visits. He may get a good practice before his bald spot makes its appearance, for I have looked for it many times without as yet seeing a sign of it. I am sure he must feel encouraged, for he has been very bright and cheerful of late; and if he sometimes looks at our new handmaid as if he wished she were Delilah, I do not think he is breaking his heart about her absence. Perhaps he finds consolation in the company of the two Annexes, or one of them, — but which, I cannot make out. He is in consultation occasionally with Number Five, too, but whether professionally or not I have no means of knowing. I cannot for the life of me see what Number Five wants of a doctor for herself, so perhaps it is another difficult case in which her womanly sagacity is called upon to help him.

In the mean time she and the Tutor continue their readings. In fact, it seems as if these readings were growing more frequent, and lasted longer than they did at first. There is a little arbor in the grounds connected with our place of meeting, and sometimes they have gone there for their readings. Some of The Teacups have listened outside once in a while, for the Tutor reads well, and his clear voice must be heard in the more emphatic passages, whether one is expressly listening or not. But besides the reading there is now and then some talking, and persons talking in an arbor do not always remember that lattice-work, no matter how closely the vines cover it, is not impenetrable to the sound of the human voice. There was a listener one day, — it was not one of The Teacups, I am happy to say, — who heard and reported some fragments of a conversation which reached his ear. Nothing but the profound intimacy which exists between myself and the individual reader whose eyes are on this page would induce me to reveal what I was told of this conversation. The first words seem to have been in reply to some question.

"Why, my dear friend, how can you think of such a thing? Do you know — I am — old enough to be your — [I think she must have been on the point of saying *mother*, but that was more than any woman could be expected to say] — old enough to be your — aunt?"

"To be sure you are," answered the Tutor, "and what of it? I have two aunts, both younger than I am. Your

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years may be more than mine, but your life is fuller of youthful vitality than mine is. I never feel so young as when I have been with you. I don't believe in settling affinities by the almanac. You know what I have told you more than once; you have n't 'bared the ice-cold dagger's edge' upon me yet; may I not cherish the" . . .

What a pity that the listener did not hear the rest of the sentence and the reply to it, if there was one! The readings went on the same as before, but I thought that Number Five was rather more silent and more pensive than she had been.

I was much pleased when the American Annex came to me one day and told me that she and the English Annex were meditating an expedition, in which they wanted the other Teacups to join. About a dozen miles from us is an educational institution of the higher grade, where a large number of young ladies are trained in literature, art, and science, very much as their brothers are trained in the colleges. Our two young ladies have already been through courses of this kind in different schools, and are now busy with those more advanced studies which are ventured upon by only a limited number of "graduates." They have heard a good deal about this institution, but have never visited it.

Every year, as the successive classes finish their course, there is a grand reunion of the former students, with an "exhibition," as it is called, in which the graduates of the year have an opportunity of showing their proficiency in the various branches taught. On that occasion prizes are awarded for excellence in different departments. It would be hard to find a more interesting ceremony. These girls, now recognized as young ladies, are going forth as missionaries of civilization among our busy people. They are many of them to be teachers, and those who have seen what opportunities they have to learn will understand their fitness for that exalted office. Many are to be the wives and mothers of the generation next coming upon the stage. Young and beautiful, — "youth is always beautiful," said old Samuel Rogers, — their countenances radiant with developed intelligence, their complexions, their figures, their movements, all showing that they have had plenty of outdoor as well as indoor exercise, and have lived well in all respects, one would like to read on the wall of the hall where they are assembled, —

Siste, viator!
Si uxorem requiris, circumspice!

This proposed expedition was a great event in our comparatively quiet circle. The Mistress, who was interested in the school, undertook to be the matron of the party. The young Doctor, who knew the roads better than any of us, was to be our pilot. He arranged it so that he should have the two Annexes under his more immediate charge. We were all on the lookout to see which of the two was to be the favored one, for it was pretty well settled among The Teacups that a wife he must have, whether the bald spot came or not; he was getting into business, and he could not achieve a complete success as a bachelor.

Number Five and the Tutor seemed to come together as a matter of course. I confess that I could not help regretting that our pretty Delilah was not to be one of the party. She always looked so young, so fresh, — she would have enjoyed the excursion so much, that if she had been still with us I would have told the Mistress that she must put on her best dress; and if she had n't one nice enough, I would give her one myself. I thought, too, that our young Doctor would have liked to have had her with us; but he appeared to be getting along very well with the Annexes, one of whom it seems likely that he will annex to himself and his fortunes, if she fancies him, which is not improbable.

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The organizing of this expedition was naturally a cause of great excitement among The Teacups. The party had to be arranged in such a way as to suit all concerned, which was a delicate matter. It was finally managed in this way: The Mistress was to go with a body-guard, consisting of myself, the Professor, and Number Seven, who was good company, with all his oddities. The young Doctor was to take the two Annexes in a wagon, and the Tutor was to drive Number Five in a good old-fashioned chaise drawn by a well-conducted family horse. As for the Musician, he had gone over early, by special invitation, to take a part in certain musical exercises which were to have a place in the exhibition. This arrangement appeared to be in every respect satisfactory. The Doctor was in high spirits, apparently delighted, and devoting himself with great gallantry to his two fair companions. The only question which intruded itself was, whether he might not have preferred the company of one to that of two. But both looked very attractive in their best dresses: the English Annex, the rosier and heartier of the two; the American girl, more delicate in features, more mobile and excitable, but suggesting the thought that she would tire out before the other. Which of these did he most favor? It was hard to say. He seemed to look most at the English girl, and yet he talked more with the American girl. In short, he behaved particularly well, and neither of the young ladies could complain that she was not attended to. As to the Tutor and Number Five, their going together caused no special comment. Their intimacy was accepted as an established fact, and nothing but the difference in their ages prevented the conclusion that it was love, and not mere friendship, which brought them together. There was, no doubt, a strong feeling among many people that Number Five's affections were a kind of Gibraltar or Ehrenbreitstein, — say rather a high table-land in the region of perpetual, unmelting snow. It was hard for these people to believe that any man of mortal mould could find a foothold in that impregnable fortress, — could climb to that height and find the flower of love among its glaciers. The Tutor and Number Five were both quiet, thoughtful: he, evidently captivated; she, — what was the meaning of her manner to him? Say that she seemed *fond* of him, as she might be were he her nephew, — one for whom she had a special liking. If she had a warmer feeling than this, she could hardly know how to manage it; for she was so used to having love made to her without returning it that she would naturally be awkward in dealing with the new experience.

The Doctor drove a lively five-year-old horse, and took the lead. The Tutor followed with his quiet, steady-going nag; if he had driven the five-year-old, I would not have answered for the necks of the pair in the chaise, for he was too much taken up with the subject they were talking of to be very careful about his driving. The Mistress and her escort brought up the rear, — I holding the reins, the Professor at my side, and Number Seven sitting with the Mistress.

We arrived at the institution a little later than we had expected to, and the students were flocking into the hall where the Commencement exercises were to take place, and the medal-scholars were to receive the tokens of their excellence in the various departments. From our seats we could see the greater part of the assembly, — not quite all, however, of the pupils. A pleasing sight it was to look upon, this array of young ladies dressed in white, with their class badges, and with the ribbon of the shade of blue affected by the scholars of the institution. If Solomon in all his glory was not to be compared to a lily, a whole bed of lilies could not be compared to this garden-bed of youthful womanhood.

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The performances were very much the same as most of us have seen at the academies and collegiate schools. Some of the graduating class read their "compositions," one of which was a poem, — an echo of the prevailing American echoes, of course, but prettily worded and intelligently read. Then there was a song sung by a choir of the pupils, led by their instructor, who was assisted by the Musician whom we count among The Teacups. There was something in one of the voices that reminded me of one I had heard before. Where could it have been? I am sure I cannot remember. There are some good voices in our village choir, but none so pure and bird-like as this. A sudden thought came into my head, but I kept it to myself. I heard a tremulous catching of the breath, something like a sob, close by me. It was the Mistress, — she was crying. What was she crying for? It was impressive, certainly, to listen to these young voices, many of them blending for the last time, — for the scholars were soon to be scattered all over the country, and some of them beyond its boundaries, — but why the Mistress was so carried away I did not know. She must be more impressible than most of us; yet I thought Number Five also looked as if she were having a struggle with herself to keep down some rebellious signs of emotion.

The exercises went on very pleasingly until they came to the awarding of the gold medal of the year and the valedictory, which was to be delivered by the young lady to whom it was to be presented. The name was called; it was one not unfamiliar to our ears, and the bearer of it — the Delilah of our tea-table, Avis as she was known in the school and elsewhere — rose in her place and came forward, so that for the first time on that day we looked upon her. It was a sensation for The Teacups. Our modest, quiet waiting-girl was the best scholar of her year. We had talked French before her, and we learned that she was the best French scholar the teacher had ever had in the school. We had never thought of her except as a pleasing and well-trained handmaiden, and here she was an accomplished young lady.

Avis went through her part very naturally and gracefully, and when it was finished, and she stood before us with the medal glittering on her breast, we did not know whether to smile or to cry, — some of us did one, and some the other. We all had an opportunity to see her and congratulate her before we left the institution. The mystery of her six weeks' serving at our table was easily solved. She had been studying too hard and too long, and required some change of scene and occupation. She had a fancy for trying to see if she could support herself as so many young women are obliged to, and found a place with us, — the Mistress only knowing her secret.

"She is to be our young Doctor's wife!" the Mistress whispered to me, and did some more crying, — not for grief, certainly.

Whether our young Doctor's long visits to a neighboring town had anything to do with the fact that Avis was at that institution, whether she was the patient he visited or not, may be left in doubt. At all events, he had always driven off in the direction which would carry him to the place where she was at school.

I have attended a large number of celebrations, commencements, banquets, soirées, and so forth, and done my best to help on a good many of them. In fact, I have become rather too well known in connection with "occasions," and it has cost me no little trouble. I believe there is no kind of occurrence for which I have not been requested to contribute something in prose or verse. It is sometimes very hard to say no to the

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requests. If one is in the right mood when he or she writes an occasional poem, it seems as if nothing could have been easier. "Why, that piece run off jest like ile. I don't bullieve," the unlettered applicant says to himself, — "I don't bullieve it took him ten minutes to write them verses." The good people have no suspicion of how much a single line, a single expression, may cost its author. The wits used to say that Rogers — the poet once before referred to, old Samuel Rogers, author of the Pleasures of Memory and giver of famous breakfasts — was accustomed to have straw laid before the house whenever he had just given birth to a couplet. It is not quite so bad as that with most of us who are called upon to furnish a poem, a song, a hymn, an ode for some grand meeting, but it is safe to say that many a trifling performance has had more good honest work put into it than the minister's sermon of that week had cost him. If a vessel glides off the ways smoothly and easily at her launching, it does not mean that no great pains have been taken to secure the result. Because a poem is an "occasional" one, it does not follow that it has not taken as much time and skill as if it had been written without immediate, accidental, temporary motive. Pindar's great odes were occasional poems, just as much as our Commencement and Phi Beta Kappa poems are, and yet they have come down among the most precious bequests of antiquity to modern times.

The mystery of the young Doctor's long visits to the neighboring town was satisfactorily explained by what we saw and heard of his relations with our charming "Delilah," — for Delilah we could hardly help calling her. Our little handmaid, the Cinderella of the teacups, now the princess, or, what was better, the pride of the school to which she had belonged, fit for any position to which she might be called, was to be the wife of our young Doctor. It would not have been the right thing to proclaim the fact while she was a pupil, but now that she had finished her course of instruction there was no need of making a secret of the engagement.

So we have got our romance, our love-story, out of our Teacups, as I hoped and expected that we should, but not exactly in the quarter where it might have been looked for.

What did our two Annexes say to this unexpected turn of events? They were good-hearted girls as ever lived, but they were human, like the rest of us, and women, like some of the rest of us. They behaved perfectly. They congratulated the Doctor, and hoped he would bring the young lady to the tea-table where she had played her part so becomingly. It is safe to say that each of the Annexes would have liked to be asked the lover's last question by the very nice young man who had been a pleasant companion at the table and elsewhere to each of them. That same question is the highest compliment a man can pay a woman, and a woman does not mind having a dozen or more such compliments to string on the rosary of her remembrances. Whether either of them was glad, on the whole, that he had not offered himself to the other in preference to herself would be a mean, shabby question, and I think altogether too well of you who are reading this paper to suppose that you would entertain the idea of asking it.

It was a very pleasant occasion when the Doctor brought Avis over to sit with us at the table where she used to stand and wait upon us. We wondered how we could for a moment have questioned that she was one to be waited upon, and not made for the humble office which nevertheless she performed so cheerfully and so well.

Commencements and other Celebrations, American and English.

The social habits of our people have

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undergone an immense change within the past half century, largely in consequence of the vast development of the means of intercourse between different neighborhoods.

Commencements, college gatherings of all kinds, church assemblages, school anniversaries, town centennials, — all possible occasions for getting crowds together are made the most of. "'T is sixty years since," — and a good many years over, — the time to which my memory extends. The great days of the year were, Election, — General Election on Wednesday, and Artillery Election on the Monday following, at which time lilacs were in bloom and 'lection buns were in order; Fourth of July, when strawberries were just going out; and Commencement, a great day of feasting, fiddling, dancing, jollity, not to mention drunkenness and fighting, on the classic green of Cambridge. This was the time of melons and peaches. That is the way our boyhood chronicles events. It was odd that the literary festival should be turned into a Donnybrook fair, but so it was when I was a boy, and the tents and the shows and the crowds on the Common were to the promiscuous many the essential parts of the great occasion. They had been so for generations, and it was only gradually that the Cambridge Saturnalia were replaced by the decencies and solemnities of the present sober anniversary.

Nowadays our celebrations smack of the Sunday-school more than of the dancing-hall. The aroma of the punch-bowl has given way to the milder flavor of lemonade and the cooling virtues of ice-cream. A strawberry festival is about as far as the dissipation of our social gatherings ventures. There was much that was objectionable in those swearing, drinking, fighting times, but they had a certain excitement for us boys of the years when the century was in its teens, which comes back to us not without its fascinations. The days of total abstinence are a great improvement over those of unlicensed license, but there was a picturesque element about the rowdyism of our old Commencement days which had a charm for the eye of boyhood. My dear old friend, — book-friend, I mean, — whom I always called Daddy Gilpin (as I find Fitzgerald called Wordsworth Daddy Wordsworth), — my old friend Gilpin, I say, considered the donkey more picturesque in a landscape than the horse. So a village *fête* as depicted by Teniers is more picturesque than a teetotal picnic or a Sabbath-school strawberry festival. Let us be thankful that the vicious picturesque is only a remembrance, and the virtuous commonplace a reality of to-day.

What put all this into my head is something which the English Annex has been showing me. Most of my readers are somewhat acquainted with our own church and village celebrations. They know how they are organized; the women always being the chief motors, and the machinery very much the same in one case as in another. Perhaps they would like to hear how such things are managed in England; and that is just what they may learn from the pamphlet which was shown me by the English Annex, and of which I will give them a brief account.

Some of us remember the Rev. Mr. Haweis, his lectures and his violin, which interested and amused us here in Boston a few years ago. Now Mr. Haweis, assisted by his intelligent and spirited wife, has charge of the parish of St. James, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, London. On entering upon the twenty-fifth year of his incumbency in Marylebone, and the twenty-eighth of his ministry in the diocese of London, it was thought a good idea to have an "Evening Conversazione and Fête." We can imagine just how such a meeting would be organized in one of our towns. Ministers, deacons, perhaps a member of

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Congress, possibly a senator, and even, conceivably, his excellency the governor, and a long list of ladies lend their names to give lustre to the occasion. It is all very pleasant, unpretending, unceremonious, cheerful, well ordered, commendable, but not imposing.

Now look at our Marylebone parish celebration, and hold your breath while the procession of great names passes before you. You learn at the outset that it is held UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE, and read the names of two royal highnesses, one highness, a prince, and a princess. Then comes a list before which if you do not turn pale, you must certainly be in the habit of rouging: three earls, seven lords, three bishops, two generals (one of them Lord Wolseley), one admiral, four baronets, nine knights, a crowd of right honorable and honorable ladies (many of them peeresses), and a mob of other personages, among whom I find Mr. Howells, Bret Harte, and myself.

Perhaps we are disposed to smile at seeing so much made of titles; but after what we have seen of Lord Timothy Dexter and the high-sounding names appropriated by many of our own compatriots, who have no more claim to them than we plain Misters and Misseses, we may feel to them something as our late friend Mr. Appleton felt to the real green turtle soup set before him, when he said that it was almost as good as mock.

The entertainment on this occasion was of the most varied character. The programme makes the following announcement: —

Friday, 4 July, 18—.

At 8 P. M. the Doors will Open.
Mr. Haweis will receive his Friends.
The Royal Handbell Ringers will Ring.
The Fish-pond will be Fished.
The Stalls will be Visited.
The Phonograph will Utter.

Refreshments will be called for, and they will come. — Tea, Coffee, and Cooling Drinks. Spirits will not be called for, — from the Vasty Deep or anywhere else, — nor would they come if they were.

At 9.30 Mrs. Haweis will join the assembly.

I am particularly delighted with this last feature in the preliminary announcement. It is a proof of the high regard in which the estimable and gifted lady who shares her husband's labors is held by the people of their congregation, and the friends who share in their feelings. It is such a master stroke of policy, too, to keep back the principal attraction until the guests must have grown eager for her appearance. I can well imagine how great a saving it must have been to the good lady's nerves, which were probably pretty well tried as it was by the fatigues and responsibilities of the busy evening. I have a right to say this, for I myself had the honor of attending a meeting at Mr. Haweis's house, where I was a principal guest, as I suppose, from the fact of the great number of persons who were presented to me. The minister must be very popular, for the meeting was a regular jam, — not quite so tremendous as that greater one, where but for the aid of Mr. Smalley, who kept open a breathing-space round us, my companion and myself thought we should have been asphyxiated.

The company was interested, as some of my readers may be, to know what were the attractions offered to the visitors besides that of meeting the courteous entertainers and their distinguished guests. I cannot give these at length, for each part of the show is introduced in the programme with apt quotations and pleasantries, which enlivened the catalogue. There were eleven stalls, "conducted on the coöperative principle of division of profits and interest; they retain the profits, and you take a good deal of interest, we hope, in their success."

Stall No. 1. Edisoniana, or the Phonograph. Alluded to by the Roman Poet as *Vox, et præterea nihil.*

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Stall No. 2. Money-changing.
Stall No. 3. Programmes and General Enquiries.
Stall No. 4. Roses.
A rose by any other name, etc. Get one. You can't expect to smell one without buying it, but you may buy one without smelling it.
Stall No. 5. Lasenby Liberty Stall.

(I cannot explain this. Probably articles from Liberty's famous establishment.)

Stall No. 6. Historical Costumes and Ceramics.
Stall No. 7. The Fish-pond.
Stall No. 8. Varieties.
Stall No. 9. Bookstall.
(Books) "highly recommended for insomnia; friends we never speak to, and always cut if we want to know them well."
Stall No. 10. Icelandic.
"Mrs. Magnusson, who is devoted to the North Pole and all its works, will thaw your sympathies, enlighten your minds," etc., etc.
Stall No. 11. Call Office.
All you buy may be left at the stalls, ticketed. A duplicate ticket will be handed to you on leaving. Present your duplicate at the Call Office.

At 9.45, First Concert.
At 10.45, An Address of Welcome by Rev. H. R. Haweis.
At 11 P. M., Bird-warbling Interlude by Miss Mabel Stephenson, U. S. A.
At 11.20, Second Concert.

NOTICE!

Three Great Pictures.

LORD TENNYSON	*G. F. Watts, R. A.*
JOHN STUART MILL	*G. F. Watts, R. A.*
JOSEPH GARIBALDI	*Sig. Rondi.*

NOTICE!

A Famous Violin.

A world-famed Stradivarius Violin, for which Mr. Hill, of Bond Street, gave £1000, etc., etc.

REFRESHMENTS.

Tickets for Tea, Coffee, Sandwiches, Iced Drinks, or Ices, Sixpence each, etc., etc.

I hope my American reader is pleased and interested by this glimpse of the way in which they do these things in London.

There is something very pleasant about all this, but what specially strikes me is a curious flavor of city provincialism. There are little centres in the heart of great cities, just as there are small fresh-water ponds in great islands with the salt sea roaring all round them, and bays and creeks penetrating them as briny as the ocean itself. Irving has given a charming picture of such a *quasi*-provincial centre in one of his papers in the Sketch-Book, — the one with the title "Little Britain." London is a nation of itself, and contains provinces, districts, foreign communities, villages, parishes, — innumerable lesser centres, with their own distinguishing characteristics, habits, pursuits, languages, social laws, as much isolated from each other as if "mountains interposed" made the separation between them. Such a community, I should think, is that over which my friend Mr. Haweis presides as spiritual director. Chelsea has been made famous as the home of many authors and artists, — above all, as the residence of Carlyle during the greater part of his life. Its population, like that of most respectable suburbs, must belong mainly to the kind of citizens which resembles in many ways the better class — as we sometimes dare to call them — of one of our thriving New England towns. How many John Gilpins there must be among them, — citizens of "famous London town," but living with the simplicity of the inhabitants of our inland villages! In the mighty metropolis where the wealth of the world displays itself they practice their snug economies, enjoy their simple pleasures, and look upon ice-cream as a luxury, just as if they were living on the banks of the Connecticut or the Housatonic, in regions where the summer locusts of the great cities have not yet settled on the verdure of the unsophisticated inhabitants. It is delightful to realize the fact that while the West End of London is flaunting its splendors and the East End

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is struggling with its miseries, these great middle-class communities are living as comfortable, unpretending lives as if they were in one of our thriving townships in the huckleberry districts. Human beings are wonderfully alike when they are placed in similar conditions.

We were sitting together in a very quiet way over our teacups. The young Doctor, who was in the best of spirits, had been laughing and chatting with the two Annexes. The Tutor, who always sits next to Number Five of late, had been conversing with her in rather low tones. The rest of us had been soberly sipping our tea, and when the Doctor and the Annexes stopped talking there was one of those dead silences which are sometimes so hard to break in upon, and so awkward while they last. All at once Number Seven exploded in a loud laugh, which startled everybody at the table.

What is it that sets you laughing so? said I.

"I was thinking," Number Seven replied, "of what you said the other day about poetry being only the ashes of emotion. I believe that some people are disposed to dispute the proposition. I have been putting your doctrine to the test. In doing it I made some rhymes, — the first and only ones I ever made. I will suppose a case of very exciting emotion, and see whether it would probably take the form of poetry or prose. You are suddenly informed that your house is on fire, and have to scramble out of it, without stopping to tie your neckcloth neatly or to put a flower in your buttonhole. Do you think a poet turning out in his night-dress, and looking on while the flames were swallowing his home and all its contents, would express himself in this style?

My house is on fire!
Bring me my lyre!
Like the flames that rise heavenward my song shall aspire!

He would n't do any such thing, and you know he would n't. He would yell Fire! Fire! with all his might. Not much rhyming for him just yet! Wait until the fire is put out, and he has had time to look at the charred timbers and the ashes of his home, and in the course of a week he may possibly spin a few rhymes about it. Or suppose he was making an offer of his hand and heart, do you think he would declaim a versified proposal to his Amanda, or perhaps write an impromptu on the back of his hat while he knelt before her?

My beloved, to you
I will always be true.
Oh, pray make me happy, my love, do! do! do!

What would Amanda think of a suitor who courted her with a rhyming dictionary in his pocket to help him make love?"

You are right, said I, — there 's nothing in the world like rhymes to cool off a man's passion. You look at a blacksmith working on a bit of iron or steel. Bright enough it looked while it was on the hearth, in the midst of the sea-coal, the great bellows blowing away, and the rod or the horse-shoe as red or as white as the burning coals. How it fizzes as it goes into the trough of water, and how suddenly all the glow is gone! It looks black and cold enough now. Just so with your passionate incandescence. It is all well while it burns and scintillates in your emotional centres, without articulate and connected expression; but the minute you plunge it into the rhyme-trough it cools down, and becomes as dead and dull as the cold horse-shoe. It is true that if you lay it cold on the anvil and hammer away on it for a while it warms up somewhat. Just so with the rhyming fellow, — he pounds away on his verses, and they warm up a little. But don't let him think that this afterglow of composition is the same thing as the original passion. *That* found expression in a few *oh*, *oh*'s, *ἀι ἀι*'s, *eheu*, *eheu*'s, *hélas*, *hélas*'s, and

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when the passion had burned itself out you got the rhymed verses, which, as I have said, are its ashes.

I thanked Number Seven for his poetical illustration of my thesis. There is great good to be got out of a squinting brain, if one only knows how to profit by it. We see only one side of the moon, you know, but a fellow with a squinting brain seems now and then to get a peep at the other side. I speak metaphorically. He takes new and startling views of things we have always looked at in one particular aspect. There is a rule invariably to be observed with one of this class of intelligences: *Never contradict a man with a squinting brain.* I say a *man*, because I do not think that squinting brains are nearly so common in women as they are in men. The "eccentrics" are, I think, for the most part of the male sex.

That leads me to say that persons with a strong instinctive tendency to contradiction are apt to become unprofitable companions. Our thoughts are plants that never flourish in inhospitable soils or chilling atmospheres. They are all started under glass, so to speak; that is, sheltered and fostered in our own warm and sunny consciousness. They must expect some rough treatment when we lift the sash from the frame and let the outside elements in upon them. They can bear the rain and the breezes, and be all the better for them; but perpetual contradiction is a pelting hailstorm, which spoils their growth and tends to kill them out altogether.

Now stop and consider a moment. Are not almost all brains a little wanting in bilateral symmetry? Do you not find in persons whom you love, whom you esteem, and even admire, some marks of obliquity in mental vision? Are there not some subjects in looking at which it seems to you impossible that they should ever see straight? Are there not moods in which it seems to you that they are disposed to see all things out of plumb and in false relations with each other? If you answer these questions in the affirmative, then you will be glad of a hint as to the method of dealing with your friends who have a touch of cerebral strabismus, or are liable to occasional paroxysms of perversity. Let them have their head. Get them talking on subjects that interest them. As a rule, nothing is more likely to serve this purpose than letting them talk about themselves: if authors, about their writings; if artists, about their pictures or statues; and generally on whatever they have most pride in and think most of their own relations with.

Perhaps you will not at first sight agree with me in thinking that slight mental obliquity is as common as I suppose. An analogy may have some influence on your belief in this matter. Will you take the trouble to ask your tailor how many persons have their two shoulders of the same height? I think he will tell you that the majority of his customers show a distinct difference of height on the two sides. Will you ask a portrait-painter how many of those who sit to him have both sides of their faces exactly alike? I believe he will tell you that one side is always a little better than the other. What will your hatter say about the two sides of the head? Do you see equally well with both eyes, and hear equally well with both ears? Few persons past middle age will pretend that they do. Why should the two halves of a brain not show a natural difference, leading to confusion of thought, and very possibly to that instinct of contradiction of which I was speaking? A great deal of time is lost in profitless conversation, and a good deal of ill temper frequently caused, by not considering these organic and practically insuperable conditions. In dealing with them, acquiescence is the best of palliations and silence the sovereign specific.

I have been the reporter, as you have

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seen, of my own conversation and that of the other Teacups. I have told some of the circumstances of their personal history, and interested, as I hope, here and there a reader in the fate of different members of our company. Here are our pretty Delilah and our Doctor provided for. We may take it for granted that it will not be very long that the young couple will have to wait; for, as I have told you all, the Doctor is certainly getting into business, and bids fair to have a thriving practice before he saddles his nose with an eyeglass and begins to think of a pair of spectacles. So that part of our little domestic drama is over, and we can only wish the pair that is to be all manner of blessings consistent with a reasonable amount of health in the community on whose ailings must depend their prosperity.

All our thoughts are now concentrated on the relation existing between Number Five and the Tutor. That there is some profound instinctive impulse which is drawing them closer together no one who watches them can for a moment doubt. There are two principles of attraction which bring different natures together: that in which the two natures closely resemble each other, and that in which one is complementary of the other. In the first case, they coalesce as do two drops of water or of mercury, and become intimately blended as soon as they touch; in the other, they rush together as an acid and alkali unite, — predestined from eternity to find all they most needed in each other. What is the condition of things in the growing intimacy of Number Five and the Tutor? He is many years her junior, as we know. Both of them look that fact squarely in the face. The presumption is against the union of two persons under these circumstances. Presumptions are strong obstacles against any result we wish to attain, but half our work in life is to overcome them. A great many presumptions look in the distance like six-foot walls, and when we get nearer prove to be only five-foot hurdles, to be leaped over or knocked down. Twenty years from now she may be a vigorous and active old woman, and he a middle-aged, half-worn-out invalid, like so many overworked scholars. Everything depends on the number of drops of the elixir vitæ which Nature mingled in the nourishment she administered to the embryo before it tasted its mother's milk. Think of Cleopatra, the bewitching old mischief-maker; think of Ninon de L'Enclos, whose own son fell desperately in love with her, not knowing the relation in which she stood to him; think of Dr. Johnson's friend, Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi, who at the age of eighty was full enough of life to be making love ardently and persistently to Conway, the handsome young actor. I can readily believe that Number Five will outlive the Tutor, even if he is fortunate enough to succeed in storming that Ehrenbreitstein, — say rather in winning his way into the fortress through gates that open to him of their own accord. If he fails in his siege, I do really believe he will die early; not of a broken heart, exactly, but of a heart starved, with the food it was craving close to it, but unattainable. I have, therefore, a deep interest in knowing how Number Five and the Tutor are getting along together. Is there any danger of one or the other growing tired of the intimacy, and becoming willing to get rid of it, like a garment which has shrunk and grown too tight? Is it likely that some other attraction may come in to disturb the existing relation? The problem is to my mind not only interesting, but exceptionally curious. You remember the story of Cymon and Iphigenia as Dryden tells it. The poor youth has the capacity of loving, but it lies hidden in his undeveloped nature. All at once he comes upon the sleeping beauty, and is awakened by her charms to a hitherto unfelt consciousness. With

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the advent of the new passion all his dormant faculties start into life, and the seeming simpleton becomes the bright and intelligent lover. The case of Number Five is as different from that of Cymon as it could well be. All her faculties are wide awake, but one emotional side of her nature has never been called into active exercise. Why has she never been in love with any one of her suitors? Because she *liked* too many of them. Do you happen to remember a poem printed among these papers, entitled "I Like You and I Love You"? No one of the poems which have been placed in the urn — that is, the silver sugar-bowl — has had any name attached to it; but you could guess pretty nearly who was the author of some of them, certainly of the one just referred to. Number Five was attracted to the Tutor from the first time he spoke to her. She dreamed about him that night, and nothing idealizes and renders fascinating one in whom we have already an interest like dreaming of him or of her. Many a calm suitor has been made passionate by a dream; many a passionate lover has been made wild and half beside himself by a dream; and now and then an infatuated but hapless lover, waking from a dream of bliss to a cold reality of wretchedness, has helped himself to eternity before he was summoned to the table.

Since Number Five had dreamed about the Tutor, he had been more in her waking thoughts than she was willing to acknowledge. These thoughts were vague, it is true, — emotions, perhaps, rather than worded trains of ideas; but she was conscious of a pleasing excitement as his name or his image floated across her consciousness; she sometimes sighed as she looked over the last passage they had read from the same book, and sometimes when they were together they were silent too long, — too long! What were they thinking of?

And so it was all as plain sailing for Number Five and the young Tutor as it had been for Delilah and the young Doctor, was it? Do you think so? Then you do not understand Number Five. Many a woman has as many atmospheric rings about her as the planet Saturn. *Three* are easily to be recognized. First, there is the wide ring of attraction which draws into itself all that once cross its outer border. These revolve about her without ever coming any nearer. Next is the inner ring of attraction. Those who come within its irresistible influence are drawn so close that it seems as if they must become one with her sooner or later. But within this ring is another, — an atmospheric girdle, one of repulsion, which love, no matter how enterprising, no matter how prevailing or how insinuating, has never passed, and, if we judge of what is to be by what has been, never will. Perhaps Nature loved Number Five so well that she grudged her to any mortal man, and gave her this inner girdle of repulsion to guard her from all who would know her too nearly and love her too well. Sometimes two vessels at sea keep each other company for a long distance, it may be during a whole voyage. Very pleasant it is to each to have a companion to exchange signals with from time to time; to come near enough, when the winds are light, to hold converse in ordinary tones from deck to deck; to know that, in case of need, there is help at hand. It is good for them to be near each other, but not good to be too near. Woe is to them if they touch! The wreck of one or both is likely to be the consequence. And so two well-equipped and heavily freighted natures may be the best of companions to each other, and yet must never attempt to come into closer union. Is this the condition of affairs between Number Five and the Tutor? I hope not, for I want them to be joined together in that dearest of intimacies, which, if founded in true affinity, is the

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nearest approach to happiness to be looked for in our mortal experience. We must wait. The Teacups will meet once more before the circle is broken, and we may, perhaps, find the solution of the question we have raised.

In the mean time, our young Doctor is playing truant oftener than ever. He has brought Avis — if we must call her so, and not Delilah — several times to take tea with us. It means something, in these days, to graduate from one of our first-class academies or collegiate schools. I shall never forget my first visit to one of these institutions. How much its pupils know, I said, which I was never taught, and have never learned! I was fairly frightened to see what a teaching apparatus was provided for them. I should think the first thing to be done with most of the husbands they are likely to get would be to put them through a course of instruction. The young wives must find their lords wofully ignorant, in a large proportion of cases. When the wife has educated the husband to such a point that she can invite him to work out a problem in the higher mathematics or to perform a difficult chemical analysis with her as his collaborator, as less instructed dames ask their husbands to play a game of checkers or backgammon, they can have delightful and instructive evenings together. I hope our young Doctor will take kindly to his wife's (that is to be) teachings.

When the following verses were taken out of the urn, the Mistress asked me to hand the manuscript to the young Doctor to read. I noticed that he did not keep his eyes very closely fixed on the paper. It seemed as if he could have recited the lines without referring to the manuscript at all.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume,
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom;
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,
And winter's wild herald is blowing his blast?
For me dull November is sweeter than May,
For my Love is its sunshine, — she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring-dove return to her nest?
Will the needle swing back from the east or the west?
At the stroke of the hour she will be at her gate;
A friend may prove laggard, — love never comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet.
Too early! Too early! She could not forget!
When I cross the old bridge where the brook overflowed,
She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines;
I tread the brown pathway that leads through the pines;
I haste by the boulder that lies in the field,
Where her promise at parting was lovingly sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round through the wood?
Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle and hood?
The minute draws near, — but her watch may go wrong;
My heart *will* be asking, What keeps her so long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do!
Why question? Why tremble? Are angels more true?
She would come to the lover who calls her his own
Though she trod in the track of a whirling cyclone!

— I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had passed.
I looked: lo! my Love stood before me at last.
Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks, how they glowed,
As we met, face to face, at the turn of the road!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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FRÉMONT.

An analysis of the very peculiar and noteworthy qualities that marked the late General Frémont would doubtless be a charming task for a student of psychology, if only adequate materials were at hand. As it is, the man must long remain in many respects an enigma to the public. His own Memoirs, of which but a single volume is in our hands, are disappointingly unenlightening as to what we most wished to know. And it is curious to note, as one looks back, how all through his career there has been the same indefiniteness in the popular estimate of him. His friends have been frequently enthusiastic; but they have always labored in vain to express what his great qualities were, and precisely what mighty deeds he had done. Yet just so his worst enemies, in the old days when he led the Republican canvass in 1856, had to resort to romance when they tried to give a reason for the hatred that was in them. Friends and foes alike thus knew remarkably little of him, save that, for inexpressible reasons, they loved or hated him. The most transient personal intercourse with the man gave a similar sense of his peculiarly hidden and baffling character. The charming and courtly manner, the deep and thoughtful eyes, the gracious and self-possessed demeanor, as of a consciously great man at rest, awaiting his chance to announce his deep purpose and to do his decisive deed, — all these things perplexed one who had any occasion to observe, as some did, that the deep purpose seemed always to have remained in reserve, and that there had been some reason in his life why the decisive deed never could be done. In his accounts of himself he has, moreover, frequently been hopelessly unhistorical as to what he revealed, and profoundly mysterious as to the nature of what he found it needful to keep to himself. Unhistorical he was, in his revelations, in the most charming and incomprehensible of ways. In vain you endeavored to explain adequately his mistakes as due either to prejudice or to mere forgetfulness; his beautiful eyes and his dignity assured you that they could not be due to any less noble failing. The more you consulted him the fonder you were of him, and the less you were convinced by what he said. He grew more romantic in your eyes the more clearly you saw through his romance. This personal effectiveness of his manner was itself a quality such as ought to have graced a political genius, a born leader of men. In fact, one may say that General Frémont possessed all the qualities of genius except ability.

A confirmation of this view as to our hero's persistently puzzling character is furnished, I say, by the conflicting estimates that have been passed upon him. One of the latest of these estimates is that given of his career in Missouri by the Century biographers of Lincoln, whose effort to be impartial does not conceal the irritation which, as representatives of Lincoln's point of view, they feel toward the man who so grievously disappointed the administration. Yet they, too, have no charge to bring against General Frémont more grave and definite than that of ineffectiveness, and of hopelessly poor judgment about important public matters. It is noteworthy that this view is very far from that of many officers who were upon General Frémont's staff in Missouri. To them the "display" of which Lincoln's biographers complain, the show of power and the expensive habits of the general during his brief term of office, meant the external appearance, at least, of greatness. They were un-

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able to judge more accurately of what was behind. They were sure that the general's plans were vast, and they trusted implicitly his imposing manners, as they enjoyed his friendly words. Such a subordinate it was, the late Governor Dorsheimer, who, in the Atlantic Monthly for 1862, published a sketch of the Springfield expedition with which the Hundred Days in Missouri closed. This sketch is rather a tribute of affection to General Frémont than an objective narrative. "The general" has "magic in his name," "ceaseless energy in his action," a spirit that nothing can daunt, a genius that creates armies, a "simple grace and poetry of expression and a tenderness of manner which are very winning," a "magnanimity" and "noble-mindedness" that his friend and staff officer never doubts. Everything suggests the depth of the general's plans. To be sure, these plans lead nowhere; but that is the fault of the jealous enemies who somehow are minded to destroy the general's fame, and to inherit, unearned, the laurels that are his due. Had he but been granted a few days more time, the deep plans, the vast ideas, which his winning countenance concealed would have begun to bear fruit.

If one looks further back, to the great canvass of 1856, one finds the same hazy atmosphere about the young Colonel Frémont's person.

As one admirer[1] of those days stated the case in his favor: "Colonel Frémont is in the prime of life, and near the same age as General Washington was when he accepted the command of the American armies, and surprised the British at Trenton, one of his most brilliant exploits. Colonel Frémont is a man of great natural sagacity, and possesses a calm, clear judgment, improved by study and a large experience of human nature in all its forms, whether of savage or civilized life. He is unassuming in his manners, with a striking personal appearance and a remarkably fine eye, strongly indicative of a prominent feature in his character, a firm and vigorous will." Verily our hero's eyes had their important part to play in forming his reputation for statesmanship. As for his vigorous will, that was just what, during most of his later career, he so heroically kept in reserve.

For the rest, this young man, whose age made him comparable with Washington and suggested the surprise at Trenton, had in his favor, during the canvass of 1856, the part he had played in the conquest of California in 1846, as well as, earlier still, in the long exploring expeditions of 1841–44. The latter accomplishment was a modest but very solid basis for a topographical engineer's reputation, and was of permanent and no small service to the country, although Western exploration of the way to Oregon and California did not begin with these expeditions, and although the paths which the young engineer had found were mostly not wholly untraversed ones. But if emigrants to both Oregon and California had preceded him across the Rockies, he had done a very fine work in making the new regions known to the world at large, and the geography of the Great Basin accessible to science. As for the other feat, the conquest of California, the general public had learned what seemed a plain and even a glorious tale of patriotic devotion, — a tale which had not suffered through its presentation in the eloquent fashion of Senator Benton. What the truth of the affair was the general public, however, knew but very imperfectly. As a consequence, few public men have ever been more beautifully enveloped in romance than was the Pathfinder that year. His enemies in vain endeavored to speak the truly effective word against him.

Yet neither during the canvass of 1856 nor later was it necessary thus to

[1] Mr. John M. Read in a speech at Philadelphia, September 30, 1856.

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resort to artificial romancing in order to adorn the character of one whom fortune had persistently made a man of marvels. There was, as an actual fact, his gold mine on the Mariposa grant. How curious an accident this, that the "Conqueror of California" should by chance have purchased, before the discovery of gold in the territory, the only Mexican grant that covered any part of the gold region! How wondrous that this one grant should have contained so famous a gold mine! And yet this was not a mere tale invented by friends, as were those secrets of the great mind that for them lay hidden behind the deep eyes; nor was it one of the slanders of his foes. It was plain and hard outer fact. The gold mine had fallen to the hero, and, like all his other wonderful fortunes, it profited him nothing; so that he has now died, as he so long lived, a poor man. It was this wonderful caprice about his whole career, this repeated and unheard-of kindliness of fortune, and yet this eternal failure and abortion of all his great enterprises, which made his whole life like a dream to his fellows. It was as if a character of pure poetry, some Jaques or some lesser Round Table knight, had escaped from romance-land, and were wandering about amongst live men on the earth. Always, as the Odyssean gods show their airy nature at the moment they vanish, this fictitious being would bear about with him, in the real world, signs of his insubstantiality. If you tried either business, or politics, or warfare in his company, he would at first seem so finely made and genuine a live creature that the artful qualities of his purely ideal and manufactured essence would escape your notice. You would fancy him to be a flesh-and-blood man, and a great one at that. Only, when you had once invested in his vast enterprises, or had entrusted your beloved cause to his care, erelong he would begin to show signs, as it were, of vanishing. And by and by, after much puzzling on your part as to the sincerity of his purposes and the true wisdom of his schemes, you would come to observe that, after all, things never happened to him as to mortal men, and that he bore every mark of being a fictitious character, a man in a play, an entity of the footlights, a purely literary figment. You would then indeed find that you had invested your money or your trust in vain in his undertakings. They would come to naught; while as for him, — in what wise was he to blame? Can a man help it if, despite all, he *is* a fiction, — a creature escaped from a book, wandering about in a real world when he was made for dreamland? Of course he has his character, his fine qualities, his plans, his hopes, his thoughts. What Jaques, what Round Table knight, has not? Of course, then, he could talk with you, plan with you, undertake vast things with you, and could himself accidentally come into possession of a gold mine or play at conquering a province. But then, of course, all this would merely be play, and you could not hold him responsible for it. Nothing would come of him in the end. In all his life he would accomplish absolutely no one significant thing. A vague and ghostly industry, ended only by death, would touch upon and begin a thousand things during his career of flitting and of failing; but that would be all. He would have here no temporal mission, because his only true place would be the world of shadows. He would be subject to no ordinary human estimate of his qualities in terms of their visible fruits, because he would bear no fruits, and his qualities would be those of romance.

It may seem, to be sure, a trifle unfair thus to treat so prominent a figure of the past generation. But consider, once more, how previous estimates have conceived him. I have at hand a curious and charming pamphlet, published at Caen, in France, in 1868, and written

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by M. Alexandre Büchner, professor of the Faculté des Lettres, and author otherwise of some brochures on the "modern novel" and kindred subjects. Why a professor of letters should have written just this pamphlet, and read it before the Académie des Sciences, Arts, et Belles-Lettres de Caen, in June, 1868, I do not know. The title is Le Conquérant de la Californie. The subject is — our hero. The thesis is that General Fremont is the principal cause and the leading mind whereby the abolition of slavery in the United States has been brought about, the future destiny of the republic assured, the history of our continent for the century determined. This essay, like General Frémont's good fortune in acquiring the Mariposa grant, comes, as it were, like a meteor in the darkness. One flash of our general thus illuminates French academic literature, — why, to what end, who can say? There are reasons, to which one need not here further refer, why his name has been, in later years, somewhat unhappily misused in France, — unkindly remembered, to say the least, by disappointed investors; judicially maligned, to speak no more harshly. But in 1868 our general's name had its hour and its honor in the mouth of a friendly critic of no small literary skill. One wonders at the largeness of M. Büchner's well-stated personal information about General Frémont. Can the professor have had access to people who were nearer to the general than he? And why is his interest in le Conquérant de la Californie so ardently aroused? Is his concern purely scientific; or is he perchance himself remotely interested in great American enterprises, say of a somewhat commercial and speculative character, so that his mind naturally turns to le Conquérant, who shall have made all American speculations since the abolition of slavery possible? One queries in vain. I know not why Professor Büchner wrote, or who coached him as to what documents to consult. I find, however, that what he wrote reads in sum as follows: General Frémont, whose early life M. Büchner very pleasantly summarizes, first showed his genius by "seeing the necessity of finding ways of regular and direct communication" with the Pacific. After the great explorations between 1841 and 1845, the young officer found himself at the head of a new expedition on the borders of California. Then followed his quarrel with Castro, "le gouverneur," and the gallant Frémont's glorious defiance of the armed forces of the Californians, as he unfurled his country's flag from his temporary stronghold. Then the hero retired towards Oregon; but "*en route il reçut des ordres inattendus de son gouvernement*," and these new orders forced him to assume a new rôle. It was, as turned out, the rôle of conqueror of California. M. Büchner makes little of the other officers who took part in this affair. His hero is solely in his mind. The later career, of the colonel, the senator, and the presidential candidate, is pursued to the outbreak of the war. "Mais ici," says M. Büchner, "les documents commencent à faire défaut, de sorte qu'il nous est impossible de préciser le rôle, d'ailleurs peu considérable, qu'il y joua." Others have felt M. Büchner's difficulty here; but the professor feels no such doubts as he continues with a summary of his hero's public services. This intrepid officer, it will be seen, has, as explorer, "given birth, so to speak," to several new States of the Union. He excluded the Mexicans (and the English) from a large part of the Pacific coast. He conquered California. But hold! This is a small thing compared with what resulted. California contained gold. That fact made California a free State. That fact, again, led to the war. The war abolished slavery. Hence the theorem: "Messieurs, by this extraordinary and almost logical sequence of events ["al-

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most logical" is indeed a true word], Frémont, giving California to the United States, determined the movement which has just changed the face and the destiny of America. The problem of emancipation resolved, the future of the great federal republic guaranteed, — such are the results which have been attained; and these results, vast as they are, — the United States owe them, in part, to the knowledge, courage, and energetic perseverance of Frémont."

And now one may ask, Who but a fictitious character, a creature of shadow-land, could possibly expect to find himself made the starting-point and the hero of an "almost logical sequence of events" such as this?

If one drops all such matters for more serious and historically significant ones; if one lays aside the hopeless effort to estimate our hero's true quality, and undertakes rather to find what actually important deeds were behind this romance of his lifetime, one sees forthwith that M. Büchner has so far rightly judged as he has made General Frémont's effective reputation mainly dependent upon his work as "Conqueror of California." Was he or was he not entitled to this distinction? As a matter of fact, the true "conquest of California" involved several conflicts with armed forces, during a revolt which the native Californians, irritated by maltreatment, made against the forces that had formally seized their territory in July, 1846, and that had displaced their local officers, in many cases, by alcaldes or by military officials, set over them without their entire consent. In no one of these armed conflicts did the young Captain Frémont bear any part. Marines under Commodore Stockton, soldiers under General Kearny, did the fighting. Captain Frémont raised indeed a battalion for service; marched far to the southward; endured, together with his command, some bad weather very patiently; and received the capitulation of the already defeated revolters, who while in flight encountered him, and without contest submitted to him. This whole revolt itself, as it happened, had resulted from friction mainly caused by his own earlier disturbances in the north, brought to pass in June before he had any news of the outbreak of war, and in violation of express instructions, which had been received from home, to conciliate the Californians, and to encourage them to a course of neutrality in case of war with Mexico. These operations in the north themselves constitute his only title to the name of "Conqueror," and they were distinctly the unauthorized operations of a filibuster. From the first day of his engagement in them until the very publication of his Memoirs, at the close of his life, he never told the unromantic and historical truth about them, in public or for publication, to any living soul. Fortune made them appear to all men in a false light. His own government was obliged to ignore wholly his disobedience. His family set forth the tale to the world in colors of Senator Benton's own choosing. And so a reputation was made whose only foundation was a culpable blunder and a perversion of history. I cannot here dwell long upon a tale to which I have elsewhere devoted much attention, in a special study of the early history of the Americans in California,[1] and of which a fuller, and in some few matters of detail a more accurate, version has, since my own, been published in Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's California. I return to the subject here once more, partly because General Frémont's death brings it afresh to mind, and partly because, in his Memoirs, the general himself, some time after my own book was published, sought in vain to give the ancient affair its old romantic coloring. A member of his family, Professor William Carey

[1] California. From the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. (American Commonwealths Series.)

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Jones, has also attempted to defend General Frémont's conduct in an elaborate but to my mind unconvincing essay in the Papers of the California Historical Society, published in 1887. But the present is no place for argument. I can only restate the essential facts.

The seizure of California, in 1846, was one of the least creditable affairs in the highly discreditable Mexican war. Especially was it discreditable in view of the fact that it might have been accomplished as a mere incident to the whole criminal enterprise, while the action of a few officers of the government resulted in giving it the character of a separate and independent crime, — a crime not so much against Mexico, whom the whole war robbed, as against the native Californians, who, but for our mismanagement, would have had no share in the war. The territory of California was known to our government, in 1845, as a half-independent province, or so-called "department," under a Mexican rule that was more nominal than effective. The few American settlers in the Sacramento Valley hoped for an early occupation of the land in the name of our government. The few thousand Californians themselves, a proud, helpless, and decidedly provincial people, absorbed in local politics, dreamed often of the entire independence of their land, and were jealous of all foreign interference. But they were also much influenced by our traders, who visited the coast constantly; and they were by no means likely, if properly treated, seriously to resist our occupation of the land in case, upon an outbreak of war with Mexico, we quietly seized their defenseless posts and annexed their province. To fight for Mexico was not their general intent. So judge those who knew them best, and so events indicate. Under these circumstances, it was surely by no means good policy for our government to undertake to harass them in advance of the outbreak of the intended war with Mexico. In fact, when, in 1845, Lieutenant Frémont's third expedition was sent out to survey the passes to the Pacific through California, it was no part of the plan of the Polk cabinet that the young engineer should engage in aggressively hostile operations in California, even if the war should break out before his return. On the contrary, the cabinet plan, as fully set forth in the known dispatches of Secretary Bancroft and of Secretary Buchanan to officers of the government on the Pacific coast, was to conciliate the inhabitants of California, to encourage them to adopt a "course of neutrality" in case of war, and so to get California without fighting. It has of late become important for General Frémont's friends to assert, as he himself did in his Memoirs, and as Professor Jones does in his paper above mentioned, that there was some sort of opposition between the instructions given by the two secretaries, and that Secretary Bancroft favored a bolder and in substance a more hostile policy in California than did the wily Secretary of State. No assertion could be more hopelessly indefensible in view of the documents as known to us. The cabinet policy was harmonious and perfectly intelligible. In case of war, the Californian ports were to be seized and held by an irresistible naval force. But by sea and by land the Californians themselves were to be well treated, conciliated, and induced, if possible, to help us as against Mexico.

Of this cabinet plan the young topographical engineer was, of course, very imperfectly informed when he set out for California in 1845. But, as his own account shows, he was much impressed by the fact that his father-in-law was influential with the cabinet; that the Mexican war was imminent; that he had a fine chance to win glory for himself and for his family; and that, whatever happened in so distant a region and in the carrying out of so complicated a

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business, he would pretty surely escape censure in the end if California was somehow won, if he somehow connected his name with the enterprise, and if he avoided any misconduct for which he could be openly called to account by the government. The business was a delicate one, but for once our hero succeeded; not, to be sure, in obeying his orders or in serving his country, but in making for himself a great name, and in so handling the affair that the very government which intrigued for California in secret could do nothing in public against one who made its intrigues of no avail.

The cabinet plan, I have said, was not known to Frémont when he set out on the expedition of 1845. Before it was made known to him, he had reached California, and had managed to have a bitter and unnecessary quarrel with General Castro, a local official in charge of the northern half of the department, near Monterey; in fact, our hero had defied, with his whole party, the Californian authorities, after a fashion that was sure to offend the pride of all the Californian people, and to make future war with them a little easier. That at the outset the quarrel was deliberately provoked by the young engineer, I do not know. What I do know is that it was carried on in the spirit of a man who hoped soon to be authorized to meet the Californians as their conqueror, and who was anxious early to begin acquiring whatever glory the coming war might be destined to bring to American officers in that particular region. Of the quarrel nothing came at the moment but ill feeling. The engineering party retired northward up the Sacramento Valley, only to return, and to begin the unprovoked troubles of June.

The immediate cause of this return was the fact that Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie, bearer of a secret dispatch from the government to its agent in California, traveled northward after the engineering party, overtook it, repeated his instructions to Frémont, and acquainted him with the desire of the government that he should give aid in carrying out the instructions. The instructions themselves were addressed by Secretary Buchanan, not to Lieutenant Frémont directly, but to Consul Larkin at Monterey, the agent just mentioned. Lieutenant Frémont, who was not favored with any special dispatch or independent instruction, heard the Larkin dispatch repeated to him by Gillespie, a fact which is known to us through the latter's sworn testimony, given before an official body at Washington but a short time later. Orally, moreover, Gillespie informed our hero of the desire of the government that, if within reach, he should remain near with his party to coöperate in the peaceful intrigue by which California was, if possible, to be won over before the Mexican war began, or, in case the war began too soon, was to be preserved neutral during the hostilities, ready for cession at the end. This, as is demonstrable, was the only official message that Gillespie brought.

The young "Conquérant" considered the situation, as he himself tells us, somewhat carefully. He has never told us, however, what he must really have thought. What the government proposed no doubt must have seemed to him absurd. Had he not already quarreled with the Californians? Would not the war soon come? What glory was there in waiting while Consul Larkin "urged the Californians to adopt a course of neutrality," as the dispatch from Buchanan ordained? Why not rather fight the Californians at once, and get the glory? They were defenseless, but this was unknown at home in Washington. One could plead all sorts of necessities as an excuse for the onslaught. One could say that the Californians were hostile, that they were dangerous, that they forced the fight, and what not. So, in fact,

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Senator Benton later said in print, at Washington. Meanwhile, the intrigue proposed by the government to win them over would require a little time. Were it once interrupted by violence, it would never be revealed by that cabinet which thus, somewhat discreditably, had undertaken to carry it out through a consul. Here, then, was a safe chance to win glory.

This our young lieutenant may well have thought. At all events, what he did, after having thus received orders to conciliate the Californians, was to return at once to the Sacramento Valley, for the purpose of making war upon them, and of setting the instructions at defiance. He returned to make war, and to this end he used the American settlers of the Sacramento Valley as his cat's-paws, — arousing them to the hostile operations of the "Bear Flag" affair by various false rumors as to how Castro was coming against them in force to drive them out. In this fashion he soon put the north country in an uproar, and caused trouble that, in view of his small and irregular forces, could not possibly have ended in anything but anarchy save for the coming of the American fleet to seize the land formally. Thus he continued, with much noise and a little bloodshed, until, on July 7th, Commodore Sloat, in pursuance of his instructions, seized Monterey, having received news of the outbreak of actual war on the Rio Grande. And here the glories of the "conquest" terminate, while its later, wholly lamentable bickerings, marchings, and ultimate bloodshed begin. They, in all their painful details, with all their wearisome after-effects, which embittered the life of California for years, were, however, the fruit of these earlier operations of the north, by which the peace of the territory had been disturbed, and all hopes of a successful intrigue for a "neutrality" of the Californians had been cut off.

Upon this foundation, I repeat, our hero's whole reputation as "conqueror" rests. It is well, after all these years, and after what we have recently heard of the "unique services" of our general, that the romance should at last cease for good. General Frémont was simply *not* the conqueror of California. All that he did up to July 7th was a distinct hindrance to our seizure of the land, was of no effect except to alienate its people, and was the outcome of a deliberate determination to prefer personal glory to obedience, and to take advantage of the secrecy of a cabinet intrigue in order to commit a serious and reckless crime against the Californians. All that the same leader did after July 7th was to march twice to the southward with his battalion against a foe whom he never met in the field, but whom others finally fought and defeated, and thenceforward to pose as hero of his own romance.

Curious, furthermore, are our hero's subsequent explanations, both of his behavior with regard to his instructions, and of the nature of these instructions themselves as Gillespie brought them. At first, in letters sent home to Senator Benton and printed by the latter, he represented that Castro's hostility had justified him in acting as he did. Later, before the court-martial at Washington, which tried him on charges growing out of his relations with General Kearny in the south, he maintained, as he did afterwards for years, that the hostility of Castro, *added to* certain mysterious instructions given him "to watch over the interests of the United States in California," had put him in a position where, in his judgment, it was necessary to act as he did. As years went on, the secret instructions, whose real nature long remained unknown to the public, gained more prominence in this ambiguous account. To me, as historical inquirer, when, in 1884, I asked him for an account of his behavior

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in California, for publication and for criticism, General Frémont laid most stress upon the instructions, which he then, very correctly, still attributed to Buchanan. I warned him, when I first approached him, of the serious difficulty of defending his singular assault upon the Californians in a time of profound peace. I offered him throughout nothing but a plain statement of his views in print, and a free criticism of the whole when once I should have the evidence before me. I obtained for publication, and wholly without any offer on my part to accept or to treat favorably his statements, a tolerably full account of his whole action as conqueror. This account I took down from his lips, and submitted to him in manuscript for approval. It was later published as part of a lengthy research. The account was perfectly clear as to the nature of the instructions, which General Frémont declared to be such as made him secret agent of the government in California, and as fully warranted his conduct. He denied absolutely that these instructions were addressed to Consul Larkin; and he proved to me somewhat elaborately that Larkin could not possibly have been employed by the government as agent. When I hereupon acquainted him with the text of the actual dispatch, repeated to him by Gillespie, — a text which, although then unpublished, was in my possession, — General Frémont had no resource but to deny that he had ever heard of such a dispatch. He did so deny the fact, and persisted that Secretary Buchanan had sent him a private and separate dispatch by Gillespie, — a paper of which, of course, he had preserved no record. Herewith our intercourse ended.

As it happens, however, General Frémont, at the time of the "conquest," recorded, in one of his published letters to Senator Benton, his surprise at receiving *no* dispatch from Buchanan addressed personally to himself; while Gillespie's sworn evidence, given at a time when he was testifying in our hero's own behalf, shortly after the events in question, proves that he did repeat to the latter the Larkin dispatch. All this I set forth in print, along with General Frémont's own statement, in 1886. I waited thereafter, with some interest, to see what the general would say in his Memoirs concerning this curious discrepancy. With a courage worthy of so great a reputation, our hero, in this last work of his life, altered his tale. No longer was it Buchanan, but Secretary Bancroft, as he now asserted, who had "sent Gillespie to" him with special instructions,— instructions which, to be sure, are no longer preserved. But, as he now avers, they were wholly at variance with the instructions which Buchanan sent to Consul Larkin. Secretary Bancroft shall, in substance, have authorized his "vigorous action" towards the Californians; he shall have permitted him to make war even in advance of the news of actual hostilities; while Buchanan, in his inefficiency, ordained a peaceful intrigue with these same Californians. It is the fashion of cabinets to send out such conflicting orders to various agents by the same messenger! But, unfortunately, the instructions which Secretary Bancroft *did* send, *not* to Frémont, to whom he sent nothing personal, but to Commodore Sloat, are extant, and they are in perfect harmony with the dispatch which Buchanan sent to Larkin, which Gillespie repeated to the young Frémont, which the latter disobeyed, and which, at the close of his life, he obstinately denies having ever known or received. There was, in fact, as I am perfectly sure, after the most careful study, but *one* cabinet plan. Frémont thwarted that plan. In doing so he wrought only confusion and sorrow to the land, but glory to himself. To the government at home he explained his disobedience by a false tale of imminent danger from

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Castro and the Californians, — a danger which, as he said, forced him to act in self-defense. To other men he explained his conduct, at first in ambiguous fashion, later more plainly, as due to instructions from the government. When his real instructions were shown him, he died persisting that he had never received them. And upon the foundation of these "unique services" was the romance of his wondrous life built.

And yet, after all, one whose destiny was so marvelous, so shadowy in its splendors, so obscure in its intrigues, so paradoxical in its contrasts between the truth and the fiction of the whole, will very long remain a puzzle and a delight to his history-reading countrymen. Of his true character, I insist, I can form only the halting and problematic estimate that the foregoing pages embody. In private family life the man was plainly the faithful knight and hero that his winning eyes and gentle voice promised. Those were, indeed, long, healthy, and charming years whereof his Memoirs speak, when they describe, with a noble literary touch, his intercourse with those who were nearest to him in life. But it is only of his public life that I have had to treat. The real man behind that public life it is that I find so curious and baffling an enigma, as all others have found him.

Josiah Royce.

AN ARTIST'S IDYL.

If in reading this desultory but charming volume,[1] by an artist whose pictures are known and loved in our country as in his own, we are reminded in the earlier pages of an Erckmann-Chatrian novel, and in certain later passages of that Idylle d'un Savant which told the life of André Marie Ampère, and which, if it had not chanced to be fact, would have ranked among the most exquisite discoveries of fiction, neither comparison impugns the veracity of M. Breton's recollections or the originality of his treatment. For artist and chronicler there exists the same truth, which is the spirit of truth. The genial Alsatian novelists hardly attempted to lower their bucket to the depths of the well, but in devising the well-knit narratives related by their boy heroes they undoubtedly drew upon a fund of incident and impression accumulated in boyhood, and they had the art of reproducing its atmosphere as viewed from the standpoint of maturity, of portraying scenes and characters as the man thinks he saw them when a boy. M. Breton's reminiscences take him to a different region, the Pas-de-Calais, but to the same land of childhood, though of a more conscious and highly endowed sort; seen, too, through the same medium of affection and playful poetry, that unconscious fiction of memory which is a part of its truth.

But while the material of a very fresh and pleasing story lies ready at hand in the life which M. Breton has to relate, and is regarded by him with the tenderness of the artist, he has made no attempt to arrange it even so far as to produce a consecutive narrative. Inside the chronological grand divisions of childhood, youth, and later life, which are indicated clearly enough without being too distinctly outlined, there is little order or sequence, events omitted in their due time being brought up elsewhere in some indirect connection. In

[1] *La Vie d'un Artiste. Art et Nature.* Par Jules Breton, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

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writing his autobiography, if so formal a name can be given to so light a book, M. Breton does not find it necessary to avoid egotism of tone by taking the position of a mere looker-on. Neither does he treat himself as an historical personage, but rather as a personality, looking clearly and simply about him, but always grouping the things reported of in their relation to his own individuality and life as an artist. Perhaps one explanation of the autobiographical successes in French literature, particularly in books of this easy, intimate, inconsequent sort, will be found to lie in a certain simplicity of the French character. The passion for *naïveté*, the deliberate hunting for simplicity, in that literature often appears to us, and in some cases undoubtedly is, an affectation; but in its happiest phases it is a choice of the best, and a return to an element of French life lying behind *la vie* as understood and practiced in Paris, — to a certain natural and spontaneous way of looking at things which exists more distinctively than with us in common life, and is more often preserved side by side with the highest culture. As M. Breton himself somewhere says of his early mistakes in the art galleries, we must get over ignorance to arrive at real simplicity of taste.

One of our cleverest and best equipped *littérateurs*, Mr. Earl Shinn (Edward Strahan), for many years the art critic of The Nation, and now, alas! a memory in its files and in other publications of yesterday, coupled Millet and Jules Breton as the Burns and Wordsworth of peasant painting: the former, himself a peasant, depicting the life of the people with the fervor and intensity of one whose own veins throb to its heart-beats; the latter loving it as a result of meditation and worship of a universal nature to which the man of the soil seems to him especially near. The comparison, while not intended in either case to draw an exact parallel between poet and painter, indicated very justly the relative position of the two artists. Jules Breton had early associations, but no tie of birth, with the peasants whom he loved to paint. His father, like Wordsworth's father and George Eliot's, was a land steward, — a position which brought him into continual relations, apparently on the whole of a very friendly character, with the neighboring population. He had charge of the estates of the Duc de Duras, and occupied a house with a large garden at Courrières, a village of which he became mayor some time before his death. At Courrières, Jules, with his brothers Louis and Émile, passed a childhood which is bright and pleasant to read of, and which remained in his mind as an epoch of unclouded sunshine. The distinction between weather and climate made by one of the youthful contributors to English as She is Taught, defining the former as lasting for a time, while "climate is always," often becomes blurred as we look back, a morbid childhood leaving an exaggerated record of rainy days. M. Breton's touch of fancy is therefore in the true line of biography. Characteristic, also, of the blending of impressions in a child's mind is his picture of the mother who died when he was very young, leaving "a remembrance at once vague and powerful," in which two details stood forth: one of her sitting by the fire with leeches on her breast, and saying to him, "I am going to die;" the other of her catching sight from the window of the tailor with the boy's first trowsers, and calling out, "Jules, here are your clothes."

The mother's memory was cheerfully cherished in the atmosphere of French filial devotion, and under the influence of a certain venerable cousin Catherine, who came in the summer to cut the grass on the lawn, and who reported to the children having seen their mother in the sky. "She and I always understood each other; she was so old, and I so lit-

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tle." The boys themselves had visions, on which they compared notes from their several beds, — pictures which appeared spontaneously, "actually seen by the inward eye; not like those vague images which later haunt the mind, and are so slow to take the definite form with which we seek to invest them." Hence M. Breton draws the deduction, almost platonic in its suggestiveness, that "ideas in the brain of the child are conceived as images. Before he becomes a thinker man is a seer. This marvelous faculty of vision, I know not why, tends to become atrophied as the power of thought expands. The latter kills the former, and what a pity it is!" Couture, in his pleasant rambling volume which belongs to the same class as M. Breton's, but is more egotistical in tone and less vivid, mentions the same circumstance, counting it part of his birthright as an artist. "I thought in images," he says, "as other people think in words." With M. Breton the pictorial imagination is referred to the whole human mind, and forms part of the heaven which "lies about us in our infancy." These mental panoramas were a source of enjoyment even when they exhibited "great plains, red like blood, with deep shadows in which dreadful serpents, stiff as poles, advanced with a motion that corresponded to the loud beating of my arteries." In spite of these unpleasant visions and others of a more agreeable character, where "the sky shone with magnificent golden clouds, on which walked St. Nicholas, St. Catherine, the Virgin, and the little Jesus," the Breton boys appear to have led a healthy and happy existence. Their father was often absent from home upon visits to the different properties of the duke, and on these occasions they were left to the guardianship of a grandmother, who, after passing heroically in her youth through the ordeal of imprisonment under the Terror, spent her old age tranquilly seated by the kitchen window, and of an uncle, who was a man of books, and the framer of daily intellectual tasks for his nephews. They escaped from these bonds as quickly as possible, to run about with the village boys, hold snow-fights in winter, and spend "fresh summer mornings in the garden with the wet roses." These early pages are full of exquisite out-of-door pictures, of observations and sentiments which have the flavor of childhood and poetry, and in regard to which M. Breton says, with a clear sense of the relation of life to art: "To reproduce all these emotions, so delicious for the very reason that they are inexpressible and infinite, I am forced to make use of words of which I was ignorant at the time. But if one undertook to talk as a child, one would say nothing. The sensation suffices for him!" Of this sort is the boy's delight in "running everywhere he will and as he will, on roads which sometimes come all at once to an end, as if there were nothing beyond, as if the world itself ended there." The effect on the three minds — for M. Breton writes as one of three, in speaking of his childhood — of the religious processions and pictures which are common sights in rural France is very charmingly described, but there is rather an excess in relating in full the history of the nursery hero locally known to him as Jean d'Arras, but more widely familiar as Jack the Giant Killer.

The achievements of the village house-painter excited a lively emulation in Jules, and led to his early choice of an artistic career. A general education came foremost, however, in the judgment of his relatives, and when ten years old he was taken from the garden of roses and sent to a small seminary, the name of which he does not give, where he passed three unhappy years, exposed not only to humiliations distressing to a sensitive child, but on one occasion to a cruel punishment for the perpetration of a caricature. He made no complaint at the time, but having by chance, dur-

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ing a vacation, come upon the offending picture, which had been sent to his father, and discovered that it was regarded as a work of art rather than a disgrace, he told his story, and was at once removed from the school. At the college at Douai his lot was better, and a new life opened for him, on leaving school, through a chance visit to Courrières of the Belgian artist Félix de Vigne, who saw his sketches, and got him admitted as a pupil at the Royal Academy of Art at Ghent, where he was himself a professor.

At Ghent, where Breton passed three years as an art student, we find the beginning of a little idyl, so slight that we can almost quote it entire, but with something of the grace and charm of André Ampère's. It opens in the studio of Félix de Vigne, who had three children.

"The eldest, the little Élodie, was growing modestly. An indefinable charm shone already in her dark blue eyes shaded by long, silky lashes. She went about the house noiselessly, gliding rather than walking, her slight body thrown a little backward, and bending under the weight of a brow already serious, the delicate profile of an angel in a Gothic cathedral. Her father, in creating her, had gone to the heart of that mediæval period which he knew so well. She was about seven years old, and she danced on my knee."

In 1847 Breton went to Paris with his father, and was received into the studio of Dralling, who said of a still-life shown for admission, "Mais c'est peint comme un ange!" a note of praise uttered just in time to please the ear of the father, who was already touched by the illness of which he died in the following year. He had been ruined financially by an imprudent purchase of forest land immediately before the depreciation of money in the revolution of 1848, and he left the burden of a debt which was cheerfully shouldered, and in due time discharged, by the family. The sons gave up their mother's property. Louis undertook the management of a brewery established by his father. Émile enlisted in the army, and his career, as incidentally sketched in the book, is a striking one. Born with a talent and passion for art, but obliged to defer his hopes as an artist, first for a military, afterwards for a business life, it was only after long waiting that he took up the brush in earnest, and produced landscapes marked by sincerity and feeling. Louis, also, while remaining a brewer, had artistic leanings, shown in paintings and verse. It is evident that the brothers adored each other; and though the achievements of the family talent already known to the world are but lightly dwelt upon in the volume, it is not the place in which to look for any coldly critical view of their powers. M. Breton's pen is dipped liberally in his affections. In relating a visit of his brother Louis to Paris, he tells how they talked without pause and without sense in their joy, "just as the birds twitter." His friendships, too, are warm, and each chum who comes into view receives in passing a cordial grasp of the hand.

The family troubles and the revolution of 1848 are merged in that blending of personal and general experience which makes the consciousness of the artist. Jules Breton's first picture was a garret interior, Misère et Désespoir. It was followed by another, entitled La Faim, which drew tears from tender-hearted ladies. He had returned to Ghent, his joyous nature under the shadow of a depression which led him to wander solitary about the streets, under "a sun of lead and a high wind that blew the dust about in incessant whirlpools most irritating to the eyes."

But there were consolations in Ghent, though not unmixed with disquietudes, the story of which we have spoken being now in full process of development.

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"Towards eleven o'clock, before dinner, I left the studio and went down to the salon, where my little favorite was practicing on the piano her conservatory pieces, with abrupt movements of the head at the difficult passages, her elbows a trifle pointed, her shoulder-blades standing out. She was fourteen and still in short dresses, the age of a charming awkwardness, when the figure lengthens, exaggerating the slenderness of childhood. Her dark eyes, grave and candid, yet with something impenetrable in their depths, no longer looked at me with those glances of affectionate mirthfulness which had so rejoiced my heart in the days already far behind, when she had made a collar of her little arms round my neck and danced on my knee.

"I took an interest in all her lessons, and overwhelmed her with advice. These attentions embarrassed her, and she exhibited signs of impatience, which I misinterpreted, attributing them to aversion. But, after all, what right had I over her? Why was I vexed at her greater familiarity with Winne, whom she addressed simply as *Winne*, whereas she called me Monsieur Jules? She had a right to prefer him to me. And on what ground did I decide that she hated me? . . . One day I went to hear her perform at the *concours* of the conservatory. She played well, and, eager to offer my congratulations, I went to wait for her at the foot of the stairs. She came down soon after with her little friends. I advanced to meet her; but on seeing me she turned away her head abruptly, and walked on without saying anything. 'Evidently,' I said to myself, 'that child has no heart.'"

A little later, seeing her come away, on the day of her graduation, with her arms full of prizes, weeping at the separation from her teachers, he decides that she has "a heart for other people." He leaves Ghent, taking with him a portrait of her, caught surreptitiously, and returns to Courrières, where he makes studies of peasant life, and begins to paint the Petite Glaneuse. He resolves not to look at the portrait, but takes it out again and again.

"And, behold, on the 22d of August, 1853, she arrived with her father! She had become a young lady. I was astonished at the change wrought in her face. She was no longer severe. She was so happy to come to us! . . . She said, naively, 'The nearer I got, the more my heart beat!' What a softness in the frank glance of her eyes! The next day, when I was alone, she came to me and uttered just these words: 'I know I have sometimes given you pain. I am sorry for it. Can you forgive me?' I kissed her.

"Two days later we were engaged. It had all come about in the most simple way. I was painting her portrait in the little studio, and when I came to the eyes I stopped, with a sudden sense of oppression, and said to her, 'You understand me?' She made an affirmative sign of the head. 'Will you be my wife?' The same motion of the head gave me an affirmative answer."

They were married in 1858. Happily, the romance had no such end as that of Ampère and Julie. Madame Breton became herself known as an artist, and was the mother of Madame Virginie Demont-Breton, to whom her father dedicates his autobiography, and of whom he is said to have declared many times that she was his superior as an artist.

During that sojourn at Courrières, while happiness lay in wait for him unseen, the artistic conviction which had haunted M. Breton's mind in the studios and galleries took shape in the fields, and crystallized into work. In studying and admiring the earlier schools of French art, he had felt that "there was one thing which had not yet been attempted, namely, the relation between the living creature and the inanimate creation. Painters had not yet fully as-

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sociated the life of man with the life of things, or made their figures alive with all the ambient vibrations, participants of all the phenomena of earth and sky; they had not made them breathe their natural element, the air."

At Courrières a new beauty came out on the face of the familiar landscape, and bore testimony to the same idea.

"The most beautiful moment of the day was when, in the evening, after supper, we smoked our pipes, sitting with our chairs tipped back against the wall of the house, and letting our eyes wander along the street, where the vapors of night were beginning to rise through the vibrations of the air, still warm with the day. . . . The dark masses formed by people and objects, still radiated by little gleams of gold, stood out with marvelous force against the saffron sky, and dying flames shot up from behind the rich darkness of the thatched roofs. Tall, sunburnt girls passed by, with the heat of the day still held amid the tangles of their hair in lingering aureoles, and surrounding their dark silhouettes with a thread of light. They seemed to gain a fuller and graver beauty in the dim mystery of the twilight, with their sickles, on which the cool glow of the sky shone like moonlight."

That is a picture which needs no signature. The artist had ceased to paint misery in a garret. He sent three canvases to the Exposition of 1855, and received the acknowledgment, "Your pictures have obtained a great success; that of the Gleaners, above all, has dazzled [*éblouit*] the jury."

The Gleaners preceded by two years Millet's treatment of the same subject. But long before it was painted Breton had taken note of the pictures of the peasant artist who so deeply "associated the life of man with the life of things," and had been "strangely impressed" with a color "cooked in the sun, austere and earthy." In the remarks on art and artists which abound in the book, and are always vivid and full of insight, he pays tribute again and again to the genius of Millet, and reproduces in words, with great felicity, the effect of his pictures, dwelling upon the power which "can take a rugged field with a plough lying in it and a few bristling thistles, and, with two or three tones and an awkward, woolly handling, can move the depths of the soul and chant the infinite." But the two artists stood for different ideas; there was a divergence, not alone of method, but of temperament, between them. The prophet note in Millet could be felt by Breton, but it awakened no response in his sunny nature. "This sort of implacable rusticity," he says, "is not in the least characteristic of our northern peasantry, though we sometimes find it in the people of La Beauce." While awed and reverent before Millet, it is to Corot, whose poetry is that of pure painting, that M. Breton turns with a salute of sympathy and delight. His last chapter is a review of the Exposition of last year, a glance backward and forward, an admirable summing up of reminiscence, and a confession of artistic faith. "And the Corots, the incomparable Corots, so resplendent in their idealism that they transport us to heaven, so true that we seem to contemplate them through a window opened upon nature itself!"

Has not M. Breton himself painted from the same window? He has given us no such lofty idealism or magic truth as Corot, but in the union of the two elements lies the poetry of what he has painted, and in his perception of their oneness the value of a very candid and attractive book.

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THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY.

Captain Mahan has written distinctively the best and most important, and also by far the most interesting, book on naval history [1] which has been produced on either side of the water for many a long year. Himself an officer who has seen active service and borne himself with honor under fire, he starts with an advantage that no civilian can possess. On the other hand, he does not show the shortcomings which make the average military man an exasperatingly incompetent military historian. His work is in every respect scholarly, and has not a trace of the pedantry which invariably mars mere self-conscious striving after scholarship. He is thoroughly conversant with his subject, and has prepared himself for it by exhaustive study and research, and he approaches it in, to use an old-fashioned phrase, an entirely philosophical spirit. He subordinates detail to mass-effects, trying always to grasp and make evident the essential features of a situation; and he neither loses sight of nor exaggerates the bearing which the history of past struggles has upon our present problems.

One of his merits is the use of French authorities. For the last three centuries England has been the central and commanding figure in naval history, and, naturally, her writers, followed by our own, have acted blandly on the belief that they themselves wrote the only books on the subject worth reading. As a matter of fact, the French historians and essayists form a school of marked excellence in many ways. It would, for instance, be difficult to match in English such writings as those of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière. Only by a study of the French authors is it possible to arrive at the true facts in the history of the gigantic sea struggle, lasting for over a century, which began at Bantry Bay and Beachy Head and ended at Trafalgar.

In his Introduction, Captain Mahan shows very clearly the practical importance of the study of naval history in the past to those who wish to estimate and use aright the navies of the present. He dwells on the fact that not only are the great principles of strategy much the same as they ever were, but that also many of the underlying principles of the tactics of the past are applicable to the tactics of the present; or, at least, that the tacticians of to-day can with advantage study the battles of the past. He does not fall into the mistake of trying to make forced analogies, but he does prove, for one thing, that the school which professes the *mêlée* or "never-mind-manœuvring" principles, no less than the other school, which tends to turn manœuvring into an end instead of a means, and to develop mere timid tactical trifling, may study the fleet actions and naval campaigns of the last two centuries to good purpose. There are plenty of naval authorities who believe that an encounter between squadrons of modern ironclads, with their accompanying rams and torpedo-boats, can be nothing but a huge bloody scramble, in which each ship fights for its own hand. This belief may be true as an estimate of probabilities; but if it be, it will only show that as yet the nineteenth century does not know how to wield with proper skill the wonderful weapons it has forged. Similarly, the early sea fights between fleets of sailing-ships were mere mêlées; men knowing nothing more of tactics than that one-sided view of the "shock" principle which consists in running headlong at an adversary, — a sys-

[1] *The Influence of Sea Power upon History.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1890.

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tem whereof the success depends entirely upon the nature of the adversary. But as time went on a change took place, and there arose great admirals, who differed as much from the rough fleet-leaders who preceded them as Alexander differed from Alaric. Sea war grew into an art, and the fleet that conquered had to pay heed to such considerations as unity of action and intelligent direction of force quite as much as to the valor of the seaman and the fighting capacity of the individual ships.

Captain Mahan's effort is to show the tremendous effect which sea power has had upon the development of certain of the great nations of the world, especially at momentous crises of their history. In his introductory chapter he gives one striking illustration, for he shows that it was the sea power of Rome, during the second Punic war, which was one of the chief determining factors in bringing about the failure of Hannibal's campaign in Italy, and the consequent overthrow of Carthage. He makes this point so clear that it is difficult to see how it can be controverted successfully. The second Punic war was one of the all-important world struggles, and has been described again and again by every kind of writer for the past twenty centuries, yet Captain Mahan is the first who has given proper prominence to one of the main causes by which the result was determined. This is a fair example of Captain Mahan's acute historic insight, and it is characteristic of the way his book is written. Hitherto, historians of naval matters, at least so far as English and American writers are concerned, have completely ignored the general strategic bearing of the struggles which they chronicle; they have been for the most part mere annalists, who limited themselves to describing the actual battles and the forces on each side. On the other hand, the general historian sees but dimly how much and in what way the net outcome of a conflict has been influenced by the might of the contestants on the sea, and in consequence pays but vague and unsubstantial heed to the really vital cause by which the result was accomplished. Captain Mahan, however, never loses sight of the deep, underlying causes and of the connection between events. His discussion of the campaigns and battles, of the strategy and tactics, is full and clear, and written in a perfectly scientific and dispassionate spirit. But this is not his greatest merit. He never for a moment loses sight of the relations which the struggles by sea bore to the history of the time; and, for the period which he covers, he shows, as no other writer has done, the exact points and the wonderful extent of the influence of the sea power of the various contending nations upon their ultimate triumph or failure, and upon the futures of the mighty races to which they belonged.

In the first chapter after the Introduction, he discusses the various elements which go to make up sea power, writing always, as elsewhere throughout the book, with especial heed to the circumstances of the United States at the present time. He shows how sea power is affected by the geographical position, physical conformation, extent, and density of population of a country no less than by the character of the people and of the government. He points out the need of adequate fortifications and navy yards on all the coast, and incidentally specifies the need at some point on the Gulf coast, preferably the mouth of the Mississippi; and he lays stress on the necessity of a large commercial marine, if we wish the sea population which alone furnishes a secure base for naval power. He draws one or two instructive lessons from the sudden rise and no less sudden fall of the French sea power during the reign of Louis XIV., and shows how that monarch undid the work of his great minister Colbert. One of the most interesting points he makes is when he

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deals with the inherent wrongheadedness of the French policy of hostility to Holland. As he shows, Holland's greatness lay on the sea, and her real rival, the rival before whom she ultimately succumbed, was England. France, also, strove for development by sea only to be steadily thwarted and finally worsted by the island kingdom; while on land Holland had no territory which France was able to gain. It was, therefore, clearly the true wisdom of both nations to make common cause against the people who, in the end, triumphed over both. A policy of steady alliance between France and Holland, from the days of De Ruyter, Tromp, Duquesne, and Tourville onward, might have changed the fate of the world; and, if so, would probably have changed it much for the worse. The spread of the mighty English-speaking race, their rise to world-dominion, was greatly helped by the jealous division between its two most formidable foes during the critical years when the possession of the North American continent hinged largely on the control of the Atlantic Ocean.

Captain Mahan's second and third chapters treat of the wars waged by Holland against England and France, separately or united. Undoubtedly the greatest figure in these wars was the Dutch Admiral De Ruyter; and the series of long and exhausting struggles between Holland and England are especially noteworthy because they afford the only instance where any naval power has striven for the mastery with England, on equal terms, through a succession of wars wherein victory and defeat alternated in campaign after campaign and battle after battle. On the whole, the superiority remained with the English, and the net result left them ahead. But no other nation ever gave England such a tussle for the dominion of the seas; and no admiral, not even Nelson, accomplished more for his country than De Ruyter did in the battles terminating with the battle of the Texel, wherein, with much inferior forces, he held at bay the combined French and English fleet, and thus saved Holland from an invasion which meant destruction. The old hero himself perished, a couple of years later, in the Mediterranean, at the battle of Stromboli. He was then in command of a mixed squadron, part Dutch and part Spanish, and was opposed by a superior French fleet under the able Huguenot Duquesne, who stood in France much as, a century before, Lord Howard stood in England. The first fight between these two redoubtable antagonists was a draw; in the second the Spanish ships fled, and De Ruyter was overcome and slain. The Spanish fleets, from the time of Drake to that of Nelson, won hardly a single victory; and even when they formed part of a coalition, their presence in a given battle rarely did more than swell the adversary's triumph.

In all these seventeenth-century fights fire-ships played an important part, and our author draws one or two curious and interesting comparisons between them and their modern analogues, the torpedo-boats. He then describes the war in which, at the end of the seventeenth century, the French were first pitted against the combined forces of the English and Dutch. The English at that date had no admiral who can be considered the equal of the Frenchman Tourville, though Tourville himself cannot rank with such men as Suffren, Tegethof, or Farragut, not to speak of Nelson. For the first three years of the war Tourville cruised with his fleet off the shores of England and Ireland, and kept the upper hand of his opponents, defeating them twice. In one of these battles, at Beachy Head, he destroyed a dozen Dutch and English ships, but, through over-caution, failed to strike a decisive blow at the enemy, though much his superior in strength. Two years later he was beaten by an over-

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whelming force at the obstinate battle of the Hague. Disheartened by this defeat, the French gave up trying to contend for the supremacy, and turned their attention to privateering, or commerce-destroying, on a colossal scale. They inflicted thereby much damage on the English, but the damage was not of a kind that materially affected the issue of the war.

The next four chapters deal with the maritime history of Europe up to the outbreak of the American Revolution; that is, with the first three quarters of the eighteenth century. At the very beginning of this period, in the war of the Spanish succession, England established her overwhelming preponderance at sea, which has lasted, with but one or two partial interruptions, to our own time. Until this period she had shown no such preponderance. During the seventeenth century, though on the whole she established her superiority, she did so only by a long series of desperate and doubtful struggles with the Dutch and French; and she was defeated again and again by both these rivals. She produced one or two noted admirals, like Blake and Monk, but none who stood above the sea chiefs of her adversaries.

All this was changed after the year 1700. From the time when Gibraltar was taken to the beginning of the war for American independence, England possessed the undisputed supremacy of the ocean. It was this, more than anything else, which gave her North America and India, and paved the way for her taking possession of Australia and South Africa. But the very extent of her superiority prevented any serious efforts to overcome it, and the campaigns and battles of this period possess but little interest in themselves.

When, however, England, in the midst of her struggle with the revolted colonies, was struck by the combined navies of France and Spain, both of them, but especially that of France, having been sedulously cared for and built up in the interval, the fight became most interesting, for it was waged on equal terms. Captain Mahan's account of this war is excellent. Among other things, he shows clearly the harm wrought to France by the system of tactical timidity in naval warfare which her rulers adopted and instilled into the minds of their sea commanders. The English always tried to destroy their opponent's navies, and it was their cue to attack, which they always did with great courage, though often with so little skill as to neutralize their efforts. The French, on the other hand, had been cowed by repeated defeat, and, except when led by some born fighter, like the Bailli de Suffren, rarely took the offensive or pressed home a blow, though they fought with great skill when attacked; and their strategy was fatally defective, in that they conducted their campaigns, not with the purpose of destroying the enemy's fighting power, his war fleets, but with the purpose of neutralizing or evading it, while some island or outpost was secured or conquered. It must be said, nevertheless, that our author does not give sufficient weight to the military operations on land, and to the effect produced by the American privateers.

This war of the American Revolution brought to the front two great admirals, Rodney and Suffren; and two of the best chapters in Captain Mahan's book are those in which he describes the deeds of these men. The military analysis in these two chapters is really very fine; no previous writer has approached it, in dealing with either the Frenchman or the Englishman. In particular, Suffren's campaign in the Indian Ocean has never before been treated with such clearness of perception and appreciation. Indeed, to most English writers he has hitherto been little but a name; and it was hardly possible for a French-

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man to write of him as justly as Captain Mahan has done.

One or two of the points which Captain Mahan brings out have a very important bearing on our present condition, especially in view of the increased interest which is felt in the navy and coast defense. There is a popular idea that we could accomplish wonders by privateering, — or rather by commerce-destroying, as Captain Mahan calls it. He shows very clearly, on the other hand, that commerce-destroying can never be more than a secondary factor — even though of very considerable importance — in bringing to a conclusion a war with a powerful foe. He shows also that, for the most successful kind of commerce-destroying, there must be a secure base of operations near the line of the enemy's commerce, and some kind of line of battle to fall back on, — and the United States possesses neither. Doubtless, in event of a war, we might cause annoyance and loss to an enemy's commerce; but we could not by this method accomplish anything like as much as the people at large, and not a few of our naval officers also, believe. It is beyond all comparison more important to cripple the enemy's fighting-ships than to harass his merchantmen.

Again, as Captain Mahan shows, our experience in the Civil War is worthless as a test of what we could do against a foreign sea power. It is impossible to imagine a more foolish state of mind than that which accepts the belief in our capacity to improvise means of resistance against the sea power of Europe, ready equipped and armed at all points, because we were successful in overcoming with our makeshifts an enemy even more unprepared than we were ourselves. It is true that at the end of four years' warfare we had developed a formidable fleet; but in the event of a European contest, it is not likely that we should be allowed as many weeks before the fatal blow fell. There is a loose popular idea that we could defend ourselves by some kind of patent method, invented on the spur of the mo ment. This is sheer folly. There is no doubt that American ingenuity could do something, but not enough to prevent the enemy from ruining our coasting-trade and threatening with destruction half our coast towns. Proper forts, with heavy guns, could do much; but our greatest need is the need of a fighting-fleet. Forts alone could not prevent the occupation of any town or territory outside the range of their guns, or the general wasting of the seaboard; while a squadron of heavy battle-ships, able to sail out and attack the enemy's vessels as they approached, and possessing the great advantage of being near their own base of supplies, would effectually guard a thousand miles of coast. Passive defense, giving the assailant complete choice of the time and place for attack, is always a most dangerous expedient. Our ships should be the best of their kind, — this is the first desideratum; but, in addition, there should be plenty of them. We need a large navy, composed not merely of cruisers, but containing also a full proportion of powerful battle-ships, able to meet those of any other nation. It is not economy — it is niggardly and foolish short-sighted ness — to cramp our naval expenditures, while squandering money right and left on everything else, from pensions to public buildings.

In conclusion, it must be said that Captain Mahan's style is clear, simple, and terse. His book is as interesting as it is valuable; and in writing it he has done a real service.

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CURTIN'S MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND.

SINCE the days when Castrèn made his arduous journeys of linguistic exploration in Siberia, or when the brothers Grimm collected their rich treasures of folk-lore from the lips of German peasants, an active quest of vocables and myths has been conducted with much zeal and energy in nearly all parts of the world. We have tales, proverbs, fragments of verse, superstitious beliefs and usages, from Greenland, from the southern Pacific, from the mountaineers of Thibet and the freedmen upon Georgia plantations. We follow astute Reynard to the land of the Hottentots, and find the ubiquitous Jack planting his beanstalk among the Dog-Rib Indians. At the same time, the nooks and corners of Europe have been ransacked with bountiful results; so that whereas our grandfathers, in speculating about the opinions and mental habits of people in low stages of culture, were dealing with a subject about which they knew almost nothing, on the other hand, our chief difficulty to-day is in shaping and managing the enormous mass of data which keen and patient inquirers have collected. It is well that this work has been carried so far in our time, for modern habits of thought are fast exterminating the Old World fancies. Railroad, newspaper, and telegraphic bulletin of prices are carrying everything before them. The peasant's quaint dialect and his fascinating myth tales are disappearing along with his picturesque dress; and savages, such of them as do not succumb to fire-water, are fast taking on the airs and manners of civilized folk. It is high time to be gathering in all the primitive lore we can find before the men and women in whose minds it is still a living reality have all passed from the scene.

The collection of Irish myth stories lately published by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin[1] is the result of a myth-hunting visit which the author made in Ireland in 1887, and is one of the most interesting and valuable contributions to the study of folk-lore that have been made for many years. "All the tales in my collection," says Mr. Curtin, "of which those printed in this volume form but a part, were taken down from the mouths of men who, with one or two exceptions, spoke only Gaelic, or but little English, and that imperfectly. These men belong to a group of persons all of whom are well advanced in years, and some very old; with them will pass away the majority of the story-tellers of Ireland, unless new interest in the ancient language and lore of the country is roused.

"For years previous to my visit of 1887 I was not without hope of finding some myth tales in a good state of preservation. I was led to entertain this hope by indications in the few Irish stories already published, and by certain tales and beliefs that I had taken down myself from old Irish persons in the United States. Still, during the earlier part of my visit in Ireland, I was greatly afraid that the best myth materials had perished. Inquiries as to who might be in possession of these old stories seemed fruitless for a considerable time. The persons whom I met that were capable of reading the Gaelic language had never collected stories, and could refer only in a general way to the districts in which the ancient language was still living. All that was left was to seek out the old people for whom Gaelic is the every-day speech, and trust to fortune to find the story-tellers."

Thus Mr. Curtin was led to explore

[1] *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland.* By JEREMIAH CURTIN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1890.

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the counties of Kerry, Galway, and Donegal. "Comforting myself with the Russian proverb that 'game runs to meet the hunter,' I set out on my pilgrimage, giving more prominence to the study and investigation of Gaelic, which, though one of the two objects of my visit, was not the first. In this way I thought to come more surely upon men who had myth tales in their minds than if I went directly seeking for them. I was not disappointed, for in all my journeyings I did not meet a single person who knew a myth tale or an old story who was not fond of Gaelic, and specially expert in the use of it, while I found very few story-tellers from whom a myth tale could be obtained unless in the Gaelic language; and in no case have I found a story in the possession of a man or woman who knew only English."

There is something so interesting in this fact, and so pathetic in the explanation of it, that we are tempted to quote further: "Since all mental training in Ireland is directed by powers both foreign and hostile to everything Gaelic, the moment a man leaves the sphere of that class which uses Gaelic as an every-day language, and which clings to the ancient ideas of the people, everything which he left behind seems to him valueless, senseless, and vulgar; consequently he takes no care to retain it either in whole or in part. Hence the clean sweep of myth tales in one part of the country, — the greater part, occupied by a majority of the people; while they are still preserved in other and remoter districts, inhabited by men who, for the scholar and the student of mankind, are by far the most interesting in Ireland."

The fate of the Gaelic language has, indeed, been peculiarly sad. In various parts of Europe, and especially among the western Slavs, the native tongues have been to some extent displaced by the speech of conquering peoples; yet it is only in Erin that, within modern times, a "language of Aryan stock has been driven first from public use, and then dropped from the worship of God and the life of the fireside." Hence, while in many parts of Europe the ancient tales live on, often with their incidents more or less dislocated and their significance quite blurred, on the other hand, in English-speaking Ireland they have been cleared away "as a forest is felled by the axe."

Nevertheless, in the regions where Irish myths have been preserved, they have been remarkably well preserved, and bear unmistakable marks of their vast antiquity. One very noticeable feature in these myths is the definiteness and precision of detail with which the personages and their fields of action are brought before us. This is a characteristic of mythologies which are, comparatively speaking, intact; and, as Mr. Curtin observes, it is to be seen in the myths of the American Indians. As long as a mythology remains intact it "puts its imprint on the whole region to which it belongs." Every rock, every spring, is the scene of some definite incident; every hill has its mythical people, who are as real to the narrators as the flesh-and-blood population which one finds there. In this whole world of belief and sentiment there is the vigor of fresh life, and the country is literally enchanted ground. But when, through the invasion of alien peoples, there is a mingling and conflict of sacred stories, and new groups of ideas and associations have partly displaced the old ones, so that only the argument or general statement of the ancient myth is retained, and perhaps even that but partially, then "all precision and details with reference to persons and places vanish; they become indefinite; are in some kingdom, some place, — nowhere in particular." There is this vagueness in the folk-tales of eastern and central Europe as contrasted with those of Ireland. "Where there was or where there

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was not," says the Magyar, "there was in the world;" or, if the Russian hero goes anywhere, it is simply across forty-nine kingdoms, etc.; "but in the Irish tales he is always a person of known condition in a specified place" (for example, "There was a blacksmith in Dunkenealy, beyond Killybegs," etc., page 244).

As to the antiquity and the primitive character of Mr. Curtin's stories an experienced observer can entertain no doubt. His book is certainly the most considerable achievement in the field of Gaelic mythology since the publication, thirty years ago, of Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands; and it does for the folk-lore of Ireland what Asbjörnsen and Moe's collection (the English translation of which is commonly, and with some injustice, known by the name of the translator as Dasent's Norse Tales) did for the folk-lore of Norway. This is, of course, very high praise, but we do not believe it will be called extravagant by any competent scholar who reads Mr. Curtin's book. The stories have evidently been reduced to writing with most scrupulous and loving fidelity. In turning the Gaelic into English, some of the characteristic Hibernian phrases and constructions of our language have been employed, and this has been done with such perfect good taste that the effect upon the ear is like that of a refined and delicate brogue.

The mythical material in the stories is largely that with which the student of Aryan folk-lore is familiar. We have variants of Cinderella, the swan-maidens, the giant who had no heart in his body, the cloak of darkness, the sword of light, the magic steed which overtakes the wind before and outstrips the wind behind; the pot of plenty, from which one may eat forever, and the cup that is never drained; the hero who performs impossible tasks, and wooes maidens whose beauty hardly relieves their treacherous cruelty: "I must tell you now that three hundred king's sons, lacking one, have come to ask for my daughter, and in the garden behind my castle are three hundred iron spikes, and every spike of them but one is covered with the head of a king's son who could n't do what my daughter wanted of him, and I 'm greatly in dread that your own head will be put on the one spike that is left uncovered." The princess in this story — "Shaking-Head" — is such a wretch, not a whit better than Queen Labe in the Arabian Nights, that one marvels at the hero for marrying her at last, instead of slicing off her head with his two-handed sword of darkness, and placing it on the three-hundredth spike. But moral as well as physical probabilities are often overstrained in this deliciously riotous realm of folk-lore.

Along with much material that is common to the Aryan world, there is some that is peculiar to Ireland, while the Irish atmosphere is over everything. The stories of Fin MacCumhail (pronounced MacCool) and the Fenians of Erin are full of grotesque incident and inimitable drollery. Fin and his redoubtable dog Bran, the one-eyed Gruagach, the hero Diarmuid, the old hag with the life-giving ointment, the weird hand of Mal MacMulcan, and the cowherd that was son of the king of Alban make a charming series of pictures. Among Fin's followers there is a certain Conán Maol, "who never had a good word in his mouth for any man," and for whom no man had a good word. This counterpart of Thersites, as Mr. Curtin tells us, figures as conspicuously in North American as in Aryan myths. Conán was always at Fin's side, and advising him to mischief. Once it had like to have gone hard with Conán. The Fenians had been inveigled into an enchanted castle, and could not rise from their chairs till two of Fin's sons had gone and beheaded three kings in the

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north of Erin, and put their blood into three goblets, and come back and rubbed the blood on the chairs. Conán had no chair, but was sitting on the floor, with his back to the wall, and just before they came to him the last drop of blood gave out. The Fenians were hurrying past without minding the mischief-maker, when, upon his earnest appeal, Diarmuid "took him by one hand, and Goll MacMornee by the other, and, pulling with all their might, tore him from the wall and the floor. But if they did, he left all the skin of his back, from his head to his heels, on the floor and the wall behind him. But when they were going home through the hills of Tralee, they found a sheep on the way, killed it, and clapped the skin on Conán. The sheepskin grew to his body; and he was so well and strong that they sheared him every year, and got wool enough from his back to make flannel and frieze for the Fenians of Erin ever after." This is a favorite ncident, and recurs in the story of the laughing Gruagach. In most of the Fenian stories the fighting is brisk and incessant. It is quite a Donnybrook fair. Everybody kills everybody else, and then some toothless old woman comes along, and rubs a magic salve on them, when, all in a minute, up they pop, and go at it again.

One of the quaintest conceits, and a pretty one withal, is that of Tir na n-Og, the Land of Youth, the life-giving region just beneath the ground, whence mysteriously spring the sturdy trees, the soft green grass, and the bright flowers. The journey thither is not long; sometimes the hero just pulls up a root and dives down through the hole into the blessed Tir na n-Og, — as primitive a bit of folk-lore as one could wish to find! A lovely country, of course, was that land of sprouting life, and some queer customs did they have there. The mode of "running for office" was especially worthy of mention. Once in seven years all the champions and best men "met at the front of the palace, and ran to the top of a hill two miles distant. On the top of that hill was a chair, and the man that sat first in the chair was king of Tir na n-Og for the next seven years." This method enabled them to dispense with nominating conventions and campaign lies, but not with intrigue and sorcery, as we find in the droll story of Oisin (or Ossian), which concludes the Fenian series.

The story of the Fisherman's Son and the Gruagach of Tricks is substantially the same with the famous story of Farmer Weathersky, in the Norse collection translated by Sir George Dasent. Gruagach (accented on the first syllable) means "the hairy one," and, as Mr. Curtin cautiously observes, "we are more likely to be justified in finding a solar agent concealed in the person of the laughing Gruagach or the Gruagach of tricks than in many of the sun-myths put forth by some modern writers." He reminds one of Hermes and of Proteus, and in the wonderful changes at the end of the story we have, as in Farmer Weathersky, a variant of the catastrophe in the story of the Second Royal Mendicant in the Arabian Nights, but the Irishman gives us a touch of humor that is quite his own. The Gruagach and his eleven artful sons are chasing the fisherman's son through water and air, and various forms of fish and bird are assumed, until at length the fisherman's son, in the shape of a swallow, hovers over the summer-house where the daughter of the king of Erin is sitting. Weary with the chase, the swallow becomes a ring, and falls into the girl's lap; it takes her fancy, and she puts it on her finger. Then the twelve pursuers change from hawks into handsome men, and entertain the king in his castle with music and games, until he asks them what in the world he can give them. All they want, says the old Gruagach, is the ring which he once lost, and

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which is now on the princess's finger. Of course, says the king, if his daughter has got the ring, she must give it to its owner. But the ring, overhearing all this, speaks to the princess, and tells her what to do. She gets a gallon of wheat-grains and three gallons of the strongest *potheen* that was ever brewed in Ireland, and she mixes them together in an open barrel before the fire. Then her father calls her and asks for the ring, and when she finds that her protests are of no avail, and she must give it up, she throws it into the fire. "That moment, the eleven brothers made eleven pairs of tongs of themselves; their father, the old Gruagach, was the twelfth pair. The twelve jumped into the fire to know in what spark of it would they find the old fisherman's son; and they were a long time working and searching through the fire, when out flew a spark, and into the barrel. The twelve made themselves men, turned over the barrel, and spilled the wheat on the floor. Then in a twinkling they were twelve cocks strutting around. They fell to, and picked away at the wheat, to know which one would find the fisherman's son. Soon one dropped on one side, and a second on the opposite side, until all twelve were lying drunk from the wheat."

One seems to see the gleam in the corner of the eye and the pucker in the Celtic visage of the old narrator. To be sure, it was the wheat. It could n't have been the mountain dew; it never is. Well, when things had come to this pass, the spark that was the fisherman's son just turned into a fox, and with one smart bite he took the head off the old Gruagach, and the eleven other boozy cocks he finished with eleven other bites. Then he made himself the handsomest man in Erin, and married the princess and succeeded to the crown.

There is a breezy freshness about these tales, which will make the book a welcome addition to young people's libraries. It is safe to predict for it an enviable success. In the next edition there ought to be an index, and we wish the author need not feel it necessary to be so sparing with his own notes and comments. His brief Introduction is so charming, from its weight of sense and beauty of expression, that one would gladly hear more from the author himself. It is to be hoped that the book lately published is the forerunner of many.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

John Boyle O'Reilly to a Friend.

We were speaking at the Club of O'Reilly, just after the shock of his sudden death had come upon us, and J., who had received a letter from the poet which must have been written on the very eve of his death, impulsively showed its closing passage, because it seemed like a message straight from the man, summing his worldly experience. "My experience of life," he wrote, "makes me sure of one truth, which I do not try to explain: that the sweetest happiness we ever know, the very wine of human life, comes not from love, but from sacrifice, — from the effort to make others happy. This is as true to me as that my flesh will burn if I touch red-hot metal."

The hastiest survey of O'Reilly's life shows that this was no emotional expression of the moment, but a doctrine testified to by numberless acts of devotion. We begged J. to let us see more of his letters; for the friendliness

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of the man could not fail to make the notes which he flung off in the midst of a busy life carry the impression of his eager personality, his vivid realization of passionate dreams, his chivalric devotion to ideals. Out of a number of notes J. read these passages, hesitating for a moment over the more direct attacks which the writer made, but bravely risking our uplifted eyebrows: —

"Sympathy is a balm, even for acute pain. The mourner takes part of the pain. 'So are we bound by gold chains,' not only 'to the feet of God,' but to each other."

"And yet your letter makes me smile. Puritan you, with your condemnation of the great old art-loving, human, music-breathing, color-raising, spiritual, mystical, symbolical Catholic Church! . . . [A] great, loving, generous heart will never find peace and comfort and field of labor except within her unstatistical, sun-like, benevolent motherhood. J., I am a Catholic just as I am a dweller on the planet, and a lover of yellow sunlight, and flowers in the grass, and the sound of birds. Man never made anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other church; they are all just way-stations.

"Your M.s and S.s and C.s and B.s are playing at belief, and polishing the outer brass-work of faith. Child, child, there are scales on your eyes and a crust on your sympathetic springs, — the scales and crusts of inheritance. Puritan you! — poor rich Puritan! I wish I could go and preach to you in your home, with its pagan and diseased Burne-Joneses and Rossettis. You to love Burne-Jones, — you, natural as the wind from the pine woods of your own Wisconsin! You don't love that sort of thing, J.: you love Indian men and women and children, and woodsmen handsome and brown and strong; and big scarlets of autumn hills; the sea, and shoreless lakes as awful as seas; and closer still, strong, brave, great-hearted men and women, lovers of justice and doers of good to the poor and the criminal. . . . Life henceforth shall be a rich harvest, if you simplify it and make it earnest. But for God's sake, J., and your own, search till you find a field of unconventional work; nothing else has peace in it; all else is for effect, and not for itself, — art, not natural. You *must* idealize. The world is not taught or trained by ideals, but by precept and precedence, — more 's the pity. We are all crusted over with conventions, customs, false tastes and false fears. The soul, the sentiment, is within, like the milk in a cocoanut: the shell of habit must be riven, the husk cut and torn, before it can be reached. But it is there. Humanity is never fiendish: it loves and sympathizes only with the good and true. . . .

"About growth I am not sure: I grow rapidly toward complete dislike of the thing called 'Society,' but this must be moral rather than mental development. Society is a barren humbug, fruitful only of thistles and wormwood. Home life is the sweetest and noblest in enjoyment and production. . . . How much peace can *you* get out of small things? There is a peace from the duty of *doing* which fine natures know, but it is thin food for the soul. I wish you had something to do that would take all the earnestness in you to do well. You could be splendidly happy then.

. . . "To return to A. I think you are wrong in thinking some *one* unhappiness has changed him. He was born changed, as you will allow me to say. He is unhappy and unhopeful for the best of reasons, — because he is unhealthful, over-developed; he has gone by a generation beyond the great heart-beat of mankind. His culture theory is not a hope, but a resort, an excuse.

"True culture is the culture of

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strength, not of weakness. Who cares to bridle and teach the incomplete, the effete, the thin blooded and boned? Do not be deceived. Put your ear down to the rich earth, and listen to the vast, gurgling blood of Humanity, and learn whither it strives to flow, and what and where are its barriers. This is the culture worth getting, the culture that wins the love and shout of millions instead of the gush and drivel of tens. Love and hope and strength and good are all in the crowd, J., and not in the diluted blood of æsthetic critics. A.'s poetry will die before he dies. He could not, I believe, comprehend such noble poems as Emerson's Problem or Each and All. He is an interesting, good, and, so far as intellect goes, an able man. But he is not a great man, and he is, I believe, a most unhealthy influence, because he directs the mind to artificial resources. The strength of a man is in his *sympathies:* it is outside himself, as heat is outside fire, the aroma outside the flower. A man without sympathies for all that is rude, undeveloped, upheaving, struggling, suffering, man-making, as well as for what has been shaken to the top and is out of the pressure, is not a full, and must be an unhappy man. He is an Australian flower, either over or under developed, scentless, — selfish as a living fire without heat for the cold hands of children.

. . . . . .

"Nearly all good women grow by time into a kind of nobility or instinctive greatness of soul. But few women grow great in youth. Greatness is individuality, — the opposite of the conventional."

Apropos of Insects. — When one reflects upon the manner in which man sweeps out of existence those insects which are noxious or unpleasant to him, and when one perceives that he thinks himself perfectly justified in his careless slaughter, because these animals are of low and he is of high estate in the order of creation, one is forced to give thought to the fact that the insects are themselves wholly unconscious of the nature and extent of their offenses against their superior. It is true that it seems as if mosquitoes and flies know the evil they do, and take pleasure therein, but still I maintain that this seeming does not image the verity as to their consciousness.

Doubtless a fly plays upon the bald surface of an elderly gentleman's head in all innocence, as a child runs about the barren sides of a volcanic mountain. Nor is it likely that, after thus merrily disporting himself, the fly any more comprehends why he should be summarily crushed to death beneath a folded newspaper than the aforesaid infant sees any appropriateness in the sudden descent of a lava stream, which puts an end forever to his mirthful movements. As for the creatures that swarm upon the territories men themselves wish to occupy, such as army worms and potato bugs, how is it possible they should refer the doom by which they are often overtaken to the agency of human beings, or know that that doom is drawn upon them by mischief which they do in their instinctive search for the necessities of their petty baneful life? This wide separation between the effect and its cause, rendering it impossible for the baser intelligence to perceive any connection between the two or the reasons which justify either, brings to me at times a question which, I confess, I do not willingly entertain. When we mundane folk are blown away by cyclones, swallowed up in earthquakes, stifled with hot ashes by volcanoes, or smitten by strange diseases that seem to be borne abroad on the winds of an unpitying heaven, may it be that we unconsciously have been playing the part of pestilent insects in the universe, and have put ourselves disagreeably in the way of greater beings, who have unceremoniously brushed us aside? And are these beings so much

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greater than we, that they have not needed to excuse themselves for dealing out our destruction any more than we needed balm for a prick to our consciences when we burned the nests of the caterpillars that devastated our beloved apple orchards? It is a ghastly conception — to us; but it may be that a view of the relation of man and the caterpillar would be ghastly — to the caterpillar, if once he apprehended it.

Froude, in The Nemesis of Faith, that tabooed work of his youth, suggests a still sadder explanation of life, — sadder because there is in it less notion of service done to the higher existence by the suffering and ruin of the lower. "Ay," he says, after celebrating the virtues of men who dare to follow the divine prompting, "but for these, these few martyred heroes, it might be, after all, that the earth was but a huge loss-and-profit ledger book, or a *toy machine some great angel had invented for the amusement of his nursery;* and the storm and the sunshine but the tears and the smiles of laughter in which he and his baby cherubs dressed their faces."

A gentler fancy came, many years ago, from the lips of a friend of mine. We were sailing in a little boat over the lovely waters of Plymouth Bay, which take upon themselves the colors of the rainbow and the opal when the tide retires to the ocean, and permits the sands and seaweeds of the bottom to glisten through the shallow, half-transparent element above. We neared the green shores of an historic island. A little child stood by the landing and danced in the sunshine, shouting and clapping her tiny hands in a wild glee that had its source in some pure recess in her own heart. My friend watched her, and a yearning wistfulness crept into his gaze. "Do we look 'cunning' like that to God?" he said. "Is all our goodness and all our wickedness, in God's eyes, like the goodness and the naughtiness of little children, — something rather pretty, something to be tender over, and something to amuse him?"

I was young myself then, and I pondered over his meaning, puzzled and surprised by this un-Puritanic view of the relations of the Creator to the created. It hinted of an affectionateness of attitude which, whimsical as it appears now that much time has passed, and some matters of thought have taken on new phases in my mind, does not wholly distinguish itself from the loftier vision of God which enabled Whittier to say, as he contemplated the mysteries of life and death: —

"And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore."

Substitutes Wanted. — I can forgive the audacity in that remark of the Contributor's friend, but I lift up my voice to inquire if, for ordinary use, some one will not supply substitutes for those greatly overworked words "cunning" and "nice." It seems a pity to add to the agitation of the times, with all the weighty and perplexing questions before the public, — higher education, the ballot for woman, temperance legislation, labor reforms, and the Indian problem, — but somebody must attend to this subject, and give us some other words wherewith we may appropriately describe a year-old baby that is n't handsome, but is more than interesting, a puppy, or a donkey. There must be something to take the place of "cunning." I 'd rather have it than the ballot. I think the difficulty must have occurred to that popular bachelor divine who was wont, when confronted with his neighbor's baby, to exclaim, "Well, that *is* a baby!" but he evaded the difficulty. Even his profuse vocabulary could not stand the draft after the fifth year of his pastorate.

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. The Portfolio (Macmillan) for June has a noble portrait of Cardinal Manning, etched by G. W. Rhead from Mr. Watts's painting. Mr. Hamerton concludes a brief note on the picture with the words, "Although he lives in a Protestant country, his position is at the same time influential and agreeable, which is good evidence of the extremely tolerant spirit now prevalent in England, — a spirit that certainly never prevailed in Rome so long as it remained under Papal domination." The hand as well as the face indicates the casuist. There is an illustrated article on the Wight and the Solent Sea; another on Charing Cross to St. Paul's, illustrated by Mr. Pennell; a paper on Alfred Stevens, with an interesting portrait; and the customary notes. — L'Art for May 15 and June 1 (Macmillan) is devoted mainly to the Salon of 1890. Among the larger illustrations are a striking copy of a study by E. Detaille for his picture En Batterie, Millet's Le Greffeur, and a Pastorale by the American Hennessy, who has too long exiled himself. There are smaller wood-engravings, one of which, Sous les Noyers, by Adolphe Guillon, is especially charming, and portraits of Tadema and Du Maurier. The numbers for June 15 and July 1 have for etchings Le Moulin, by Gaucherel, after Jules Dupré; Retour au Bercail, by Karl Bodmer; La Vache Échappée, by H. Martin after Julien Dupré; Rain and Wind, by J. C. Robinson; other full-page engravings on wood or by process are given, and the concluding paper, by A. Hustin, on Jules Dupré, contains a number of charming sketches and studies by the painter. A first paper on Ulysse Butin, by Abel Patoux, is accompanied by a serious and pathetic picture of street singers, and by a number of lively, grotesque sketches. One attraction of this serial, in addition to its abundant illustration of current art, lies in the concentration of interest in each number upon some one important subject, instead of a dissipation among a variety of fragmentary sketches.

Education and Text-Books. The third volume of The Century Dictionary (Century Co.), is excellent reading. One may travel from G to Lyverey, which is plainly the very latest word that can be made with any combination of letters beginning with *L*, except in the Polish language, where a *z* can come in anywhere. We know few pleasures greater than running one's proboscis into a dictionary at any point; and when, as here, a single volume has 1134 triple-column pages, it is clear that the liveliest bee requires no other flower garden from which to draw his honey. Here is the word *go*, with all its meanings and all its combinations, occupying seven columns. The curious reader finds the two exactly contrary significations of *go for* lying side by side, so impartial are the word-gatherers; only the secondary meaning of "to proceed to attack" is stigmatized as slang, U. S. Was it never slang to say "I go for Jackson"? Some of the natural history cuts are remarkably good, as that of the common European crane and those of hummingbirds. The architectural drawings are also sharp and descriptive. In treating the word *infare* we do not think it is made quite clear that in some parts of the United States — in Virginia, for example — it was the feast given after all the ceremonies of the wedding, when the party proceeded to the home of the newly married couple. It is pleasant to see really spirited Americanisms recognized and given a seat above the salt in such phrases as "to make things hum." The derivation of *heaven* is made right. The sky was not hove up. The references to contemporaneous literature are liberal, and should make writers cautious. We have ourselves, in Books of the Month, begun to mend our manners with the hope of being cited as authority. If we have taken words out of dictionaries, may we not be called on to pay the debt by putting some in?

Fiction. The Stories of the Three Burglars, by Frank R. Stockton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The conceit by which the burglar-trap is set is clever, but it seems to us that Mr. Stockton's humor in the book is so dry as to rattle. Perhaps we are unnecessarily fastidious, and have forgotten the moral of the wife's deceased sister. There really is only one picture in the book, that of the three men on the bench after they are tied and before they awake; it is only hinted at, but Stockton's hints are often better than his direct discourse. — 1791, a Tale of San Domingo, by E. W. Gilliam, M. D. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) A dignified historical tale, in which the author has used a familiarity with the history of San Domingo to make a background for a group of figures who act out their own little drama. The book is well written, though not with any unusual grace. — Edward Burton, by Henry Wood. (Lee & Shepard.) A novel in which the author, through his characters, delivers himself of his views of life and faith. The reader interests himself in the reflections, and occasionally comes across the story again.

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